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The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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DECEMBER 30, 1959

Vol. 27, No. 30

Our cover

• The aristocratic Persian cat playing Santa Claus on our Christmas issue cover is seven-year-old Romney Lancelot. Owned by Mrs. G. Brodsky, of Edgecliff, N.S.W., he is called Pom Pom. The picture is by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

• Among the many gifts Queen Elizabeth receives at Christmas (story, page 5) is a casket of white flowering thorn that continues a famous legend.

THE thorn is sent from Glastonbury, in Somerset.

The legend is that when Joseph of Arimathea landed near Glastonbury as a missionary he pushed his thorn staff into the ground and it took root and blossomed.

Ever since the thorn, or its descendants, has bloomed at Christmas.

King James I and his Court paid large sums for cuttings.

The first ceremonial presentation of thorn blossoms was made to Charles I.

Today thorn sprays go to both the Queen and the Queen Mother, as if from the Holy Land to Sandringham, a direct link in the age-old Christmas message.

The old style of Christmas is remembered, too, on the Feast of the Epiphany (January 6).

Gentlemen Ushers of the Queen place on the altar in the Chapel Royal, St. James' Palace, her offerings of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, the gifts the magi gave to the Christ child.

A YOUNG Sydney housewife, Mrs. Ula McIntyre, of South Hurstville, has won the car first prize in the "Live Better Electrically" essay contest announced in advertisements in our October issues.

Second prize, an automatic dishwasher, was won by Mrs. J. Hall, of Cammeray, N.S.W.

Third prize, an automatic record-player, went to Mrs. Diana Lee, Mount Waverley, Victoria.

NORMAN COLLINS, whose latest novel, "Bond Street Story," begins in our next issue (story, page 7), believes that Australia must be, in numbers of books bought per head of population, one of the world's best-read countries.

Mr. Collins visited Australia two years ago.

In a letter to our London representative he wrote: "I, as an author, was positively chastened and humiliated to compare the practically non-existent, or with one or two exceptions shockingly bad, bookshops in London with the thronged, and magnificent book emporia of Australia."

BIG COOKERY CONTEST

• A big new cookery contest, with prizes totalling £1235, will be announced in our next issue. The prizes will be awarded for recipes in which dry mustard is an ingredient. Full contest details are in our next issue.

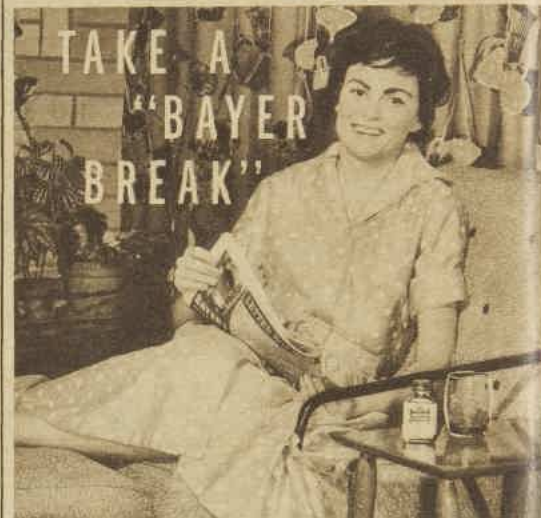
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MORE SINNED AGAINST THAN SINNING

My son, Errol

To most of the world the late Errol Flynn was known as a roistering, philandering ladykiller. But Errol's father, in these revealing articles, says most of the stories told about Errol were wicked, wicked lies.

**By Professor Theodore Thomson Flynn,
of London University**



● I was sitting in the lounge of Errol's fabulous Hollywood mansion when two attractive girls told my son they would like to try the swimming-pool.

"SLIP into your bathing-costumes in there," he said, nodding towards an ante-room.

A few minutes later one of the girls walked past us without a stitch on and without a blush. Her excuse was that she had left her swimsuit in the porch verandah. I was flabbergasted.

That girl was quite normal by Hollywood standards. She was only one of many girls who threw themselves at Errol. But she opened my eyes to the fantastic world in which Errol was living and the terrible temptations he was constantly facing.

Most of the stories published since my son's death are wicked, wicked lies. He was more sinned against than sinning. That is why I welcome this opportunity to tell the real truth about Errol.

His reputation as a ladykiller was built up deliberately at the beginning by studio publicity.

Then the scandalmongers took over and every incident, true or false, involving a girl was magnified beyond proportion.

In 1939, when Errol was married to his first wife, Lili Damita, I took my wife and our little girl Rosemary to Hollywood. Errol had to make some public appearances in various towns in connection with a film and he took Rosemary along for the fun of it.

I could hardly believe my eyes when I read in a newspaper, "Errol Flynn has been staying at a hotel with a 15-year-old girl whom he says is his sister."

I knew my son better than any man or woman in the world. He was good, brave, and generous. Why, then, did he make such terrible confessions in his own life story, now being printed posthumously?

First, let me say that neither my wife nor I have read a word of that story but our daughter has read it and has been appalled.

What the public does not know is that for the past two years Errol knew that he was going to die. He never told us, but two doctors warned my wife that his heart was bad and to expect the worst.

It seems almost as if Errol set out deliberately to destroy

himself in these last two years. He changed completely. He was too brave to sit at home and mope. He stepped up the pace of his living. But he was not himself.

Yet 99 per cent. of the scandals in which he was involved were wished upon him. He was the innocent victim of his own charm.

My wife had an embarrassing experience one day in Hollywood through one of the young harpies who pursued Errol wherever he went. He was holding her arm as they strolled down Sunset Boulevard.

Suddenly a young blond girl in a sheath-like dress appeared from nowhere, threw Errol's mother across the pavement, and linked her arm in Errol's.

"Don't waste yourself on oldtimers, darling," she cooed. "Come up to my place. I have a wonderful show there. You won't be disappointed."

Errol frowned and pushed her away, then took his mother's arm again. The blond hussy stalked off, swearing to herself.

Errol's love for his parents ran like a golden thread through

FIRST OF TWO PARTS

his all-too-short life. He telephoned his mother only a few days before his death.

Though he must have known that the end was near, he chatted away cheerily and sent his love to us both and to Rosemary.

Not long before he died he was fixing up his fabulous house, Castle Comfort, standing in four estates comprising 4000 acres, in Jamaica, so that we could all be together again—as we were in Hobart, Tasmania, where Errol was born on January 20, 1909. He was a happy, sunny little fellow, always getting into boyish scrapes.

Once he dashed away from his nursemaid on his tiny bicycle, scattering crowds on the busy street, shouting: "Get out of my way," with the nurse in hot pursuit. He was four years old.

He had his first "girl trouble" when he was invited to a children's party at the home of the Bishop of Tasmania.

Soon after he had gone, my wife received a phone call from the bishop's wife. She said, "I am terribly sorry, Mrs. Flynn, but I will have to send your little boy home. We left him in the garden for a moment and he has tipped all the little girls into the ornamental fountain."

DASHING, swashbuckling Errol Flynn as he appeared with Eddie Albert in the film "The Sun Also Rises." It was Errol's charm, his father says, which got him into trouble.

Another time he ran away and was missing for three days. We were frantic because a boat had just left Tasmania for Sydney and we thought he might be on it. But he had gone to the other side of a mountain near our home and asked for a job in a dairy.

He told them, "You only need to pay me five shillings a week. I never intend to marry."

As he grew up everybody fell for him. He became a terrific athlete. He was passionately fond of fishing and swimming and was a superlative tennis player. He tried boxing, too, but it was more or less forced on him.

I had just bought him a boat, Sirocco, and he sailed her with four other lads to New Guinea, nearly 2000 miles away.

On the way they ran short of food and oil and they had no money to pay for more. Undismayed, Errol put into a small port and the five lads went ashore to try to raise some cash.

Outside a boxing booth at a travelling fair a gorilla of a man called Battling Bilson was offering five pounds to anyone who would stand up to him for three rounds.

Errol's companions looked at each other, then at Errol, who at six foot two stood head and shoulders above them. He ducked under the ropes. A cheer went up from some hoboes who had gathered round when Errol, stripped to his underpants, started a slogging match with the professional.

Errol told me later, "I got the five pounds and we bought food, but I'd taken so many punches on the chin that I wasn't able to eat for a week."

I left my post as Professor of Zoology at Hobart for an appointment in Belfast. In the early 'thirties, after the stock exchange slump when countless people lost fortunes, Errol joined us, having been forced to give up a tobacco and coconut plantation he had been running. He brought lovely presents to his mother and me.

He had worked his way round the world from New Guinea, via Saigon, Singapore, Rangoon, Calcutta, Bombay, over to Cairo, and through the Mediterranean.

In Alexandria he landed in jail. He had been sitting in a cafe wearing his only clothes, a shirt and shorts, when a too-inquisitive Egyptian policeman leaned over and pulled out hairs from the calves of his legs.

● To page 4



THIS PICTURE of Errol at three-and-a-half was taken at Hobart, Tasmania, Errol's birthplace.



A FAMILY PARTY aboard Errol's yacht, the Sirocco. From left: Rosemary, Flynn's sister; Errol; his first wife, Lili Damita; and Professor and Mrs. Flynn. Professor Flynn says that Lili, older and more experienced than Errol, had little in common with him. The marriage ended in divorce in 1943.

Errol's three wives at one party

• From page 3

Errol was furious and said, "If you do that again you will taste my fist." The man did it again. Errol spent two days in gaol for obstructing the police.

Errol had played in his first film before he joined us in Belfast. Australian director Charles Chauvel was impressed with Errol's looks and had him play the role of Fletcher Christian in "In the Wake of the Bounty," which was filmed in Sydney in 1932.

Life in Belfast was too quiet for Errol, by now an extremely handsome man in his early twenties.

He went over to England and became theatre critic for a newspaper in Northampton. One day a player in the Northampton Repertory Company fell ill and Errol offered to take over his part. He had the satisfying job of writing his own critiques, and praised himself enormously.

Soon after, Errol took part in a London show which flopped after two weeks. He became depressed until his mother suggested, "Why not try films?" He did. I drove him to Warner Brothers' studios at Teddington in a new Daimler I had bought. He was given a screen test.

"He's the goods"

When the casting director saw the results he rushed, breathless, to the managing director and gasped: "This guy Flynn . . ."

"Another dud, I suppose," yawned the managing director.

"Oh, no. This guy Flynn is the goods. Grab him quick."

I was already on my way back to Belfast with Mrs. Flynn. Awaiting us was a telegram, "Selected by Warner Brothers and off to Hollywood next week. Love, Errol."

Alas, they left Errol idle in the celluloid city. He wrote to me: "Dear Dad, They have put me in the Beverly Wil-

shire Hotel. I am doing nothing."

Yet he was marvellous to look at. They all said he was the most handsome man they had ever had in Hollywood. And his manners were perfect.

Inevitably, I suppose, women were attracted to him — often women of the worst type. They simply could not leave him alone.

One night when we were in Hollywood Errol took us to a party at David Niven's house. They were joking about a conquest Errol was supposed to have made, but, in actual fact, Errol could not stand the lady in question.

Errol left us and went home, but he was back in no time looking white-faced and worried. He had found the lady we had been talking about occupying his bed. When he told her to get up and get out she refused. He then said, "I will put you out." "If you try," she said, "I will scream and say you have assaulted me."

Errol took the sensible course of leaving her, and stayed with us that night.

The trouble is that pretty girls in small hometowns all over America are told by friends, and sometimes relatives, that they ought to be in pictures.

They go to Hollywood, where they find glamor-girls are two a penny. Then they will do anything to get publicity—even forcing their way into a star's bedroom.

I once attended a cocktail party given by Errol at a New York hotel when a "film executive" brought in a little girl who could have been only 12 or 13 and looked a South American type. He tried to foist her on Errol all evening, but of course Errol would have nothing to do with her.

In the notorious court case when my son was charged with statutory rape, the girl afterwards admitted it was a put-up job and was sent to a mental home.

But not all the women in Errol's life were bad. His

three wives — Lili Damita, Nora Eddington, and Patrice Wymore, all of whom have borne him children, were all nice girls. My wife and I know them well and are still friendly with all three.

But when Beverly Aadland appeared on the scene we moved out. It was the only time we felt apart from Errol. But let it never be forgotten that by this time he was no longer himself.

My wife asked him what was making him unhappy and added, "I can only pray for you." But he would not tell—he was too brave to allow us to share his burden. We knew he had been rejected for the United States Army because of his heart. We knew only too well.

Daring party

In 1951 Errol did one of the most daring things of his daredevil life. He invited his three wives to a party. What happened there shook me to the core.

Hollywood, of course, is famous for its fabulous parties. But what film idol, other than Errol, would have dared to bring even one ex-wife, let alone two, to a party at which his newest wife was hostess?

I shall never forget that astonishing night. The setting was classic. A mansion looking down on the San Fernando Valley, with the customary appendages — swimming-pool, stables, tennis courts, and five cars.

But inside the house the set-up was dynamite. The two ex-wives — the stormy French girl Lili Damita and the fiery redhead Nora Eddington — were a startling contrast to the reigning wife, Patrice Wymore.

My wife whispered to me that she felt sorry for Pat, who was so much younger and less sophisticated than the two ex-wives.

To make things more difficult for Pat, her immediate predecessor, Nora Eddington, had previously ruled over the enormous establishment of which Pat was now mistress.

Things went smoothly for a while. There were no unpleasant incidents, although Patrice did not seem particularly happy. A sensitive girl, her feelings will be readily appreciated by most wives outside Hollywood.

In the middle of the party my eyes nearly popped out of my head in disbelief when I saw Errol nonchalantly take the lovely redhead Nora on

his knee while his present wife, Pat Wymore, looked on.

This was too much for me. I strode forward and said sharply to my ex-daughter-in-law, "This is no way to act. Get off at once and behave yourself."

The guests watched with interest. What would Nora do? What would Pat do? The atmosphere was electric.

Nora looked at me. She must have sensed I was in earnest. She climbed off Errol's knee rather shamefacedly and went to another corner of the room. Everybody breathed again and the party chit-chat was resumed.

True buccaneer

Why did Errol stage this amazing party? Well, it was a spur-of-the-moment decision and it was typical of my son's contempt for convention.

He was born out of his century. He would have been a true buccaneer in Elizabethan times. The party was one example of how he delighted in flouting conventions — in public, if possible.

He was a warm, open-hearted person, with no deceit in his make-up. He said and did what he thought and the devil take the consequences.

In spite of this he was a true gentleman.

As was perhaps inevitable, Errol's three wives all tried to tame him and none succeeded. What he needed was a helpmate who would always be at hand to give him sound, down-to-earth advice, and even, when the occasion demanded, criticism.

He did not get this and his marriages failed. Yet each of these three women had a profound effect in moulding his personality.

Errol was not much over 20 when he married Lili Damita, who was older in years and experience.

When my wife and I met Lili just before the war, we

liked her, but it soon became plain she had little in common with our son.

Although Errol was working almost to physical exhaustion at this time, Lili, no doubt proud of being married to the most handsome man in the world, insisted on parading him around Hollywood's night-clubs and restaurants.

When I visited Errol I was shocked to see him so desperately tired.

Errol's first marriage broke up in 1943. Their son, Sean, now in his late teens, is at high school in America. We love him dearly. He reminds us of Errol in his youth.

Near the end of the war, Nora Eddington fell in love with Errol. So that she could see him every day she took a job in a tobacco kiosk that he used regularly.

When I first met her after the war she was already installed as the second Mrs. Flynn in the Hollywood mansion and living in lavish style.

Nora was a mother's girl. Although the £120,000 mansion had its full quota of flunkies, she brought along her own mother as house-keeper.

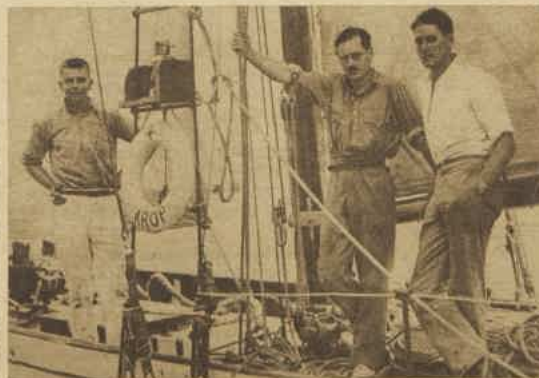
I was appalled to find the house thronged with hangers-on who were battenning on my boy.

All this was very upsetting and at last it led to the breakup of marriage number two. Nora, mother of Errol's two children Rory and Deidre, is now married to Dick Haymes.

When Pat Wymore took over, she was bewildered by the horde of strangers who would demand a bed or the loan of a car or a horse. She came to my wife for advice.

"Get rid of these scroungers," counselled the elder Mrs. Flynn. Pat did.

NEXT WEEK:
"Errol was the victim of those around him."



ERROL FLYNN (right) as a youth aboard his first yacht, the Arop (later Sirocco), in which he sailed from Tasmania to New Guinea with four friends.

Queen Elizabeth gets cards by the sackful

By HELEN CATHCART

● The white marble mantelpiece in the great drawing-room of Sandringham House has an opulent yet old-fashioned air.

IT is the kind of mantelpiece you might expect in Great-Grandpapa's family home — if your Great-Grandpapa were King Edward VII.

The romantic full-length portrait of Queen Alexandra gazes tranquilly down from above the ornate French clock . . . and, at this season of the year, the Queen seems to be ankle-deep in Christmas cards.

Quite early before Christmas, in fact, they overflow from the mantelshelf to side-tables and alcoves and soon establish encampments of goodwill in every room in the house.

The Queen now undoubtedly receives more Christmas cards than anyone else in the world. No statistics are ever issued, but there are days when they pour in by the thousand from all parts of the world.

Until now the hard-working Royal secretariat have always managed to acknowledge every one in a more-or-less standard letter of thanks signed by a Household official.

But the happy anticipation of the Queen's new baby has built up the tide this year with sackfuls of well-wishing letters from total strangers, and the harassed officials fear it may soon be impossible to respond individually to all these delightful tokens of loyalty and love.

The Queen makes a point of walking through the rooms, both at Buckingham Palace and Sandringham, where her Christmas cards are displayed. She picks one up at random

here and there, but it is now physically out of the question to read them all.

A greeting from Japan last year was painted on a grain of rice which had to be held with tweezers and inspected through a magnifying glass.

The pupils of a Nairobi school sent a hand-painted card two feet long, each square inch conscientiously painted by a different child.

Family relatives and close personal friends always ensure the Queen's attention by making a special code mark on the envelope when they mail their greetings.

From her people

Then there are cards and cables from the heads of foreign and Commonwealth Governments, including many not of the Christian religion. There are first-off-the-press cards from the many charities to which the Queen grants her interest or patronage.

But most of the Christmas cards are spontaneous and affectionate greetings from her subjects.

The Queen values them all, remembering how, in her early teens, it was the Christmas cards from children all over the Commonwealth that first made her truly aware of the high responsibilities of her position.

For this reason the Prince of Wales and Princess Anne are allowed to receive cards of their own, though the chil-



BRITISH people at home see the Queen on television when she makes her Christmas broadcast to the Commonwealth from Sandringham House.

dren limit their own cards to family and friends.

Princess Anne spent a good deal of time painting and ribboning cards this year. Prince Charles was for the first time allowed the grown-up dignity of choosing his own.

The Queen and her husband sent out between 400 and 500 personal cards.

Each is personally signed "Elizabeth R" and "Philip."

The Royal couple get over their tremendous chore by autographing a few dozen a

day, and then the cards are all sent out by registered post to ensure they all arrive together six days before Christmas.

At one time the Royal choice of cards was always announced by the designers, and thus Royal cards were never a surprise.

Nowadays the Queen usu-

ally selects a family group. Color snaps she has taken herself have been gleefully used for the past three years in succession.

Then there are special cards and gifts for the Queen's fourteen godchildren, but the Royal Christmas gift list is a tougher, bigger problem altogether.

The Queen usually shops for personal gifts a month or so before Christmas when she visits Harrods, the huge London department store. The counters she wishes to in-

spect are known in advance, and aisles are politely cleared a few minutes before the Queen enters.

However, other customers are never far away, and many women shoppers like to drop a curtsy.

In addition, the Queen buys many gifts at an annual disabled ex-Servicemen's bazaar. A pair of wasp scissors (for flicking wasps from jam-jars), picnic tables, silk scarves, barrel lamps, flower baskets, and glove puppets were among last year's purchases.

The Queen also makes purchases during student displays at the Royal School of Needlework and, in a sense, does her Christmas shopping at bazaars and exhibitions all the year round.

For the staff

For obvious reasons, the gifts that the Queen herself receives can seldom be passed on. Long before Christmas, however, the housekeeper at every Royal home goes round asking all members of the staff what they would like the Queen to give them.

A Sandringham girl who was getting married doubtfully asked for a teaset one

year and duly got it. The following year she refused to ask for anything, and yet was given a matching dinner-service.

A girl refugee from Hungary, when given a job as a Sandringham housemaid, imagined that as a newcomer there would be nothing for her on the great staff Christmas tree.

Instead the Queen took from the glittering branches a gay package containing ten £1 notes and then gave her a pair of nylons and next a box of chocolates.

Christmas presents arouse problems in every household, but how would you like to have a gift-list headed by 400 Christmas puddings?

The Queen orders this number in bulk from a London firm every year to give away to servants and pensioners, not forgetting two-pounders for all the policemen on duty at Buckingham Palace.

In addition, the deep-freeze lockers at Sandringham, Balmoral, and Windsor are opened each year to disgorge scores of prime turkeys, gift geese, and other provender.

Although the expenditure sometimes alarms household officials, the high cost of Christmas is an economy cut that the Queen and Prince Philip both resolutely refuse to make.

It costs the Queen £200 a year to give a free hundred-weight of coal to 400 old people of Windsor, and Santa Claus was scarcely stringent when he decided that newcomers to the list must be at least 65 years old.

Several Christmas trees are sent each year to the dock-land children of King's Lynn, Sandringham's local shopping town.

The Poet Laureate used to get 108 gallons of Malmsey wine. The poet Southey

had the wine changed to cash, and £27 in lieu is still paid unflinchingly.

Happily, the Queen does not herself have to pay for the haunch of venison from the Royal lands still sent each December to all Ministers of the Crown as one of the perquisites of their office.

A Cabinet Minister once had to resign just as the offer of "a quarter of a buck" reached his desk. He left it lying there, with the crisp comment, "I pass this buck to my successor."

Giving so many presents, one sensibly wonders what the Queen herself receives in return. The Court rule that all gifts offered to the Queen must be returned unless the donors are personally known to her is rigorously applied even at the season of goodwill.

Gifts to the Queen and Prince Philip from their Household staffs are usually something useful and personal bought by general subscription.

Family gifts

The family gifts at Sandringham are stacked on tables in the drawing-room and may range from a conjuring set for Prince Charles to some quite breathtaking piece of jewellery from Prince Philip.

One year, however, he gave his wife a highly practical yet very beautiful silver electric kettle which he designed himself and had made by craftsmen of the Royal College of Art.

Another time the Queen received a huge and sumptuous handbag, made from a crocodile the Prince had shot in Northern Australia.

The Royal children have had a little spending money lately, but they are encouraged to prepare little home-made gifts. One year the Queen opened a specially attractive package to find that it contained dog biscuits!



SANDRINGHAM HOUSE, where the Royal Family traditionally spends Christmas. The Royal Family's normally heavy Christmas mail this year has been swollen with sackfuls of cards from well-wishers anticipating the arrival of the Queen's new baby early in the New Year.

An uncle with 100 nephews

● "Our Uncle Ben" is the affectionate name by which 87-year-old Ben Thomas is known not only to his 30 nieces and nephews, 50 grand-nieces and -nephews, and ten great-grand-nieces and -nephews, but also to more than 100 boys who have passed through the art school at the Bendigo Training Prison, Victoria.

FOR Uncle Ben made life-long friends at the prison, where he was a voluntary art instructor for five years till ill health recently forced him to give up the work.

Many years ago Uncle Ben was an orchardist in Shepparton, where he kept in the front line of local affairs as president of the local progress association.

With his sister to keep house for him, and lots of tasks to satisfy his civic enthusiasm, he found life in Shepparton was full and good.

But then his sister's health declined, so Ben sold the orchard and moved to Bendigo—a change which added ten happy years to his sister's life.

In Bendigo, Uncle Ben quickly found his niche in local affairs and was responsible for much civic progress before his sister's failing health forced him to give up these interests to care for her.

After her death he looked for some worthwhile activity to fill his loneliness and increased leisure.

At this time the Bendigo Gaol was being converted to a Rehabilitation Prison, and

UNCLE BEN, pictured with one of his oil portraits which will be hung in the Bendigo Art Gallery, Victoria. The portrait is of Mrs. Julie Hennebury, who is a waitress at the Bendigo Benevolent Home.

when Uncle Ben heard of plans to start an art class there he offered his services.

He'd learned to paint when he was attending the Ormond Technical School in the early 1890s and he quickly proved he could do an excellent job in training the prisoners.

Though only a few of the 100 pupils were outstanding, all were inspired by their art lessons and told Ben that they'd never have been in prison if they'd learned such ways to occupy their leisure.

The standard of art produced by Uncle Ben's pupils was amazingly high, and he explained this was because in their isolation from the rest of the world the prisoners directed amazing concentration to the work.

Uncle Ben says that he's never once asked a prisoner what brought him to the gaol, but has directed all his efforts towards making him forget.

The boys didn't lack appreciation and often

said the art lesson was the best two hours of the week.

One boy showed his personal appreciation by making Uncle Ben a pair of shoes, while another painted a splendid portrait of him which now holds an honored place on the walls of the Training Prison.

There was general regret at the prison recently when Uncle Ben's health forced him to give up this labor of love.

But, true to character, he has found another, less strenuous, outlet for his gift and enthusiasm for helping others.

Four years ago, on doctor's advice, he went to live at the Bendigo Benevolent Home, where he occupies the pretty cottage which was formerly the Lodge House at the entrance gates.

Ben went to the home prepared to leave if he did not like it, but he says he has been

very happy there, and praises the kindness and wise understanding of the administration.

Typically, Ben repays this kindness by entertaining other residents in his own imaginative style with "flannel-readings."

These are original presentations of stories in a way that is clearly followed and remembered by old people.

One example is his creation of "The Good Samaritan."

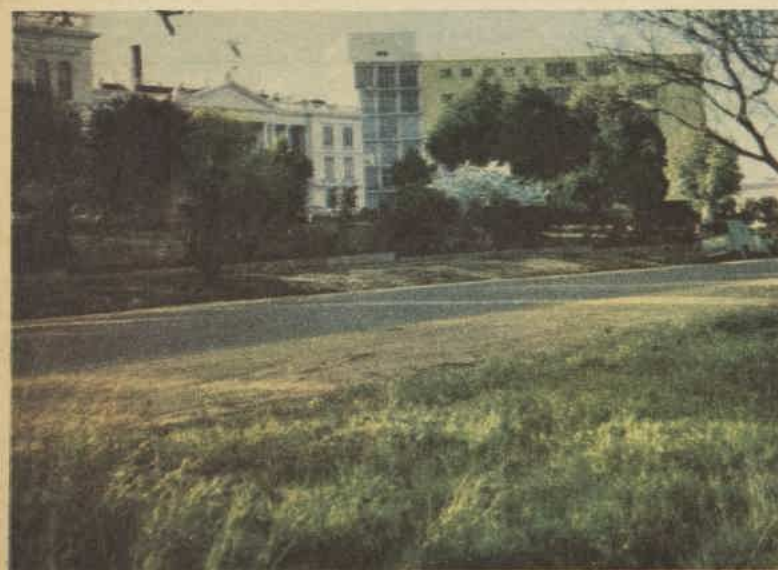
With water dyes Ben has painted realistic scenic backdrops on flannelette, and on these scenes he places cut-out characters in the story as it progresses.

A modern physical and occupational therapy section was opened at the home and, with Uncle Ben's inspiration, more and more residents are discovering that there is truth in two attractively framed mottoes on the walls.

So typical of Uncle Ben's philosophy, they read:

"Retirement is a way of life, not a time of life" . . . "Creative energy is ageless."

Story and pictures by DORIS HUELIN



A VIEW of the Bendigo Benevolent Home, where 87-year-old Ben Thomas has found comfort and happiness since ill-health forced him to give up living alone. Uncle Ben has taught art to more than 100 prisoners.



HAND-PAINTED flannelette backdrop by Ben Thomas shows a scene in his "flannel-reading" play of "The Good Samaritan." These fascinating flannel-readings are now one of Uncle Ben's greatest hobbies.

HE SHOPPED FOR A STORY

... to write next week's brilliant new serial

By SUSAN BARRIE

● Distinguished English author Norman Collins went shopping for only a few hours to get the material for his latest novel.

THEN, in his spare time, late at night in his Hampstead home, he wrote it.

The result was "Bond Street Story," a warmly human novel woven around the lives and loves of people working in a big London department store.

"Bond Street Story," one of England's current best-sellers, begins as a serial in The Australian's Women's Weekly next week, in a long opening instalment.

Norman Collins told me that when he was collecting the material for "Bond Street Story" he "just lunched with the director of a London store and afterwards walked around the store for a couple of hours."

He added: "For imaginative writing — I hate that word creative — I don't want to know too much about the subject. It is quite different from straight journalism, where you must find out all the facts."

"The things I really know are publishing, journalism, broadcasting, television, and music. But I wouldn't think of writing a novel about any of these."

"After all, no one has ever had a dream that wasn't convincing at the time. It's much the same thing in writing fiction."

Although Mr. Collins has little first-hand knowledge of department stores, in "Bond Street Story" he has captured the atmosphere of a big store with uncanny perception.

"The characters are entirely convincing, from the middle-headed and tyrannical chairman of directors to the junior salesgirl, the head shop-walker, and the beautiful but vague model."

Stupid woman

"They're all completely fictitious," Mr. Collins assured me. "I think probably Marcia the model is my favorite character. She gives me the pleasure and amusement of a really stupid woman."

"Of course you do meet such characters in real life, though. I met one a bit like Marcia at a party and all she said the whole evening was, 'Thanks most awfully.'"

"And if you go to the Highgate Ponds you will see little men like Mr. Privett the shop-walker sailing their model boats."

"Here, I will let you into a trade secret. Even though a novelist invents every character and takes every situation from his imagination, the entire race of authors lives in a state of constant terror and trepidation lest someone shall seek to prove that he is identified and bring an action for libel."

"For this reason I placed my imaginary store full of imaginary characters slap down in the middle of Bond Street, where, oddly and obligingly enough, there is no really big department store."

Business career

Tall, handsome, 52-year-old Mr. Collins, whose "London Belongs To Me" is the most famous of his 12 novels, is a businessman as well as a writer. Deputy-chairman of Associated Television Limited, he has more than a full-time job and writes for relaxation after a busy day.

"By half-past eleven at night London is dead — no telephone or voices — and I have an hour or two of uninterrupted bliss," he said. "Most people read themselves to sleep. I write instead. I write about three to five pages in honest-to-God longhand. It's a jolly good idea, because it slows you up and it's easier to revise."

Norman Collins talks eagerly and unaffectedly about his books. He began his writing career when he was 20 with a history of the English novel.

"I was very proud of that, too," he told me. "But I enjoy all my books while I'm writing them. I lose interest when I finish because I'm usually beginning another."

Three of Mr. Collins' books have been Book Society Choices — "London Belongs To Me," "Children Of The Archbishop," and "Anna."

"Bond Street Story" already shows signs of being another best-seller, and negotiations have begun for the film rights.

Mr. Collins likes having his books filmed, but usually prefers to leave their screen adaptation to the producers.

"When I write a novel, broadly speaking, I know what I want to do," he said, "and I think the film producers know what they want to do with the film."

Apart from his literary success Norman Collins has had a varied career.

Formerly editor of the Ox-



LONDON'S famous Bond Street, the setting for our exclusive new serial, "Bond Street Story," by Norman Collins (right).

ford University Press, the "News Chronicle," and Victor Gollancz, publishers (in that order), he became Director-General of the Overseas Service of the B.B.C. during the war.

He later became Controller of B.B.C. Television, but resigned in 1950 and began a stubborn fight to establish commercial television in England. He won the fight and built up A.T.V. by bringing in new capital.

Today his share is estimated to have made him half-a-million pounds, and the firm has made substantial gifts to foster the theatre and other arts in which Mr. Collins is actively interested.

He is chairman of the English Stage Society and a director of the Orchestral Concerts Society.

A lot of Mr. Collins' time is now spent organising A.T.V.'s large overseas network. In the past few years

he has travelled the equivalent of two-and-a-half times round the world, including a trip to Australia last year.

With the approval of the Australian Government he arranged to buy Broadcasting Associates Pty. Ltd., a company with extensive TV and broadcasting interests.

Exciting Sydney

"Australia is a tremendously exciting country—full of zip and life," said Mr. Collins. "And I find Sydney one of the most exciting cities in the world."

"One of the things I enjoy most in Australia is that you can get into conversation with everyone — they all want to talk. And I love a country in which people are doing things for the first time, instead of just trying to do all the old things a bit better."

"It is as if the whole of humanity is in the process of developing. I also admire Australian optimism. When I

went to Katoomba in the Blue Mountains, apart from the sheer beauty of the country, I liked seeing people building shacks right over last year's bushfire."

But Mr. Collins decided there were two great Australian "mysteries."

"Why," he asked, "does Australia, in proportion to her population, produce the best cartoonists and the best tennis players in the world?"

He also found one jarring note:

"I was deeply shocked in Melbourne to find that football was played across the sacred piece of green turf at the M.C.C.," he said. "That

sacred turf — chewed up by clumsy footballers."

Mr. Collins, formerly a cricketer, is still a keen tennis player.

A happy family man, he spends as much time as he can with his attractive wife and their children, Cordelia, 15, and Roderick, 12.

Their elder daughter, Anthea, who accompanied her father to Australia, is married to an Oxford don and has a son, Adam, 2.

The Collins' home on the edge of Hampstead Heath is a cosy, welcoming place, furnished with unostentatious good taste.

Two dogs, Maundy, a golden retriever, and Ben, a gentle whippet, are very much members of the family.

New home

But some more of London now belongs to Mr. Collins. By the end of next year the family will move into a new house they are building in the heart of London's West End, facing Regent's Park.

"Primrose Hill is just behind us and we can't even see another house from our garden, although we're only ten minutes from Marble Arch," said Mr. Collins. "There is even room for a tennis hard-court and a croquet lawn."

Some time next year Norman Collins also plans to complete another book, "The Governor's Lady," on which he is working now, but — "I can't tell you anything about it yet except that it will be a novel of a completely different kind."

... PLUS THIS HOLIDAY READING

● In addition to "Bond Street Story," next week's issue will also bring you this feast of holiday reading:

"THE RESCUERS," by Margery Sharp. Third instalment of our children's serial that all the grown-ups are reading, too.

● "SECRET LIFE," by Nicholas Monsarrat. A brilliant short story of a man who discovers the wife he thought dull has become the toast of the town.

● "THE INVISIBLE WOMAN," by Margery Sharp. Her perceptive story reveals the vanity of a woman growing old.

● "TOP SECRET HUSBAND," by

Hannibal Coons. He's at his funniest in this story of the wife of an atomic scientist.

● "DEATH AND THE CHERRY TREE," by H. E. Bates, who writes with a nostalgic heart of the make-believe of childhood.

● "KEEPING AN EYE ON BETSY," by Dorothy Eden, the romantic writer, telling about a girl who scorned beauty.

● "RESOLUTION OF LOVE," by Trevor Allen. Popular English author provides a thought for the New Year.

Her four careers

• *It's been one career after another for former Sydney girl Margaret Vynner. After winning fame as a mannequin and actress she became a glamorous wife and mother, and in recent years has turned playwright.*

MMARGARET, a much-photographed beauty noted for her fair hair and misty, lovely eyes, writes her plays in collaboration with her actor husband, Britisher Hugh Williams.

With tape-recorder and typewriter, they work together in their pretty home, "Gosses Farm," which is part of the estate owned by the British Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Macmillan, in Sussex, England.

As playwrights, the Williams' have already met with success.

It's now three years since Hugh produced their joint effort, "Plaintiff in a Pretty Hat," at the Duchess Theatre in London, playing the lead himself. Their current production, "The Grass Is Greener" — again with Hugh in the lead role — has now been running for a year in the West End, but the "House Full" sign still appears nightly outside the theatre.

Hollywood star Cary Grant recently bought the film rights of "The Grass Is Greener" for a pleasing five-figure sum.

Before the year is out their first venture into really serious drama—a new play titled "Double Yoke"—is scheduled to open in the West End.

Beauty, brains, and breaks

Actress Celia Johnson will be the producer, so it's quite a new venture for her, too. The plot has been kept a dead secret — Hugh and Margaret insist on that, saying it would spoil the effect even to hint at the theme.

These are busy days for Margaret. Of her three children, Hugo, now about to leave Eton, is 17. Simon, the second son, is at prep school, and daughter Pollyanna, the youngest of the three, is a handful at home. Pollyanna is nearly 10.

Margaret's life-story reads like a happy combination of beauty, brains, and good breaks. She has been called "vital," "witty," "beguiling."

Even her sticky patches seem to have a happy ending. For instance, the months preceding the recent British elections were somewhat worrying, because Mr. Macmillan planned to retire to "Gosses Farm" and live there himself if he lost.

But voting day came and went, Mr. Macmillan remained in power, and the Williams' stayed on in the home they have had for eight years.

Hugh travels up to London each evening to be at the theatre by seven o'clock, in good time for his part in "The Grass Is Greener." After the final curtain he takes the train back to Sussex — a run of three-quarters of an hour — and is home again for a late supper with Margaret.

Hartnell mannequin

Simon's school is not far from "Gosses Farm," and during cross-country walks he often drops in at home, a typical schoolboy, ravenously hungry. Margaret loves to give him a really huge tea — and then he's off again.

Margaret began her career — or rather, her series of careers — in Sydney. One of her earliest triumphs was a glamor role in the locally made film "The Flying Doctor," starring Charles Fartell, in 1935.

Later in London she became the first Australian mannequin to be employed by Royal dressmaker Hartnell, who even then designed for Queen Elizabeth, now the Queen Mother.

When the late King and Queen Elizabeth visited Canada in 1939, Margaret was delegated to supervise any alterations that had to be made to the Queen's wardrobe during the tour.

It was in London that Margaret met Robert Taylor, then one of Hollywood's rising glamor boys, who had just starred in "A Yank at Oxford." Margaret and Taylor often dined and danced together. She had already made a name for herself in films, plays, and her mannequin work.

The year 1939 found Margaret playing the plum role of Diana in "French Without Tears" in London.

It was while on the ship travelling to America to take part in a stage play in New York that she met Hugh Williams. By chance he, too, was going to New York to act in the same play. The pair fell in love and married in London in 1940.

Hugo was born in 1942, Simon in 1946, and Pollyanna in 1950. But in the years between Margaret continued to take both stage and screen roles and kept up her modelling. In an important fashion parade to end the austerity designs of the war years, she again modelled for Hartnell.

As a little boy Hugo once told his parents that his ambition when he grew up was simply to "do living." And that is precisely what Hugh and Margaret plan later on for themselves — to "just do living," as they put it, "somewhere in the Mediterranean." And when they finally tire of lotus-eating in the sun they want a cottage in the English country. In the meantime they'll go on writing plays together—and acting—and bringing up their children; in short, they'll continue their full and happy lives.

MARGARET in the garden at "Gosses Farm," which is on Prime Minister Macmillan's Sussex estate. Once his cows broke in and ate flowers.

MARGARET VYNER...

.. mannequin

.. actress

.. wife and
mother

.. playwright

FLOWERS surround the pretty home at "Gosses Farm." Hugh, Pollyanna, and Margaret are on the balcony. Margaret's mother, Mrs. Ruby Vyner, lives with the Williams'.



PLAYWRIGHTS at work. Successful husband-and-wife writing team Hugh and Margaret Williams discuss a new play.

"BIRCH GROVE," the home of Prime Minister Macmillan, is in the background as Margaret and Hugh pose with their poodle.



"Volare" man will sing about a kangaroo

● Volatile Italian composer, writer, actor, and pop singer Domenico Modugno says that when he gets back to Italy from his two weeks' concert tour of Australia—and when the inspiration comes to him—he will write a song about a kangaroo.

"THAT," he told me, "is a promise."

The inspiration part is important.

It took Domenico and his collaborator, Franco Migliacci, six months of sweat before the inspiration came to them for the opening lines of the smash hit, "Volare—Oh, Oh" ("To Fly, Oh, Oh!").

The inspiration made the months of hard work worth while.

"Two and a half million records of 'Volare' sold in the first three weeks," said Domenico through an interpreter as he strummed a guitar in his apartment at Kings Cross, Sydney.

"Volare" won the 1958 San Remo Song Festival prize in Italy, an American Oscar for the best record-singer-song, and sold more discs during the year than any other record.

In Australia on a singing tour, Domenico brought along his wife, Francesca, and collaborator, Franco.

Telling how "Volare" was written, Domenico said the inspiration for the opening line hit him while he was gazing at a Marc Chagall painting.

By
MIRIAM FOWLER,
staff reporter

"Marc Chagall, a Russian artist living in France, always paints a flying object in his pictures," he said, "and all his backgrounds are blue."

This inspired in Domenico the thought: flying into the blue.

"In my mind it became a desire to get away from everyday problems," he said. "I want to fly into the blue and see the world below—so small—getting smaller until it disappears."

"Like Sputnik."

Barefoot singer

But there's nothing blue about Domenico's personality. He's uninhibited and happy.

Kicking off his shoes, he grabbed a guitar, leapt on to a table and, flinging one arm in the air, sang—"Volare, oh, oh!"

Franco watched the one-man show for a bit.

"But me—I see a man with his hands and face painted blue—swept away to the sky by a gust of wind," he cut in.

"No one can see him—because all is blue."

Franco looked out the window at a patch of blue sky.

"The world's a good place, but death will be better," he said. "Because then the soul will be free to fly away."

Franco is as soulful as Domenico is robust and earthy.

"I've worked with Domenico on six songs," Franco said. "But it isn't peaceful co-operation—it's boom, boom, boom."

"I call at Domenico's apartment with an idea, and boom! he doesn't like it. Then overnight he thinks and next day he likes it—maybe."

Domenico was 12 when he wrote his first song.

"I wrote the mama, mama. I love you—please don't leave me—type of song," he said. "Full of my sorrow and my love. Ugh!"

And his Mamma was the only one to like them. They didn't sell.

But knock-backs spurred his enthusiasm. Domenico kept on writing and nine years ago his "Sicilian Lullaby" was accepted.

Since then he's marketed sixty songs, and twenty have become world hits.

"Do you know this one," he said, bursting into "Ciao Ciao Bambino?" "It's on the American hit parade."

"I got the idea on a Pittsburgh (Pennsylvania) railway platform. A boy and girl were farewelling, and I imagined it was for ever."

Top tunes

"It's hard to get songs on an American parade, but in Europe . . ." he shrugged happily.

There Domenico's songs reach the top. And the Italian "Super Song Parade"—where his discs are numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, and 7—has become known as the "Super Modugno Parade."

"My songs, they fight each other," he laughed.

"Do you like this one?" he asked, singing a song that was new to me. I reached for my pencil . . .

"No, no, no, no," he said, waving his hands. "Don't write it down. I've entered it in San Remo's 1960 Festival—next January."

Domenico has been in films, too.

At the last Venice Film Festival he played the lead part of a truck-driver in a film called "Esterina."

This wasn't a singing part,



In bare feet, and relaxed, Italian pop singer Domenico Modugno gives out with his smash hit "Volare," which has sold in millions.

but Domenico's background voice sang the theme song, "A Head Full Of Dreams," his own composition.

Domenico has made many films, but his music comes first. "I make pictures only for the money," he said.

At home in Rome 15-months-old Marco waits for his parents' return.

Marco's birth was another inspiration to his dad. "I wrote 'Io' ('Me') especially for him," he said.

The song asks: "Who is this angel walking along the street smiling at everyone as they smile back? 'Io' ('Me'), because I have you."

Inspirations come thick and

fast to Domenico, but greatest inspiration of them all is his wife, Francesca. "All my songs are for her," he said.

In their Roman penthouse, overlooking the Tiber, Domenico has his special den—a music-room with piano, microphone, and several guitars.

"I use my soft or hard guitars like spades," he said. "They evoke a mood."

And when the spades dig the right mood Domenico's happy. He's into another song.

His latest song, "Dead Guitars" (signifying a longing for the motherland), was released a few weeks ago.

Domenico's spades have dug a little deeper for this song.

"It's Salvatore Quasimodo's Nobel Prize poem set to music," he said.

Inspiration hit Domenico in Brisbane. Without a mood guitar, too. The idea formed as he was walking to his hotel at 2 a.m.

"I'll enter it in New York's Italian Song Festival next April," Domenico said. "It's called 'Mr. Angel, Good Morning'."

After his coming visit to the U.S. Domenico takes off for Russia. He's booked for a six weeks' singing season in Moscow and Stalingrad.

"Then, up in the blue, home to Italy," he added. "Volare, oh, oh!"

GIFTS THEY MIGHT LIKE

Mrs. Khrushchev: A year's holiday in the U.S. without her husband.

Elizabeth Taylor: A book of cricket rules.

Golfer Peter Thomson: A pair of socks with a hole in one.

The Statue of Liberty: An arm-rest.

Party-giver Elsa Maxwell: A copy of the 1960 Who's Who.

Walt Disney and his Mouse-keepers: An autographed picture of Alexandre Dumas.

British Prime Minister Macmillan: A cork-trimmed swaggie's hat to add to his millinery collection.

King Farouk: A brand-new waistline.

Zsa Zsa Gabor: A ready reckoner, so she can calculate the value of all her diamonds.

Greta Garbo: A lawnmower, to help her be alone.

Ava Gardner: A pair of matadors.

Conductor Sir Thomas Beecham: A collection of polite phrases for all occasions.

Brigitte Bardot: A pair of shoes and a packet of bobbie pins.

Rock-'n-roller Fabian: A voice.

Elvis Presley: A pair of hair slippers.

Tommy Steele: A bulldozer to dig the rock.



"All my songs are for her," says Domenico, singing to his wife, Francesca, who accompanied him on his successful Australian tour.



AUSTRALIAN

HOMES

This house, which belongs to Melbourne bachelor Ronald Lardner, merchandise manager of a Melbourne store, is in Hotham Street, East Melbourne. It is 80 years old, and is typical of the two-storey terraces whose once-despised design and lacy wrought-iron trim have charmed a new generation. The interior was remodelled for modern comfort — kitchen and bathroom rebuilt — without changing the character of the house. Furniture is an interesting mixture of antique and new.



MISS HUGHES



MRS. WHITING



MRS. HOSKINS



MRS. DANGAR



MRS. LUCAS

The
five
Gosford
girls
say:

"Good housekeepers make good councillors"

by Ronald McKie.

● The five Girls of Gosford have shattered all the man-made rules and myths of local government.

THE 35,000 Gosford Shire electors voted them in, with four men, so that for the first time the council has a majority of women.

And they are five of the most charming females you would care to meet.

There's Mrs. H. V. Dangar, a member of the well-known New South Wales family, a greying-haired, laughing, witty woman who was the first woman councillor on the central coast and who has joined the council for a third term.

Miss Muriel Hughes, who has been on the council for three years, has cropped hair and green eyes, and loves swimming and ballroom dancing.

She is also president of the Gosford branch of the A.L.P., is on the Gosford Hospital Board, is secretary of the Local Government Women's Association in N.S.W., and has found time to bring up two brothers and a sister and to look after her widowed father.

Mrs. L. F. Lucas, who has been a councillor for 18 months, is a grandmother who runs a pet shop near Woy Woy, sings, and plays the piano up to almost concert standard, and has more energy than half a dozen women or men.

Mrs. Lillian Whiting, whose dark, wise eyes smile behind her glasses, is a new member of the council.

She is an accountant who ran her own business in Sydney before settling in the Gosford area with her husband to grow vegetables and raise cattle and pigs.

And there's Mrs. Ida Hoskins, who has three children, and runs a mixed business with her husband.

Perhaps the most interesting thing about the five Girls of Gosford is what fine, sensible, intelligent women they are—outstanding when compared with many of the men who warm seats on N.S.W. councils.

All have a strong sense of community responsibility. All agreed that childless women and women with grown-up families must be more active in community life.

Councillor Hughes: "Local government offers so much to socially conscious women. It is close to the people, and deals with health centres, kindergartens, schools—practically everything that affects the home."

Councillor Dangar: "In 10 years five women with a majority on a council will be no exception. It will be commonplace. Women are straighter in public life and have a deeper sense of responsibility to society."

All agreed that most women—except those with growing families—could find the time for community service, and that this involved organisation at home and outside.

"Anyone who neglects her home would be no good in local government," Mrs. Dangar says.

"A woman who proves herself in the running of her home and the rearing of her children can also prove herself in the community," Councillor Hughes says.

"A woman is free once her family has grown up," Councillor Whiting says. "Local government is a way of developing new interests and keeping young while doing active work for society."

The Girls have commonsense, integrity, idealism, determination—a formidable combination. Now all they need is more money, for their plans range from clean-up campaigns and more public lavatories to more public reserves and real community centres.

So wake up, you men—everywhere. What has happened at Gosford could happen at a lot of other places if public-spirited women like the Girls move in.

FATHER



"His wife sent him after a loaf of bread."

MOTHER



"This year I won't let them open their presents till they've written their 'thank-you' letters."

It seems to me

STAN FREBERG'S record "Green Christmas," banned by some of the commercial radio stations, has had a good airing on the A.B.C.

A satire on the business exploitation of Christmas, it is amusing, if a little heavy-handed.

The bit I like best is where Bob Cratchit, the country salesman, suggests sending out cards with pictures of the three Wise Men, and Scrooge, his boss, thinks it a good way to advertise the firm's spices.

Every year the protests against Christmas as a commercial festival sound a little fainter. Those who protest are as passionate as ever, but their voices are drowned by the jingling of cash registers, which grows louder year by year.

I cannot see that it is possible to change this aspect of the season. What would you do? Ban present-giving? As long as presents are given, shops will seek bigger and better opportunities for sales.

Personally I don't care much for the mingling of religious symbols with shop decoration, or for hymns over loudspeakers. But the line is difficult to draw, and can only be left to taste.

By



Dorothy Drann

THE echoes of the quiz scandal in America will be heard for a long time.

It aroused suspicion and soul-searching in all corners of the radio and television world.

One interesting revelation came from technicians who said that recordings of additional applause were sometimes dubbed into telecasts of appearances by President Eisenhower.

Years ago, the first time that I attended one of those broadcast comedy shows I

was astonished by the instructions given the audience.

Eventually everyone knew that the loudest studio applause was often induced by a written instruction, displayed on a board. Whether recorded applause is a more dishonest device is a fine point.

Most fair-minded people feel some sympathy with the central figures of the quiz scandal. These, the big-prize winners, were probably deeply involved before they realised where they were going.

This does not excuse them, but stonecasters might well try to imagine their own reaction if tempted by 64,000 dollars. Many, in consequence, would at least throw smaller stones.

WHEN writing about Christmas I always have a fellow-feeling for those fashion models who don furs in midsummer and bikinis in winter.

The Christmas spirit never infects me until the last week.

By the time this column is on the streets I expect the atmosphere will have taken effect as usual, helped along by the sight of the florists' windows.

Holly hardly stirs me, but those big white daisies, hydrangeas, and Christmas bells are always surefire.

By the way, have you encountered the flavored glue on card envelopes?

I'm told some of it tastes like peppermint. If they'd make the envelopes edible it would be a great help to the housekeeping in lean old January.

TENNIS promoter Jack Kramer when travelling uses a dictating machine for correspondence.

It's a compact gadget that fits in a briefcase. The "letters" are red plastic sheets the size of an envelope, and contain wordage equivalent to ten or twelve typed pages.

When Bob Barnes, Kramer's Australian manager, receives one he slips it into a similar machine and plays it.

These machines are still mostly confined to the business world, but eventually they may become commonplace for private correspondence.

I can foresee a selling slogan: "Keep your old love-letters, and provide entertainment for all the family."

FLEAS are the first living insects found in the Antarctic, according to the U.S. Navy. Dr. George Meyer, an American bacteriologist, found 60 snowfleas under dry rocks, about 340 miles north of McMurdo Sound.

"Merry Christmas," said the eldest snowflea, looking sage.

We are on the threshold of a marvellous new age.

Progress, it is wonderful, and while man conquers Space,

He is also engaged in making the Antarctic a much better place.

Soon we will see an end to the long, lean years.

Those snowfleas up at the top end at least had Polar bears.

But we—what have we had? Why, it's absurd,

Only a few huskies brought by Shackleton and Admiral Byrd.

Nowadays, with more and more explorers rushing through snow and ice,

Soon there will be enough people for fleas to annoy, which is nice."

But at that point up spoke the youngest, sharpest, and most cynical flea:

"I wouldn't be all that cheerful," he said. "What about DDT?"

CADETS GRADUATE



● Cadets at the Royal Australian Naval College, Jervis Bay, and the Royal Military College, Duntroon, graduated recently in colorful and impressive ceremonies, watched by families and friends who came from all parts of Australia.

CHIEF CADET Captain Michael Pate, who was awarded the Queen's Medal, pictured with his mother, Mrs. M. Pate, who came from New Zealand to see Michael graduate from the Royal Australian Naval College, Jervis Bay.



RIGHT: Small cannon in front of the cadets' quarters is displayed by Cadet Michael Moore, of Canberra, to Helen Moffatt, of Armidale. Michael was one of the 27 cadets who graduated from the Royal Australian Naval College.



AFTERNOON TEA was served during the garden party following the graduation of 52 cadets at the Royal Military College, Duntroon. Here Corporal Barry Fegan, of Narrabeen, offers cakes to, from left, his sister, Elizabeth Fegan, Faith Bradbridge, of Mosman, and his father, Mr. A. J. Fegan.



AFTER HIS GRADUATION from the Royal Military College, Duntroon, Lance-Corporal Tom Tabart, of Manly, met the Chief of the General Staff, Lieutenant-General Sir Ragnar Garrett. With them at the garden party are Noel Hawkins, from Melbourne, and Tom Lyons, from Coonamble.



ON THE QUARTERDECK during afternoon tea at R.A.N. College are, from left, Surgeon-Lieutenant Commander N. S. Merrifield, Mrs. M. R. L. Dowling, of Darling Point, her son, Cadet James Dowling, and Mr. Dowling. Parents and friends came from several States to watch the graduation.



GRADUATION BALL in the wardroom of the R.A.N. College was attended by Wendy Ryan, from the New England University, Armidale, who was escorted by Cadet Derek Marrable, of Brisbane. They are chatting with the training officer, Lieutenant Toz Dadsweil, and Mrs. Dadsweil.

Some direct questions on a Delicate Subject



Is your feminine daintiness well-protected at all times?

Roll on Arrid — and you roll perspiration and odour out. When the lotion vanishes you know you're safe. And approachable any hour of the day or night. Tropical heat-wave weather included!



Can the rush of nervous perspiration be controlled?

Arrid protects you against all kinds of unexpected perspiration. It keeps you dry even when anxiety or excitement cause your glands to gush perspiration.



Is one bath a day really enough for an active girl like you?

Arrid's rolled-on protection starts on contact — keeps you shower-bath fragrant for 24 hours! Remember — nothing protects you like a lotion. And no lotion protects you like Arrid. No wonder Arrid is America's number one deodorant!



Is there a sure way to put an end to ugly perspiration stains?

Arrid, used daily, keeps your clothes safe from ugly stains. It keeps your underarms so dry, soft and sweet there's never a hint that the situation's getting warm. Not even on hot, sticky days.

Girls who know the answers use ARRID to be sure.

There's an ARRID deodorant made personally for you. For roll-on protection choose gentle Arrid Roll-on Lotion containing soothing lanolin. Rolls protection into all the pores . . . rolls away perspiration odours, and if you prefer a cream deodorant, there's fluffy white ARRID CREAM.

P.S. Arrid is also available in handy Arrid Super-Spray — in the unbreakable blue squeeze-bottle.



ROLLS ON

Pearly white Arrid Roll-on Lotion comes in the shaped bottle with the roll-on applicator. No messy dripping . . . no leaking . . . rolls-on just the right amount for day-long protection. 7/6 at all cosmetic counters.



Gentle Arrid Cream keeps underarms soft and fresh all day long. In jars — medium, 3/9; and large, 5/10.

Be sure of your freshness . . . sure of yourself . . . with gentle ARRID protection.



SUE WILLIAMS relaxes with Mark. Her husband and two Chinese amahs look after the boy while she is at school.

Mother goes to school

● Sue Williams, vivacious 23-year-old wife of an Australian journalist, is the only European — and only mother — in a class of 14 matriculation students at the Singapore Polytechnic.

AND though school studies often keep her up until midnight she still manages to look after her husband, John, and their baby son, Mark.

"Actually, I owe it all to my husband," she said. "It is because of his encouragement and understanding that I am able to attend the Polytechnic. "While I am away, John, who usually does his writing at home, keeps an eye on Mark — with the help of our two Chinese amahs."

(In Singapore labor is so cheap that it is not unusual for middle-class families, European or Asian, to have two amahs.) Twenty-six-year-old John, South-East Asian correspondent for several Australian and British newspapers, is the only son of Sir John Williams, managing director of a chain of Australian newspapers.

The small family lives in a one-bedroom flat not far from the city of Singapore and pleasantly close to the sea.

Early start

Mrs. Williams gets up at six o'clock every morning to be with Mark before starting classes at 8 a.m. She returns for lunch at 12.30, and leaves again at 2 p.m. for another two and a half hours of school.

"After that, John and I like to be at home, spending as much time as possible with Mark — who is really spoilt — or doing our individual work," she said.

"Then, when Mark is in bed and we have had dinner, I have to plod through my books. I sometimes sit up long after midnight."

Mrs. Williams, formerly Sue Wilshire, daughter of Mrs. D. B. Wilshire, of Mosman, N.S.W., and formerly of Perth, wants to study Arts at Singa-

pore University, and then she plans to write fiction.

"I was very young when I left school in Perth," she said. "At 15 I became a cadet journalist. I completed my cadetship with a newspaper in Sydney, and then I went to Paris."

"I had always wanted to continue my studies, but I was working on the UNESCO journal in Paris and there just wasn't time."

It was during this period that she met her husband. He was on a tour of Europe and walked into her office to use a telephone.

Three months later they married quietly at the Church of St. Antoine de Padua.

Mark was born in December in Paris — he has dual citizenship now — and they left France in February this year to tour America before returning to Australia.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Williams are interested in Asian culture forms. They often attend lectures and evening concerts at the Singapore Cultural Centre.

The Williams' have many Asian friends — and they re-

fuse to join Europeans-only clubs.

During a recent two weeks' holiday Mrs. Williams toured Malaya, Bangkok, and Thailand with a group of matriculation Geography students.

As the only European in the party she attracted a lot of attention. On a second-class train out of Bangkok a native woman stroked her arm — to learn if white skin felt different.

Anthem hobby

Mr. and Mrs. Williams have been in Singapore since April. "We love this island," Mrs. Williams said. "Everything is so new and exciting."

They have just started a new hobby — collecting recordings of the National Anthems of different countries.

Husband John brought back a disc of the Laotian National Anthem from his recent visit to Laos.

They already had the Anthems of India and Malaya, and hope to collect soon the Anthems of Thailand and South Vietnam.



AT HOME in Singapore, John Williams and his wife like to spend as much time as possible with their one-year-old son.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

THE wedding of two young doctors, Janice Best and Denis Appel, at St. Swithun's, Pymble, on January 7 is the result of a romance which began at the University several years ago.

The pretty bride-to-be is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. St. G. Best, of Lane Cove, and Denis is the son of Dr. and Mrs. Godfrey Appel, of Roseville.

Janice and Denis, who have just completed a year's residency at Sydney Hospital, will have only a three-day honeymoon. Janice has ten days off for the wedding; Denis has only three. After the wedding they'll move into the little flat they've just finished repainting at Rozelle.

THEY'RE engaged ... Ann

Kiernan, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Kiernan, of Vacluse, to Dr. Stuart Renwick, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. George Renwick, of Vacluse.

GUESTS travelled from as

far away as Melbourne to attend a delightful semi-formal in Tamworth recently, hosted by ten of the fifth-year students from Tamworth's Church of England Girls' School. The young hostesses were Robyn Collier, Robyn Dent, Robyn Evans, Gwen Frater, Jenny Kemp, Jan Maumder, Cathy Radford, Dazel Solomon, Helen Tomlinson, and Pam Young.

A MONTH in Perth for Elaine Quinsey, of River-view, who will arrive on December 30 to spend a month with her aunt, Mrs. F. Brophy, of Mount Lawley. Elaine's fiancé, Keith Andrews, who is working in Perth for two years, is also looking forward to the visit, when they'll discuss their marriage plans.

THE music of the "Wedding

March" is becoming very familiar to recent Duntroon graduate Tony Larnach-Jones. Two days after graduation Tony was in a guard of honor at the wedding of fellow graduate Brian Jones, from New Zealand. Next he was best man at the wedding of another graduate, Frank Alizzi, in Brisbane. And next March he's to be best man at the wedding of Jim McKinney, also a Duntroon graduate.

TELEPHONE call from Bos-

ton, U.S.A., for the C. J. Courtneys, of Forrest, A.C.T., from their son Peter to tell them of his engagement to Katherine Coffield, of Illinois. The wedding will take place on December 27, and the young couple plan to travel through Europe and Japan before returning to Australia.

GOLD COAST honeymoon for Helen Sanderson and Lieutenant John Ross after their military wedding at St. David's, Haberfield. Helen is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Sanderson, of Punchbowl, and John is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. John Ross, of Haberfield.

THERE'LL be great excitement next March for Dr. and Mrs. Graham Henry, who were married at Wesley Chapel recently. They'll leave then for an extended honeymoon, touring England and the Continent. The bride was formerly Robin Newbound, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. W. Newbound, of Earlwood. Graham is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. D. Henry, of Newcastle.

LOVELY dance at the Aus-

tralia was given by six country lasses—Jane Dunlop, of Currahubula, Joan Langan, of Warralida, Mary Julian, of Yass, Mary D'Arcy, of Bega, Susan Craven, of Bowral, and Deidre O'Brien, of Coonabarabran. The girls were celebrating end of school-days at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Rose Bay. One of the guests was Jane's sister, Mary Prudence, who has just completed first-year physiotherapy at the University. The two girls will have Christmas at home at "Cliffdale" with their parents, the Arthur Dunlops, and then the whole family will come down for five weeks at Newport.

Anne



ROUND OF FAREWELLS for the Governor-General, Sir William Slim (left) and Lady Slim (right), who are pictured with the Governor, Sir Eric Woodward, and Lady Woodward during a reception at Government House. The 200 guests were greeted in the drawing-room and later chatted informally on the wide verandah overlooking the Harbor.



END-OF-SCHOOL dance at St. Malo, Hunter's Hill, was given by thirteen Ascham boarders, including Jennifer Hedge, of Hunter's Hill (right), pictured chatting to three guests. They are, from left, Jane Wincer, of Rose Bay, John Norman, of Elizabeth Bay, and Jim Moore, of Walgett.



SIX WEEKS' TOUR of Mexico and the United States for Mr. and Mrs. Sam Walder, who were married at St. Stephen's. The bride was formerly Diana Dawson, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. L. Dawson. The groom is the only son of Lady Walder, of Point Piper, and the late Sir Samuel Walder.

RIGHT: Wedding at St. Andrew's Church, Chatswood, for Mrs. Jean Travers and Mr. Bill Millard. The bride is the elder daughter of Lieutenant-General Sir Iven Mackay and Lady Mackay, of Turramurra. The bridegroom is the son of Mrs. V. H. Millard, of Cremorne, and the late Mr. Millard.



ELEGANT suit in oyster satin cotton was worn by Mrs. V. E. Hancock when she accompanied her husband, Air Vice-Marshal Hancock, to the reception at Government House given by the Governor, Sir Eric Woodward, in honor of the Governor-General, Sir William Slim, and Lady Slim.



BLACK AND WHITE committee of the Royal Blind Society presented the 1959 cheque to Mr. Justice Maxwell at a cocktail party in the Society's rooms. The guests who watched the presentation included Mr. and Mrs. David Klippel (couple centre) with their daughter Dianne, and Phillip Street producer Bill Orr.





~ YOU LIKE BUTTER !

LEGEND :

In most parts of the world there's an old, old childhood game. Remember it? Romping through the fields, you pick a buttercup and hold it under a companion's chin. If the sunshine colour of the buttercup petals reflects on the skin then you like butter!

This small game has a big significance. It says that even in childhood we appreciate butter as something above the usual. And as we grow into adulthood we come to know butter as the richest of nature's bequests. Healthy, flavoursome, the colour of sunlight, butter is one of the real good things of life. Butter is brimful of nature's own goodness . . . and it's nature's goodness in butter that makes other foods better. Nature gave butter its flavour, its hoard of vitamins. Nature gave butter its smooth-spreading, fast-creaming texture. Nature gave butter the matchless delicacy, unique food values and very special digestibility that make it one of the world's finest and best-loved foods. That's why we accept butter gratefully, use it generously. That's why everyone, everywhere, likes butter.

This painting by John Maudson is presented with the compliments of

THE AUSTRALIAN DAIRY PRODUCE BOARD

If you would like a beautiful reproduction in colour of this announcement for your children, write to the Australian Dairy Produce Board, 406 Lonsdale Street, Melbourne, C.I., Victoria.



LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters signed for publication.

Talking's become "old hat"

IT was refreshing recently to hear a speaker on the radio confess that his favorite hobby is talking. With so much varied entertainment these days, talking seems to be frowned on. To me, nothing is more stimulating than a congenial group of friends discussing pros and cons of anything and everything. The arguments that wax fast and furious at our place keep us all on our toes.

£1/1/- to Mrs. G. Coleman, Yeppoon, Qld.

Mum's not the word!

WHY must husbands refer to their wives in public as "Mum"? It is particularly embarrassing in shops to have assistants, and perfect strangers, told to "ask Mum." Most Australian husbands seem to think this the perfect way of referring to wives. I think it is abominably rude.

£1/1/- to "Anti-Mum" (name supplied), Orbst, Vic.

Bird's vigil

THE canary which flew into the home of Mr. A. G. Nicholls, and cheered him following the loss of his wife (23/9/59), reminded me that during my father's last illness he was visited every day by a bird, which stood on the wind-down-sill and whistled. During his last two days he was unconscious, but the bird came as usual. On the day he died the bird flew round the room once — then out. We never saw it again.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. A. White, Takapuna N2, Auckland, New Zealand.

It's a "fair cow"

I OBJECT to the increasing use of the word "female" for women or ladies and girls. The word is gaining such ground that even at cattle sales now "female" is used instead of cow. Yet if we call a human female a cow, we're gone a million!

£1/1/- to "Mere Male" (name supplied), Emu Plains, N.S.W.

A full-time job?

WHY should eyebrows be raised when a bride-to-be says she is NOT going back to work after her marriage? These girls are often condemned with such remarks as "not pulling her weight" or "too lazy." These remarks come particularly from members of the older generation, who, in their day, would not have dreamed of looking after a home and working. After all, the man is the breadwinner!

£1/1/- to "Irritated Ida" (name supplied), Wangarratta, Vic.

A matter of opinion

SOME people gibe that "Adelaide" is beautifully laid out—but it has been dead a long time! Personally, I have found that Adelaide's aloof attitude towards sophistication and her residents' love for preservation of her natural beauty make it the ideal capital for family living. Strong family ties create a peace and sanity in a crazy, restless, speed-mad world. Congratulations, Adelaide. You are the prettiest and most natural of all the Commonwealth capitals.

£1/1/- to "Former Queenslander" (name supplied), Brighton, S.A.

Mixed seedlings

GARDENERS with little space and small appetites would appreciate being able to buy bundles of mixed flowers or vegetable plants. A dozen tomato plants may suit many; others would prefer a mixed bundle, containing just a few of each variety.

£1/1/- to D. Lukin, Mackay, Qld.

Weighty problem

THE attractive little city coffee shops seem to cater only for the slender. Tables and chairs are so close together that only the slim can wedge in. The attempts of heavyweights to be seated cause embarrassment, and disturb other customers.

£1/1/- to Miss N. Scully, Thornbury, Vic.

Party talk

I AGREE with "Odd Bodd" (18/11/59) who prefers talking to women at parties. Maybe the conversation would be of a higher educational standard if both sexes talked together, but, do we go to parties to enjoy ourselves or gain an education?

£1/1/- to Mrs. B. Keely, Guildford, N.S.W.

Doggone confusing

COULD anyone explain the dividing line between a good watchdog and a menace to the public? Our cocker spaniel barks at anyone entering our gate and is an excellent watchdog at night. However, I have to pacify querulous neighbors and complaints from the postman, though the dog has never been known to bite or snarl.

£1/1/- to "Bow - Wow" (name supplied), Ringwood, Vic.

Attacking the law...

BIGAMY is a punishable offence, yet in the case of a de facto wife the law can act on her behalf, demanding financial assistance from her partner. By its action the law is actually encouraging this state of affairs. A woman in such cases is fully aware of the position in which she places herself and should therefore be prepared to take the consequences without financial assistance. This would result in fewer broken homes.

£1/1/- to "Fair Play" (name supplied), Cleveland, Qld.

The value of youth

YOUTH is the most precious gift of life. I think if a girl chooses the responsibility of marriage, instead of enjoying the full freedom of her "blossoming" in her teens, she misses a great deal of happy and worthwhile experience which comes only in life's springtime.

£1/1/- to Mrs. S. Worthley, West Richmond, S.A.

Ambitious parents

THERE must be a lot of ambitious parents considering the number of children who enter for competitive sports, dancing contests, etc. I wonder if they think the acquisition of worthless paper certificates or trophy trophies sufficient compensation for the nervous upset of the children, suffering from tension, disappointment, or frustration. Children should be allowed to live a natural life and find their own talents when they are old enough to enjoy them in their own way.

£1/1/- to "Ex-Nursie" (name supplied), Oatley, N.S.W.

Good times begin with

freshness

MUM deodorant stick outdates all others

ICE PINK

MUM STICK

EXTRA PROTECTION. Completely protects personal freshness and keeps underarms dainty 24 hours a day—because it's not only the perfect deodorant, it checks perspiration, too.

EXTRA APPEAL. It's ice-pink, cool, and refreshing to use in its fashionable "young look" pack.

EXTRA VALUE. Gives you more for your money of the finest stick deodorant on the market—a full one ounce for just 5/3.

EXTRA QUALITY. Does not crumble, holds its perfect consistency to the last, and it lasts for months. Always bland and gentle, absolutely safe for any normal skin and cannot damage the finest fabrics.

Another fine product of Bristol-Myers

for lovely finger-nails take DAVIS GELATINE

Science is proving that the intake of gelatine each day greatly improves some of those nails that have a tendency towards brittleness and breaking. Add 1 to 2 teaspoons of gelatine to cold water or fruit juice (or mixture), stir quickly and drink at once.

This treatment should be continued for at least one month or until improvement has registered.

For Free leaflet write to DAVIS GELATINE, Department F, Box 3583, G.P.O. Sydney Box 712F, G.P.O., Adelaide • Box 4058, G.P.O., Melbourne Box 1588, G.P.O., Perth • Box 758K, G.P.O., Brisbane. Davis Gelatine sold by Grocers, available in 4 oz., 8 oz. and 16 oz. packs.

MICKEY MOUSE CLUB BOOK All about the famous TV Mouseketeers ON SALE AT ALL NEWSAGENTS AND BOOKSELLERS FOR 15/-

Ross Campbell writes...

LAST week we decided, after a conference, to put my son's toy electric locomotive on the market.

He felt he could invest the money obtained to better advantage in Top 40 records.

So we inserted an advertisement in the local paper.

When we advertise goods in the local paper, one of two things happens.

Often we put the price too low and the phone does not stop ringing for days.

The worst case of this was when we asked £5 for the old washing-machine. It went off before breakfast.

My father, who was staying with us, said some very critical things about my business methods. But I still feel sorry for the people who paid £5 for that washing-machine.

At other times we ask too much, and nobody rings up at all. That was why we failed to sell the camp stretcher. It is still under the house.

This time we underestimated the demand for toy engines. At the

BIG DEAL

price we asked the engine was a glittering bargain. The public excitement was increased by a comma which the paper inserted in the ad, free of charge.

I had written: "For sale: electric train engine." They printed "For sale: electric train, engine." The



readers thought we might be offering a model of the Melbourne Express, sleeping cars and all.

The first phone call came from a boy at 5.30 a.m. I woke up and gave him a sleepy description of the engine, but it wasn't what he had in mind. I think he wanted one who could ride in.

The engine was snapped up by a dynamic young man who came to the house at eight o'clock. After that the inquiries poured in all day.

The local paper is delivered gradually round the district, so that some people get it nearly a day later than others.

This helped to stagger the phone calls around the clock.

A few stray calls are still coming in. They are from people who saw the ad when they were unwrapping a pound of beans from the paper, or making up a parcel of garbage.

These late inquirers are more likeable than the eager ones who got in first. They ask in a diffident way: "I suppose the toy train is sold?" I hate having to disappoint them.

My friend Cec McGoan says you should put in the ad "best offer." But how do you know which is the best until you have heard all the offers—including the late ones from the garbage-wrappers?

I think holding an auction is probably the simplest way. That is what we shall do when we sell the tricycle.



THE RED SLIPPERS



An appealing short story

BY ROBERT TIBBER

IN the spacious, centrally heated flat, high above the traffic and with a clear view over the park, everything was ready for Christmas.

The Georgian furniture, each piece exactly right, stood elegantly polished; greeting cards and messages from all over the world were piled neatly on a silver salver; the piano had been tuned and the rugs shampooed; in the kitchen, quietly, confidently, Maxine and Odile from Jamaica were making the early preparations for the two dinner parties and the one cocktail party that had been arranged.

Fleur herself, satisfied that nothing had been forgotten and that all was going exactly as she had planned it should, was resting with her shoes off and her legs up on the pale gold damask sofa, reading beauty hints for the over-forties in a shiny magazine.

Her hair had been done, her nails manicured, and she had already arranged the flowers for the table decorations. Nothing had been left until the last minute for today was Christmas Eve.

The telephone was by her side and its ringing shattered the excited silence of waiting for Christmas.

It was a continental call and Fleur sat up, the magazine sliding to the floor, as she waited to be connected with Paris.

"Mummy?" The voice was faint, the line crackling.

"Noelle! How are you, darling?"

"I'm fine. Mummy, I'm coming home for Christmas."

"Oh, Noelle, that makes everything perfect. I shall keep it as a surprise for Daddy. When will you come? I'll meet you."

"There's no need, I'm at the airport now, waiting for the plane. And Mummy . . ."

"Yes, pet?"

"Mummy, I'm bringing someone . . ."

"That's fine, darling; the spare bed's made up. What a wonderful Christmas we'll have."

"Mummy, it's Graham."

"What's Graham?"

"It's Graham I'm bringing home. Graham Gardner. We want to get married."

Fleur held the telephone receiver away from her a little and stared at it. Then she said: "Noelle, darling, what on earth are you talking about?"

Noelle spoke slowly.

"Graham's here in Paris. He's been here ages. He has a wonderful job in Kenya, starting after Christmas. I love him, and we want to get married."

Fleur blinked at the Christmas roses in the silver vase on the mantelpiece and said nothing.

"Mummy, are you there?"

"Noelle. Noelle, dear, you must come home at once. We'll have a talk. I should never have let you go. We can discuss everything with Daddy. Of course you can't get married, not for ages. Don't worry, dear. Just come straight home. We'll sort everything out. It's so difficult with this crackly phone . . ."

"And it's all right to bring Graham?"

Fleur thought, "Yes," she said: "I think Graham had better come with you."

When Noelle had rung off Fleur replaced the receiver and put on her shoes. There was a knock at the door and a dusky head appeared. "The pineapple au kirsch in the silver or the crystal, Madame?"

"Not now, Odile." Fleur waved her hand: "The silver . . . no, the crystal. Anything you like; don't worry me."

She dialled the number of the gallery where Simon had an exhibition of his paintings and waited for what seemed far too long while they tried to find him. When he finally came to the phone he listened carefully to what she had to say.

Then he said: "I've always rather liked Graham."

"Simon, do be sensible; she's talking about marrying him and going to Kenya or some such place. It's given me quite a shock. We shall have to be absolutely firm, Simon, without being too unkind. What time will you be home?"

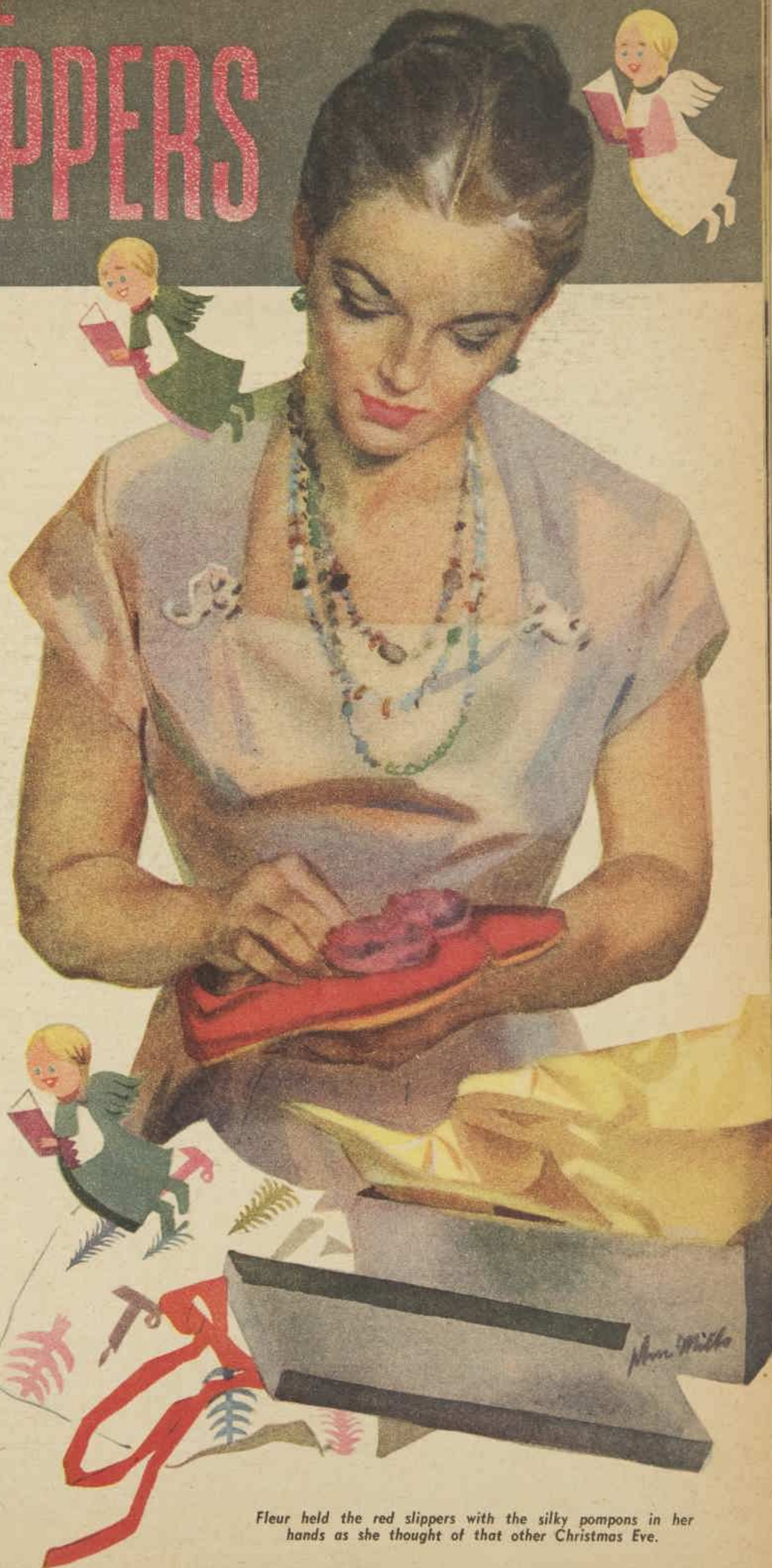
"Not before eight. I have to see that everything's properly covered."

"Try to be earlier. Noelle always listens to you. And do remember, Simon, she's only a child."

"Of course," Simon said, "it's out of the question. Don't worry, darling. See you later."

From across the park, drowning the noise of the traffic, Christmas bells began to ring. Fleur shut the window to keep out the noise so that she could think.

Sitting tensely now on the very edge of the sofa, she lit a cigarette and remembered that it had been the week before Christmas that



Fleur held the red slippers with the silky pompons in her hands as she thought of that other Christmas Eve.

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The Case of the MYTHICAL MONKEYS

By
ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

PRETTY young GLADYS DOYLE, secretary to notorious novelist MAUVIS MEADE, has gone to PERRY MASON for legal help. Returning from an assignment for her boss, Gladys' ear bogged on the short-cut Miss Meade instructed her to use. Gladys was given shelter for the night in a nearby cabin by a man named JOHN, but in the morning he was gone and in his bedroom lay a strange dead man.

Gladys was arrested by LIEUTENANT TRAGG, but Mason continued investigations with his secretary, DELLA STREET, and PAUL DRAKE, private detective. Mason interviewed Miss Meade in her ransacked apartment, but she denied having deliberately misdirected Gladys.

After Drake's man KELTON identified the body as JOSH MANLY they called on MRS. MANLY, who was wearing gloves as she was house-cleaning. At the cabin they found a box of bullets wrapped in a woman's scarf, and Mason visited Miss Meade to see if it was hers, meeting there GREGORY DUNKIRK, a behind-the-scenes sinister power in politics, and her bodyguard, DUKES LAWTON. At the office Della gave Mason an anonymous letter containing the missing map drawn by Mauvis Meade. They deduce the letter was typed on an old machine with a new ribbon.

When JUDGE ARVIS BAGBY opens the hearing against Gladys, HARVEY ELLINGTON, deputy district-attorney, is the prosecutor. When Mauvis is called to the stand Mason confronts her with the map and asks her to identify her handwriting. NOW READ ON:

MAUVIS MEADE looked at the map Mason was holding and went white to the lips. Ellington, seeing the expression on her face, jumped to his feet and started hurrying to the witness stand.

Mason folded the map and put it back in his pocket. "Is that your handwriting?" he asked.

"If the court please," Ellington said, "I am entitled to see the document that counsel has produced and with which he is facing the witness. I want to know what's on it."

Judge Bagby nodded.

"I have no intention at the present time of introducing it in evidence," Mason said. "I was simply asking her to identify her handwriting."

Judge Bagby looked at the face of the witness, which, despite her attempts to control her expressions, showed complete consternation.

"I think counsel is entitled to see any document that you show to the witness and on which you are basing your questions," he said.

"Very well," Mason said, smiling urbanely. "I withdraw the question then."

"I still want to see that document."

"But the question is withdrawn," Mason said. "I will not ask any more questions on that subject."

"But he has asked her a question about it, and I want to see it," Ellington said.

Mason smiled at the court. "Who's going on a fishing expedition now?" he asked.

Judge Bagby's eyes twinkled. "I think that in view of the fact the question has been withdrawn, Mr. Prosecutor, there is now no necessity for exhibiting the document to either court or counsel."

Ellington took the ruling with poor grace.

Mason turned back to the witness. "Are you acquainted with Morrison Findlay, who previously testified and who appears to be the owner of the cabin where the murder was committed, Miss Meade?"

"I don't think I have ever seen him," she said, slowly shaking her head.

"Have you ever talked with him over the telephone?"

"Now just a moment," Ellington said, jumping to his feet. "Here again, your honor, we come to a point where I must insist upon the rights of the witness and the rights of the prosecution. We did not ask her anything at all about whether she had talked with Morrison Findlay over the telephone. We asked her only about one conversation with the defendant. This is not proper cross-examination; it assumes a fact not in evidence and it is irrelevant."

Judge Bagby regarded Mason with a thoughtful frown. "On the face of it, the objection is well taken," he said. "But, of course, under the circumstances and in view of the testimony which has been given, the situation might be a little—well, of course, the court can see where this might very well go to the bias of the witness, and I believe counsel has a right to cross-examine a witness in regard to bias."

"He can ask her about her bias," Ellington said, "but he can't go dragging in all sorts of telephone conversations the witness may have had in order to show that bias. He's got to have some specific objective in mind."

"I have some specific objective in mind," Mason interposed. Ellington ignored the interruption. "And specifically what he has in mind has to be communicated to the court, so that the court can determine whether it does actually give ground for bias within the meaning of the law. Counsel simply can't ask this witness all kinds of questions on the chance that some answer that the witness might give would show a possible bias or show something that counsel could use as a peg on which to hang an argument that the witness was biased."

Judge Bagby drummed with the tips of his fingers on the desk in front of him. "I can recognise the importance of this point to the defence," he said, "and I also realise, of course, that this is a preliminary hearing and that under the law the prosecution has the right to control the amount of proof it puts on. It does not have to put on its entire case. It is obligated to put on enough evidence to show that a crime has been committed and that there is reasonable cause to believe the defendant is connected with that crime."

"However, in view of the fact that the prosecution has announced its desire to limit the examination of this witness, and has been very careful in so doing, the court is going to sustain

the objection to the question in this form. At least at this time, Mr. Mason."

"Thank you," Mason said. "Now, Miss Meade, I am going to ask you directly whether you are the person who rented this cabin from Morrison Findlay."

"Objected to as not proper cross-examination, incompetent, irrelevant, and immaterial," Ellington said.

Judge Bagby said thoughtfully, "I'm going to permit counsel to examine the witness as to possible bias, Mr. Prosecutor."

Mauvis Meade said, "I have no bias. I have no animosity against Gladys Doyle. If I knew anything that would help her, I'd be glad to say so. I can tell you that I'm trying to protect her in every way that I can. Now does that answer the question about my bias?"

"The specific question," Judge Bagby said, "was about whether she had rented that particular cabin shown on the maps in this case, the cabin where the murder was committed."

"Your honor," Ellington said. "I object to having extraneous matters brought in here, and I object to having this case prolonged by going into all these matters and having us wait here while counsel goes on a fishing expedition."

Judge Bagby said, "The distinction is something of a hair-line distinction, but I am going to sustain the objection to that question, Mr. Mason. The general knowledge, if any, of this witness is not something the court is prepared to let you go into on cross-examination, particularly when the prosecution limited the direct examination of this witness."

"Very well," Mason said. "That's all. I have no further questions."

Judge Bagby looked at Mason with thoughtful consideration. "Do you wish the document which you showed the witness marked for identification, Mr. Mason? If you do, it will be necessary to show it to the prosecutor. Unless it is marked for identification, there is no way at any subsequent time that the document can be identified as being the one which was shown the witness."

"The question was withdrawn," Mason said.

"And you don't wish the document marked for identification?"

"No, your honor."

"Very well . . . Call your next witness," Judge Bagby said to Ellington.

"The prosecution will call Lieutenant Tragg," Ellington said. Lieutenant Tragg came forward, stood shrewd-eyed and unsmiling while the oath was administered, then took the witness stand.

"You are acquainted with the defendant, lieutenant?"

"I am."

"Did you hear her make any statement, or were you present at a time when a statement was made, concerning the events of the night of the eighth of this month and the early-morning hours of the ninth?"

"I was."

"The defendant did make such a statement?"

"She did."

"You were present?"

"I was."

"To the best of your knowledge, was the statement free and voluntary?"

"To the best of my knowledge it was a free and voluntary statement."

"What was it?" Ellington asked.

Judge Bagby frowned. "Are you going to show the other persons present, Mr. Ellington? The general circumstances?" Ellington shook his head. "If Mr. Mason wants to object on the ground that no proper foundation has been laid, he can go into the subject if he wishes."

"Is there any objection from the defence?" Judge Bagby asked.

Mason said, "No, your honor, not in view of the statement made by Lieutenant Tragg."

Judge Bagby gave an almost imperceptible shrug and said, "Very well . . . Lieutenant, answer the question. What did she say?"

Lieutenant Tragg said, "She made a statement that she was following directions down the mountain, that she came to this fork in the road fifteen and three tenths miles from where she

had checked her speedometer, that she thought she had been told to turn left at the fork and she took the left-hand turn, that it was a wild, stormy night, that she came down the mountain and found herself bogged down in a mudhole."

"She had to leave her car in this mudhole. She said she started walking down the road in the dark, that she had gone only a few yards when she saw a light, that it turned out to be a light in this cabin, that she found a man there whom she described as being very tall and dark, wavy hair and very penetrating steel-grey eyes, but whose name she doesn't know other than he told her she could call him John, that the man was rather curt with her, that she tried to get him to help her get her car free, that he refused to do so, stating that he had had pneumonia, that he didn't intend to go out and get wet."

"That thereafter the defendant went to bed and slept soundly, although she thinks she heard the sound of an automobile backfiring, that when she awoke in the morning she went out into the main room, that the oil stove had been turned off, the room was cold, the house seemed deserted."

"She said she opened the door of the other bedroom and found a body on the floor, that she knelt down and felt for a pulse, that she then noticed a twenty-two rifle on the floor by the open bedroom window, that she picked up the rifle, thinking for the moment that perhaps she might need a weapon, that she decided against this and dropped the rifle, that she ran from the house in blind panic."

"That she ran up the road, that when she came to this mudhole she found that her car had been extricated from the mudhole, had been turned around and was pointed up the grade, that she jumped in the car and drove to the city, that she went to the penthouse where she lived and found that Miss Meade, whom she wished to see, was absent, that the place had been thoroughly ransacked, that in very much of a panic and without changing her clothes she went at once to the office of Perry Mason, that Mr. Mason arranged to have her borrow some clothes from Della Street, his secretary, and that Mr. Mason notified the police of the murder."

"Did you find her co-operative?" Ellington asked. "Was this statement made for the purpose of facilitating your investigation?"

"She was not co-operative and the statement was not made for the purpose of facilitating our investigation but for the purpose of trying to explain away certain facts after we discovered those facts and asked for an explanation."

"What facts?"

"Well, for one, her clothes. We discovered that the clothes she was wearing had the cleaning mark that was issued by the Extension Cleaning and Dyeing Works to Miss Della Street. Therefore, we surmised what had happened, got a search warrant for Miss Street's apartment, and found clothes there which the defendant admitted were hers. Thereafter we asked questions and finally received this statement."

"You say you found clothes belonging to the defendant at Miss Street's apartment?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did the defendant make any statement with reference to the ownership of those clothes?"

"She admitted they were hers."

"Did you notice anything significant about those clothes?"

"They were processed in the laboratory."

"Were you present at the time?"

"I was."

"What did you yourself notice, lieutenant—not what anyone else at the crime laboratory may have noticed?"

The phone call from a stranger gave Perry Mason the lead he needed ... concluding our serial

"There was a rather large blood spot on the hem of the skirt; there was a blood spot near the bottom of the left sleeve. There was another spot on the slip."
 "These bloodstains were typed by the laboratory?"
 "I believe so."
 "You yourself were not present when that was done?"
 "No, sir."
 "Did you examine the twenty-two rifle which was found in the cabin for fingerprints?"
 "I did."
 "And where was that done, if you know, lieutenant?"
 "At the police laboratory."
 "Were you present?"
 "I was."
 "Were there any latent fingerprints on that rifle?"
 "There were several. Only one, however, was sufficiently clear so that it could be identified."
 "Did you work on that fingerprint yourself on the identification?"
 "I worked on it myself and I worked with the fingerprint expert while he was developing, photographing, and identifying the print."
 "And did you check the work of this fingerprint expert?"
 "I did."
 "Do you know of your own knowledge whose fingerprint that was?"
 "I do."
 "Whose hand made that fingerprint, lieutenant?"
 "The right forefinger of the defendant, Gladys Doyle, left that fingerprint on the gun," Tragg said.
 "Did you make an attempt to check her story as to another person being in the cabin?"
 "I made what check I could."
 "Did you find anything that would tend to disprove that story of hers?"
 "That question calls for a conclusion of the witness, if the court pleases," Mason said.

"I'll withdraw that question," Ellington said. "Did you find anything that would substantiate that story?"
 "Nothing," Tragg said.
 Ellington bowed. "I think, under the circumstances and in view of counsel's objection, I will leave it to Mr. Mason to elicit exactly what Lieutenant Tragg means by that last answer . . . Your witness, Mr. Mason."
 "No questions."
 "That's all, Lieutenant Tragg," Judge Bagby said . . . "Call your next witness, Mr. Ellington."
 "There are no more witnesses as far as the prosecution is concerned," Ellington said. "That's our case. We have made a prima-facie case, and we ask the court to bind the defendant over on the ground that a murder was committed, and there is reasonable cause to believe the defendant was connected with that crime."
 Mason jumped to his feet. "On behalf of the defence, I ask the court to dismiss the case against the defendant on the ground that there is no proof connecting her with any crime."
 Judge Bagby shook his head.
 "I would like to argue the motion," Mason said, with an eye on the courtroom clock.
 "There's no need for argument," Judge Bagby said. "The prosecution has proved a murder. It has proved that the defendant was in the cabin where the murder was committed at the time it was committed, and that the defendant's fingerprints were on the murder weapon, that there was blood on her

clothing, that she consulted an attorney before making any attempt to notify the authorities.
 "The court will admit that by the time the case reaches the superior court the prosecution will doubtless want to put on more evidence, indicating motivation, perhaps, and perhaps more statements made by the defendant.
 "However, for the purposes of a preliminary examination, it certainly seems that there is sufficient evidence, if that evidence is unexplained, to bind the defendant over. Now, if the defence wishes to make any showing, the defence, of course, has the right to put on witnesses and to make any showing that it desires."
 Mason said, "It is nearly twelve, your honor. If we could take a recess for lunch at this time, I—"
 "I think not," Judge Bagby interrupted. "There is a very great backlog of criminal cases, and I want to expedite matters as much as possible. Let me ask you frankly whether the defence intends to make any showing."
 "The defence does," Mason said.

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"Miss Meade," said Perry Mason slowly, "you are a badly frightened young woman, aren't you?"



Noelle was born. But then there had been no Georgian furniture, no gold damask, and no Christmas roses.

She had been born in Paris. In a room at the very top of a tall old house on the Left Bank. It was snowing; large flakes drifting down from an uncompromising sky covered the Ile de la Cite, and settled on the rich apartments of the Avenue Foch and the blank-eyed dwellings of Montparnasse with silent impartiality until everything was white and frozen, and for Fleur there was no escape from the cold.

They had an oil stove which did little or nothing to heat the vast, draughty room which was bedroom, living-room, dining-room, nursery, and studio, and whose rent they could barely afford to pay. It was the coldest Christmas Fleur had ever known, and her first away from the comfortable home where she had been born.

Yet looking back she was unable to feel the draught that swept day and night through the shut windows and under the door, or the icy chill of the floorboards beneath her bare feet as she slipped reluctantly out of a warm bed at the first thin, pathetic wail of her week-old baby.

On Christmas Eve, Noelle, born a week early, lay sleeping in her crib. Fleur, in layers of jumpers, with her dressing-gown topping the lot, watched from the window searching the early twilight for Simon. It was Christmas, but there was only ragout for dinner, and there would be no presents.

In Paris, city of dreams, artists were two a penny.

Continuing . . . THE RED SLIPPERS

from page 19

Fleur's parents, unwilling to see their daughter living in one room, were helpless in face of Simon's pride.

When he came, his stiff, cold fingers fumbling with the door-knob, he was smiling and there were parcels in his arms.

"I sold a picture, Fleur; and they want more!"

She kissed him and brushed the snow from his hair and opened the wine he had brought and the Baha au rhum which would turn the dinner into Christmas. The little Noelle slept and they sat huddled closely together round the stove, stiff with cold but oblivious with happiness.

There was one parcel still unopened and Fleur could still remember the thrill of her first Christmas present from Simon: the cheap red slippers with the silky pompons to keep her feet warm when she got up to go to the baby in the night.

That Christmas Eve had been the first rung of the ladder and they had never looked back. Today everyone had heard of Simon Bellamy and he often joked that he couldn't afford to buy his own pictures.

After Noelle there had been no more babies, but Fleur saw to it that she grew up unspoiled.

When she'd left school Fleur had sent her to Paris for a year to learn the language and in the spring she had planned a big coming-out dance for her before she went up to Cambridge.

As for Graham, the son of good friends of theirs, the Gardners, she had nothing against the boy, but the idea of Noelle marrying him, before she had really had a chance to meet anybody, was quite fantastic.

She tried to remember what he had taken up. Photography or something, she thought, but couldn't quite remember.

Fleur was a great planner and the plans she had made for Noelle were the biggest and best of them all. They did not include marriage for many years to come.

The peace of waiting for Christmas had melted in the

heavy, centrally heated atmosphere. Fleur inspected the already tidy flat, told Odile that there would be two extra for dinner, put soap in the guests' bathroom.

She looked again at her present for Simon — a slim gold pencil with his initials on it — and wondered whether he had remembered about the sapphire pendant from Cartier's.

She was sure he had. They always adhered to the same routine. Simon was the most generous husband in the world,

until Noelle was due to arrive, and she wished Simon was home so that they could agree on what they were to say to her without upsetting her too much.

Fleur was in the bathroom putting on her mascara when Noelle arrived. She looked even younger than she was, her face flushed with excitement above the close fur collar of her coat and her fair hair drawn back into a ponytail.

When she had hugged her, inhaling the cold air clinging to Noelle, Fleur said: "Tell me all about it, darling."

Noelle needed no encouragement. Graham was a journalist; she, with the blind faith of the



but like all men he hated shopping.

A few weeks before Christmas or her birthday was due Fleur would say casually: "I saw the most wonderful clips at Asprey's; they match my ruby set and they're keeping them for me."

or "My crocodile handbag is absolutely finished and I saw exactly the one I wanted at . . ." and she knew that when the time arrived Simon would solemnly present her with the present she had chosen herself.

Tonight she would wear a plain black dress in expectation of the sapphire pendant. There seemed too many hours

young, believed him to be a good one.

He had been offered a foreign correspondent's post in Kenya; it was a wonderful job. They loved each other. They wanted to get married. It was as simple as that.

"How long has this been going on?" Fleur said.

"About three months. Since Graham's been in Paris."

"You never mentioned him in your letters."

"We thought there was time. We didn't know this was going to crop up."

Noelle sat on the edge of the bath. "Mummy," she said, and her face was serious. "I know

what you're going to say about being too young. But I'm not too young, and although one part of me doesn't want to leave you and Daddy and go so far away, Graham and I love each other, and that's all there is to it. I'm sorry to spring it on you like this, but it just couldn't be helped."

"What does he earn? How will you live?"

"We'll manage."

"Manage!" Fleur thought of the life Noelle had led. Her bedroom with everything a girl could want; her wardrobe, expensive schools, riding lessons, violin lessons, dancing lessons, skating lessons.

"Have you thought," Fleur said, carefully outlining her brows with a pencil, "that things might not be just as you've been used to? The life abroad; the heat. You'd probably have to wash and cook and sew and clean, and it wouldn't be a game for a day or a week. And to live among other people's belongings. It may all sound very romantic and adventurous, but I'm older than you, darling, and . . ."

Noelle stood up and she was no longer smiling. "I don't think you quite understand, Mummy. I love Graham and I don't care where he goes — I'm going with him. I want you to understand."

Fleur looked at her daughter's determined face in the mirror.

Her own was equally determined. "I'm sorry, Noelle," she said, "it's quite out of the question."

Noelle turned and went out of the bathroom.

It was after eight o'clock and still Simon didn't come. The atmosphere was getting unbearable. Fleur had exchanged all the pleasanties she could think of with Graham and he sat, his long legs jutting awkwardly, on the spindly chair by the window, holding his glass.

Fleur could understand Noelle falling for him. He was tall, good-looking, and had deep brown eyes which almost every moment sought her daughter's blue ones.

"Noelle," she wanted to say, looking at her daughter, beautiful in midnight-blue vel-

vet, "you have it all before you. Please, please, don't throw everything away."

She thought she could stand it no longer when at last she heard Simon's key in the door. He looked tired in his dishevelled way. He kissed her, hugged Noelle, and shook hands with Graham.

"It started to snow," he said. "Sorry to keep you all from dinner. I must just have a drink, then I'll be ready."

Fleur gave him a drink. "You look tired, darling."

"I shall have a rest over Christmas, Noelle, you'll find some presents on the hall table."

Noelle brought in three parcels. Fleur looked for the long slim box she expected from Cartier's.

"Which is Mummy's?"

"The large square one."

Fleur looked at Simon, but he was busy with his drink, and she accepted the package from Noelle.

Puzzled, she undid the string, then the paper, then slowly took the lid off the shiny, oblong, white box. From within seemed miles away she heard Noelle squealing with delight over a bracelet, and Graham thanking Simon politely for his tie.

She took her box over to the window where the curtains were not yet drawn and watched the snowflakes drifting softly through the darkness. She saw them fall not on to the paribut, as though it were yesterday, on the corner patisserie, the naked chestnut trees, the muddy waters of the Seine.

"Mummy, what is it? What have you got?" Noelle's voice was insistent.

Slowly Fleur drew from the box the shoddy scarlet slippers, their silky pompons already damp with tears.

Not understanding, Noelle looked from her mother to her father, trying to interpret the look that passed between them.

Fleur bundled the slippers back into the tissue paper. "Thank you, Simon, darling," she said briskly. "They're just what I needed. Now let's have dinner. If you two are going to get married we shall have a great deal to discuss."

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"Then go ahead and call your first witness."

"I'll call Lieutenant Tragg as my witness," Mason said.

"Very well . . . Come forward, Lieutenant Tragg. You're a witness called by the defence," Judge Bagby said. "Proceed with your examination, Mr. Mason."

"You were up at this cabin on Monday after the rain had ceased?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you, at that time, have the story told by the defendant?"

"Not at that time. That came later."

"But during the same day?"

"Yes."

"Did you check automobile tracks in the vicinity of the cabin?"

"I did what I could."

"I notice that you were not asked about those tracks on direct examination," Mason said. "Therefore, I am going to ask you to describe those tracks at the present time."

"If the court please," Ellington interrupted, "this is incompetent, irrelevant, and immaterial. It is quite apparent that counsel is simply fighting against the clock. He is asking Lieutenant Tragg to describe these tracks because, by so doing, he can stall his case along until the noon adjournment."

Judge Bagby said firmly, "The court wondered why this witness was not asked about tracks. The court is very interested in hearing the testimony of this witness. The objection is overruled. . . . Answer the question, Lieutenant."

Continuing . . . THE CASE OF THE MYTHICAL MONKEYS

from page 21

"Well," Lieutenant Tragg said, "there were just so many tracks around the place that it was impossible to keep them all segregated. Cars had been up and down that road and left tracks. Cars had turned around and there were jeep tracks and automobile tracks, and you just couldn't keep them all straight."

Judge Bagby leaned forward with quick interest. "All of this traffic was after the ground had been softened by the rain?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Could you determine how fresh those tracks were?"

"They had been made after the ground became soft."

"Were there tracks indicating a car had been stuck in that mudhole on Sunday night?" Judge Bagby asked.

"There the situation depends on what sort of evidence would be taken as indicating that," Lieutenant Tragg said.

"There was a mudhole, all right, with the ground churned up to about the consistency of thick hot-cake batter. There was a deep hole in the centre which could have been made by the spinning wheels of an automobile, but there's no way of telling when it was made. There were tracks of more than one automobile, and there were tracks down the road where automobiles had been turned around."

"Did you try to check the

marks made by the tyre treads with known automobiles?" Judge Bagby asked. "The car driven by the defendant, for instance?"

"We did."

"Were you able to do so?"

"We were able to prove that the defendant's car — that is, the car owned by Mauvis Meade but driven by the de-

No man was ever so much deceived by another as by himself.

—Lord Greville

fendant—had been through the mudhole on the downhill side.

"Whether the car had been left there, as is claimed by the defendant, for some time before the tracks below the mudhole were made we don't know. We do know that the car driven by the defendant had unquestionably been below the mudhole. We can't tell how far."

"We also know that the car which the defendant claimed she was driving, the station wagon belonging to Mauvis Meade, had been driven both down and up the grade. Therefore, if the defendant's car was left in the mudhole while it was headed downhill, it must

subsequently have been driven through this mudhole, down the hill, and then driven back up the hill and through the same mudhole which the defendant claimed stuck the car going downhill."

"Yet it went uphill through that same mudhole without getting stuck?" Judge Bagby asked.

"That's what the tracks show, your honor."

Judge Bagby's expression became one of cold finality.

"There were other tracks?"

Mason asked hurriedly.

"Yes."

"Footprints?"

"There were many traces of footprints, but for the most part they were not clear."

"Did you find any footprints of the defendant?"

"We couldn't tell they were her prints. There were many tracks made by a woman's shoes, or by the shoes of more than one woman. We couldn't get any prints that were clear enough for identification."

"Footprints by men?"

"Yes."

"How many men?"

"We couldn't tell."

"Now how about automobile tracks?" Mason asked.

"There were quite a few tyre tracks," Lieutenant Tragg said.

"There's a flat about fifty yards below the cabin, and quite apparently this flat had been used as a place to park cars for some time. There was a hard-packed

road leading up to it and places where cars had been parked and turned around and driven out. The tracks indicated a certain amount of traffic."

"What do you mean by a certain amount of traffic?"

"Several cars had been in there, including the defendant's car."

"During the last storm?"

"We can't tell as to that."

"In other words, you couldn't tell as to the freshness of the tracks?"

"Not absolutely," Tragg said. "My personal opinion was that they were fresh, and—that is, the most of them—and—"

"Just a moment," Ellington said. "If the court please, I move to strike out that last part of the answer as not being responsive to the question and on the ground that it is incompetent, irrelevant, and immaterial. This witness is a police officer; that doesn't mean he's an expert on tracks."

"I think it does, your honor," Perry Mason said. "However, if there's any question, I'll qualify him. Lieutenant Tragg, how long have you been a police officer?"

"Just a minute, just a minute," Ellington said, jumping up. "If the court please, I realise now I was playing right into the hands of defence counsel. He is just looking for an opportunity to prolong this examination. In order to save time, I'll withdraw the objection. I'll stipulate that Lieutenant Tragg is an expert on tracks."

"Well," Judge Bagby said, smiling, "I don't think, Mr. Prosecutor, that the situation

calls for any dissertation on your part as to the tactics of the defence counsel. However, the court will note that the hearing has been somewhat delayed because of your objections; and, in view of the fact that it now appears the defence does intend to put on some evidence, so that the matter will not be disposed of during the morning session, we'll take a recess until two o'clock."

When the judge had left the bench, Ellington grinned at Mason and said, "That's a prime piece of stalling, putting Tragg on the stand as your witness."

"Stalling?" Mason said. "I just want the judge to see the evidence as it unfolds."

Ellington laughed. "You're just stalling along, hoping that something's going to turn up. It's a good even-money bet that when you walk back into court this afternoon you'll state that Lieutenant Tragg is your only witness. I'll bet you two to one right now that you're afraid to put the defendant on the stand."

"How much do you want to bet?" Mason asked.

"Well, now, wait a minute. Ellington said, 'You'd put bet on the stand just in order to win the bet. I—I'll still make a fifty-dollar bet.'"

"Fifty dollars against twenty-five?" Mason asked.

Ellington hesitated; then nodded.

Mason grinned. "I wouldn't want to tip my hand over a small bet like that. . . . Come on, Della, let's go find Paul and get a bite to eat."

Perry Mason, Della Street

To page 28

Christmas Letter

A short short story

By
SCOTT
YOUNG

FOR more than an hour Joan had been trying to write the letter. It was the letter she always wrote to her husband on Christmas Eve, and always before it had been easy to write. The first time had been particularly easy, because there had been so little else to put on the tree. She remembered that first Christmas, ten years ago, when he was on a private's pay, Christmas leave. A boarding-house room near the Army camp.

They'd allotted each other a dollar for Christmas presents. What had she got him? A package of tobacco. Pipe cleaners. A cheap pipe. It had seemed so little, that night, that she had written the first letter to say what the meagre presents wouldn't . . .

"Darling, this is our first Christmas and we have a lovely little tree and not much else, but I made the decorations. They look like paper, but really they're my heart broken up in little pieces and put on our tree for you . . ."

There had never been a lack of words to write until now. In 1945 he had come back from Europe and there had been that Christmas . . .

"My heart is on the tree again and this will be the best Christmas yet. (In 1947 Allen had been born.) There are three of us now, darling."

But this year it was Christmas Eve, and there was no tree, and Allen was dead a year, and what could she say? She looked at what she had written: "Darling, this is our tenth Christmas . . ."

With a sudden impatient gesture she crumpled the paper and threw it into the fireplace and it landed in the flames and curled and burned and disappeared into ashes, as the life they had lived disappeared into ashes a year ago tomorrow, when Allen ran excited and bursting with news across the road to tell his pal Joey about his presents.

Joan and Ross, watching from the front window, had seen the skidding sedan, but Allen hadn't seen it.

From the wastebasket at her side she took other crumpled balls of notepaper, unfinished letters, all beginning Darling, and she threw them into the fire, too.

The message never really had been written before. It always had been there in her mind, and her fingers had flown to keep up with the parts of her being which had become words to put on paper.

She got up and walked the length of the living-room and up the two steps into the dining-room, through the kitchen, back to the front hall, up the stairs.

She glanced into their big comfortable bedroom and opened the closed door to the room that had been Allen's.

She remembered that terrible day she had cleaned it up, packed the presents scattered on the floor, now and expensive ones, used only for an hour or two; among them the little red wagon made from a wooden box with spools for wheels which Ross had made himself for the Christmas of 1948 and which Allen thereafter had loved most.

She smiled at the pictures on the walls. Mummy. Her. A slim, dark girl become a woman and a mother. Daddy. Him. A fair-haired, tall man with a strong jaw who had risen from private to major in three years and then had started at the bottom in his first job and now was part-owner of the factory that had given him his first job.

Ross had carried Allen into the house while she called the doctor, but they both knew.

And later that night, Christmas night, long after midnight, he paced the dark halls and she got out of bed to try to give him solace from the depths of her own sorrow and he stood in Allen's room, there, in the middle of the floor.

She remembered the flinching, beaten look on his face. He'd spoken directly to her.

"No more Christmas trees," he said quietly. "No more kids. I'm not going to have you go through this again, or me. Or our child. We're not going to have another and be afraid every time he crosses a road, and fear that every Christmas tree we buy will be his last."

She'd been silent because at that moment in the night she was too full of his grief and her own to do anything but go to him, try to comfort him.

On their wedding anniversary, last June, she had spoken, though, withdrawn, trying to make it logical and casual. They had lain together in their bed, their heads touching, pillows bunched under their heads, talking. "Darling," she said. "I'd like to have another baby."

A long pause, then, "No." "Darling," she pleaded. "We're young. We can give a child everything now. It's not right. It isn't meant . . ."

"No," he said. "I'm not going through that again. The day you see me carrying another Christmas tree into this house, that'll be the day I've changed my mind. And it won't happen."

For the first time in the months that followed she had begun to think of this as a stubborn weakness in him, although she'd not given up hope. She'd been surprised at herself, because she had recovered faster. But she knew it was natural.

A woman wasn't built to go through the world mourning one child to the exclusion of others and she had had her baby for a while.

She remembered, again. It was October. Ross had taken his gun and gone into the woods early after grouse. Two hours later he was back. He put his gun back on the rack in his study and looked at it for a long time.

"What's the matter, great hunter?" she asked from the study doorway. "No birds?"

"Lots of them," he said.

"Where are they?"

"Still alive," he said.

She was puzzled, then she remembered last year. The first time Allen had been old enough really to notice and think about the half-dozen birds Ross had brought home. He'd asked questions all through supper about where the birds went when they were dead, their souls, he meant, that he'd heard about in the beginners' class at Sunday School.

He'd learnt it was wrong to kill. Ross had remembered this and he hadn't fired his gun.

That was only ten weeks ago.

Now the house was nearly dark. With a sudden decision Joan walked back downstairs, switching on lights as she went, until the house was bright. She looked from the front window at the wreaths in the windows of the neighboring houses, the lighted trees in front yards and showing through parted curtains.

He'd soon be home. She went back to the writing-table and began to write. As she wrote tears fell on to the paper and she brushed them away and wrote on, feeling as she did in church when praying.

"Darling," she wrote, "I can't put this any place but on a Christmas tree. Please bring home a Christmas tree. A Christmas tree means to the world that a child has been born and that children will be born and to us it means that and all the years we've been married and all the years I've broken my heart into little pieces and put them on our tree for you. Please bring home a Christmas tree so there will be a place to put my heart."

She fell to her knees at the writing-table when she had finished, her forehead on her clasped hands.

She had been there for some time, she didn't know how long, when she heard the garage doors slide open.

She rose and stood numbly, the letter open before her, while she heard him come up the steps from the garage, through the kitchen, and across the dining-room and into the living-room archway, and there was snow on his hat and a look on his face that hadn't been there for a year, and he was holding a fat little Christmas tree.

(Copyright)

"Please, darling," Joan had written. "Do bring home a Christmas tree."





A story for Christmas . . .

By OLAF RUHEN

A Boy in Bethlehem

I CAN remember everything about that day: the wind, a light stirring of fine, sharp air; the sky pale blue, the blue sky of a fine winter day; the earth brown with winter. My father was busy with his brothers, Manasses and Eliud. They were staying with us — Manasses with his wife and their baby in the guest room on the roof; Eliud in the room that was mine.

Because of them my father stayed home from the vineyard, and for a while I stayed with him; but I kept thinking what a good day it would be to spend with the shepherds, and after a while he told me to go.

I didn't get as far as the fields, though. After I had walked down the hill, was clear of the terraces, the vineyards, and the olive groves, and looked over to where the shepherds were grazing their flocks on the lower slopes of the hills, I decided that the open fields would be too cold.

There was a sunny corner out of the wind where old Aaron was working on his terraces just beyond our own; he was building rough field stones into a new wall; and I spent most of the day with him there, helping him where I could and sharing his cheese and his olives.

But the sun set early on the hillside below the village and, remembering this, I started for home before it began to slip the houses on the edge of the heights; it was still shining strong and warm when I came to the gateway of our home. There I stopped, for nothing was as it should have been.

My elder sisters were grinding barley with the little stone mill; the sound of it was a rich, ratty undertone that I always loved. But they had been grinding barley when I left in the morning just the same; Leah with the mill between her knees, and Anna sitting opposite her, her hands above Leah's on the handle of the top stone.

Barley enough for ourselves and our guests should have all been ground long before noon; in our house the women were house-proud and all the public work — the carrying of water, the grinding of corn, the baking of bread, and the washing of clothes — was done without interruption from earliest morning.

But on this day my sisters were still grinding corn; there was a strange little donkey in the yard and there were people I had never seen before. The donkey was small and puny; my father would never have bought him, for he liked a good beast.

This one was tired with a long journey, too; his hoofs were worn too close; he needed a long spell on good soft pasture.

The gateway opened into the courtyard and opposite this entrance our stable was a cave cut deep into the stone of the hillside, about eight paces deep, as the Romans count paces, and two wide. There was room enough to stable a dozen cows or donkeys all at once with their heads to the side wall, though we never had so many, and, to tell the truth, there were only four rings fastened to the limestone wall to take the halter ropes; and there was no sign that there had ever been others.

The living-rooms of the house were raised above the courtyard; the domed roofs of these rooms had been built up to a level to take a guest room higher again, and this had a ladder outside the outer wall to the street, so that our guests could come and go as they wished without the necessity of making polite conversation whenever they passed through the rest of the house.

My father and mother were standing away from the others. They were near the gate and I could hear their voices, though they were talking privately. My father sounded troubled.

"I hate to put anyone in the stable," he said.

"It's good shelter," said mother, deliberately offhand.

"My brother deserves better treatment."

"Oh, well," she said sharply, "he should have stayed in Jerusalem, where there are inns. He knows that Bethlehem is small and that there is no caravanserai; he must be prepared to take what we have to offer."

"It is so many years since I saw him," my father said.

"He chooses a bad time to come. Why come now? At this time?"

"It was the census."

"The census. The census," my mother said. "The census crowded us out before he arrived. What has the census to do with him, a Nazarene? The census is of Judea."

"His family is of this house."

"And Saturninus will seek him out if he does not come? You must admit it isn't likely."

"The census is ordered by Quirinius, the commissioner; it has nothing to do with the proconsul," my father said.

"And if it was the census that brought him, why should he bring his wife, and she right at her time?" she asked.

"Would it be safe for her to stay behind — in Nazareth?" my father asked. He nearly sneered; he would have, if sneering were possible to him. Nazareth had no very good reputation in Judea. We of Judea had very little time for any part of Galilee.

"Is the highway so much safer than Nazareth?" my mother asked. My father put his hand on her arm.

"Don't be worried," he said. "Don't be resentful. And don't

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The shepherds crowded the stable to pay homage to the child as the boy watched solemnly.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 30, 1959

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

Teenagers

WEEKLY

December 30, 1959

Supplement to

The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

LETTERS

Go steady, say parents

I AM 17 and my parents want me to settle down and go steady with one boy. They say that I should be old enough to know my own mind. But I cannot agree and have yet to meet the boy I would like to settle down with. I have been dating a boy for several weeks, but I am not in love with him, and now another boy has asked me out. Although I would like to accept his invitation my parents will not allow me. They say the first boy has been kind enough to take me out for the past six weeks and it would not be fair to him. — "Tied Down," Dandenong, Vic.

A-grade problem

COULD someone tell me why it is that even though I got right "A's" in my exams, every time I talk to a girl my brain gets muddled and I can't think of anything to say and I end up saying the wrong things? Am I a square? — "Worried," Rockhampton, Qld.

Apron strings

MOST teenagers of 18 are mature and capable of looking after themselves, but this should not mean that they can do what they like. This old-fashioned rule of "Do-what-I-tell-you" is all right with me,

There are no holds barred in this forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Send them to Box 7052 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Our Cover brings to all our readers the very best wishes for a happy Christmas.

Our Pin-up on page 16 is a Christmas portrait of lovely film star Pier Angeli.

even though I'll admit it is a little hard to bear sometimes. I'm glad I'm still attached to my mother's apron strings, as it really means that you learn just that little bit more by the mistakes you make until you are 21. — Anne Stapleton, Carlton, N.S.W.



ANNE STAPLETON
... all right with me.

Best years

I HAVE just finished school and I'm already finding that the best days of life are over. When I think of all the fun I had, the lovely teachers who taught me, the great number of holidays, and the short hours and easy work, I shudder to think of the years of hard work ahead. — "Teacher's Pet," Cairns, Qld.

More black cats

IF black cats bring ruin in Tasmania (Tina Sturges, T.W. 25/11/59), then what's wrong with them here in S.A. We've had a stray black cat adopting us for the past three months and we're in the middle of a drought. — "Kitty," Compton, S.A.

New teen club

IN Perth there is now a teenagers' club for ballroom dancing, record nights, and general entertainment. The club has asked for the interest and co-operation of parents. If parents would co-operate with these people who are trying to combat delinquency, the adolescent age would be passed in happiness for everyone. — Pauline Duffy, Mt. Hawthorn, W.A.

Giggle-nicks

TODAY'S teenagers are not original, so my girl-friend and I decided to be different from everybody else. We became "Giggle-nicks." We are

different from everybody in language and clothes. Most teenagers are like a flock of sheep, but we would like to see some individuality. — "Two Giggle-nicks," Dundas, N.S.W.

Repayment

ALL parents should receive a certain amount of their son's or daughter's wages, even if they don't need the extra money. Parents have sacrificed things they desired for the sake of the child. Teenagers should repay them. — "Thankful Daughter," Gympie, Qld.

Real McCoy

FOR all those boys who feel let down (And you'll find them in every town), To knights who feel they've lost the quest And think they're coming second best: Here's a secret I'll disclose— And it comes from a girl who really knows! Though girls alike all gasp and swoon Over Elvis Presley and Patrick Boone, When it comes to the "real McCoy," They'd rather date a real nice boy! — "Wistful," Centennial Park, Sydney.

Stupid boys

THE boys in our class (13-14 years) bring beer to school and drink it from coke bottles; they smoke in as well as out of school hours and play poker and roulette openly in the lunch-hour. Those who don't join in are called squares, but we girls think it is just plain stupid and disgraceful. — "Disgusted," Tas.



DOROTHY WILLIAMS
... non-existent bean.

Fabian exposed

"FABIAN" is from the Latin word for "bean" and it means the "bean-grower." It was the name of a Pope who was made a Saint. Because of him, and his fame, the name became popular everywhere. So, as "Still Wondering" (T.W. 11/11/59) pointed out about the meaning of fabulous being "non-existing," the "Fabulous Fabian" is actually a non-existing bean-grower. — Dorothy Williams, Bateman's Bay, N.S.W.

No regrets

ALTHOUGH I am still only 19 I am married and have two lovely girls. One is 16 months and the younger is three and a half months. We have just bought our own home and I have a wonderful husband and I wouldn't change it for all the dances and parties that a single girl my age can go to. — Mrs. Cavell, Torwood, Brisbane.

Holiday Snap Contest

• During the Christmas holidays we are running a teenage Holiday Snap Contest—so take those cameras with you and send in your best prints as soon as possible.

THERE will be a first prize of £20, two prizes of £5 each, and £1/1/- for all other photographs published.

The conditions are simple:

- The contest is open to anyone under 20 years of age.
- Every print must have the name, age, and address of the photographer written on the back.
- Attach a description of the picture in no more than 50 words.
- All prints entered become the property of Australian Consolidated Press.
- Address all entries to "Snap Contest," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.
- Closing date: January 20, 1960.

WE'RE THE SAME THE WHOLE WORLD OVER

● An eighteen-year-old English girl who works in a London shipping office wrote us this letter after reading a recent copy of Teenagers' Weekly.

THE letters in your paper show that your teenagers are really not very different from ours.

But I don't think we are quite so outspoken — at least, not the 14 or 15-year-olds. The older teenagers are more than willing to discuss their problems when they have the chance.

It seems that Australians lay great emphasis on "going steady" — particularly people of 14 or 15. Over here, most teenagers join a youth club or a church club when they are about 12. They go round in a group of girls and boys.

Usually they pair off and go out separately — and I suppose this is what might be called "going steady," which seems to apply to any couple who go out more than twice together.

Also from your letters I gathered it was unusual for a boy and girl to go to the pictures together while in their early teens. Over here it is quite normal; indeed, the first few dates are rarely anything else.

Our girls often go to the pictures once or twice and then give the boy up, because we like knowing lots of boys.

Another thing I noticed was how many girls wrote that their boy-friends were the same age as themselves, or just one year older. English girls rarely accept a date from anyone under one or two years older than themselves. Most prefer a difference of three years. My boy-friend is 21.

English teenagers seem to have been divided into three groups.

The first group is the type who fill the coffee-bars and jive clubs. They have been labelled "teddy boys" because they wear drain-pipes, wear their hair long, and are generally working-class teenagers, most of them having left school early. They sit for hours drinking coffee and listening to jukeboxes.

They believe the whole world is against them and trying to spoil their fun and that everyone over 21 is a "square" and has one foot in the grave.

The next group call them-

selves bohemians. They wear their hair as long as possible and wear black stockings and no make-up. They, too, believe that they are "not understood."

Mostly they leave home to share a flat with a friend when they are about 18 and hold coffee parties there most of the night. They frequent smoky nightclubs and badly lit jazz clubs.

These groups are the only ones we hear about, but by far the greatest number of teenagers live perfectly normal lives. Of course, we all have arguments about clothes, being out late, etc., but we don't go to extremes.

I enjoy "pop" music and can jive, but I don't go jiving every night of the week or spend all of my spending money on records. Am I unusual? I don't think so.

Some of my friends enjoy ballroom dancing and go once or twice a week. I belong to a square-dance club, which is very enjoyable.

I see that Presley, Ricky Nelson, Pat Boone, and Frankie Avalon are all well known in Australia. My favorite, Johnny Mathis, was featured in your issue.

But I wonder if you have heard of our top singers? I know Tommy Steele is scheduled for a series in Australia early in the New Year, but our other popular stars such as Cliff Richard, Marty Wilde, Lonnie Donegan, and Frankie Vaughan are, I believe, practically unheard of.

This week, Cliff Richard's new record, "Travelling Light," is the nation's best-seller.

One of your top stars, Frank Ifield, is at present touring England, but as yet I haven't seen him.

We may behave differently from Australians or foreign teenagers, but basically I think that teenagers all over the world are the same because we all have one thing in common — youth. — Carol Day, 13 Wards Road West, Ilford, Essex, England.

Young, square, and angry

By Carol Tattersfield

● One day two Angry Young Men of Sydney came into the office, both very young and very angry.

PLOPPING their pile of books on my desk and looking me squarely in the eye, they told me they were proud to be squares and off-beats.

They said they were from the newly formed teenage Students' Progress Association.

The fairer Angry Young Man was Ian Campbell, the secretary. The darker one introduced himself as Peter Grace, the president.

But they were interrupted by the telephone. A model agency wanted to know what kind of model we wanted for some beach pictures.

After three minutes' conversation I desperately concluded that any TYPICAL teenager would do for the pictures.

Loud gales of laughter from Ian and Peter.

"Such a thing as a typical teenager doesn't exist," said Peter.

Ian backed him up: "Everyone thinks that all teenagers know nothing but the names of the latest rock-'n-roll stars. That their opinions are dominated by Fabian. That they care about nothing but the top 40 pop tunes of the week.

"And just because we're not always seen at rock-'n-roll jamborees or sitting frequently in coffee bars," continued Ian, his expression adding years to his 17 summers, "we just don't get a go."

"So the Students' Progress Association is trying to get a go?"

"Definitely!" chimed the boys. "We're going to make as much fuss as possible to show that SOME teenagers have interests other than those attributed to TYPICAL teenagers."

But typical, no

I looked at the record the boys had brought with them: poetry being read to a chamber jazz sextet. No, that wasn't typical teenage music.

"We're not beatniks, either," said Peter, while Ian grabbed the opportunity to light a frantic cigarette. "We like the idea, but we've given up hope of meeting a true beat..."

Then, as they dismantled a couple of matchboxes, we

cleared up the vital statistics of the association.

It was born about two months ago in the cafeteria at Sydney University's Manning House.

Peter and Ian, who had fought against each other in the finals of the New South Wales Schools Debating Competition last year, were two of the original four founders.

Now there are more than a dozen members. All of them are teenage University students except a schoolboy, Ivan Chave-Commins, whose recent letter to *Teenagers' Weekly* incited the indignation of a lot of other teenagers.

Poet patron

The aim of the association is to foster a healthy and stimulating attitude to "culture" in its broader sense... music — especially traditional jazz — art, and writing with an emphasis on poetry.

"We've just written off to Homer Ellison to ask him to be our patron, actually," said Ian.

I looked dumb... "Who is Homer Ellison?"

Both pounced delightedly. "That's just the reaction we wanted," they said. "No one, well, hardly anyone, has heard of Homer Ellison. And we want to foster this spirit of inquiry."

"Yes, but who is he?" I inquired.

"He's a poet, aged 37," said Ian, obviously the Homer authority. "You can't get any of his work out here at all. I've read six poems in imported books. He's really good," and, borrowing one of Peter's cigarettes, went on...

"In fact, he's still developing. But, unfortunately, he's rather conventional... an American who lives on the Left Bank in Paris."

Conventional, huh?

"Our aims are simple," said Ian. "To attack commercialism, conformatism, and insincerity."

"But we wouldn't have the presumption to educate people," interrupted Peter, seeing my fish-in-a-mud-pool look. "That's another thing about the association — freedom of opinion and thought."

"We're not afraid to be intellectual. We're proud to be 'squares'."



INTELLECTUAL DISCUSSION for the teenagers who are proud to be square. Secretary Ian Campbell holds a painting by one of his fellow members.

So the members gather in one another's homes to get down to the attacking business with some spirited intellectual discussion.

"And what about the rules and constitution of the association?" I asked.

The boys looked gleeful again.

"Well," began Ian, "the first clause in the constitution is that there is to be no constitution."

"Yes," agreed Peter. "Who wants an enormous meeting with a chairman standing up and ringing a bell and a lot of people swept up with hideous mass hysteria saying, 'Hear, hear?'"

"But we do have rules," amended Ian.

And Peter added that they were rules they didn't have to stick to.

Like to join?

Membership is restricted to the sort of people they like and who have the same interests.

Age really doesn't matter, and when they've got into the swing of the movement, they intend to ask interesting older "figures" to address their meetings.

"We already have a few girls in the association," said Ian, throwing the scraps of matchbox into the wastepaper basket. "We're not an anti-sex league."

"But we don't think of them as girls exactly," Peter said. "More as individuals."

"And don't plug those words 'individual' and 'intellectual,'" advised Ian. "We mightn't be TYPICAL teenagers, but we do play cricket and squash. And we have been to a rock-'n-roll concert."



MEMBERS of the Students' Progress Association (from left at back) Ivan Chave-Commins, Phyllis Clarke, Ian Campbell, Madeleine St. John, Mandy Ashton, Neil Thorley, and (in front) Peter Grace, Judy Golden, Julie Frazer, Newton Tyler, and Cholmondeley Wilson-Smith make their own music.



MUSIC AND COFFEE for (from left) Judy Golden, Madeleine St. John, and Julie Frazer, all university students.

BUSH BOYS WITH THE BEAT

by Marjorie Stapleton

● With names like Fabian, Marius, and Berard, the Webb Brothers sound more like a rock-'n-roll trio than husky cattlemen from Queensland, but these boys are both — so they're known as the harmonising graziers.

THEIR home is Thornside Station, Upper Widgee, near Gympie, a 5000-acre property which is their share of the original 30,000 acres owned by their grandfather.

But besides running the station they've cut 12 records under Festival, Rodeo, and Columbia labels—including their own compositions "Call of the Bellbird," "This Road," and "Guilty."

They've made TV and nightclub appearances in Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane, and have been invited to appear in Tasmania and New Zealand.

So they're certainly not conforming to the old pioneering pattern.

Fabian, 28, and Marius, 26, play guitars, and Berard, 24, plays a ukulele — sometimes with a harmonica wired to it.

And all three sing.

I'd heard about the boxes of fan letters the boys keep in their rooms (every letter is answered individually), and I was very anxious to see what the Webb Brothers were really like.

The boys belong to a family

of eight and live at "Thornside" with their mother and youngest sister, Celestine.

So I rang Mrs. Webb and asked her if I could drive out and meet her three famous sons, and she replied, with true cattle-country hospitality: "Certainly. You'll be staying the night, won't you?"

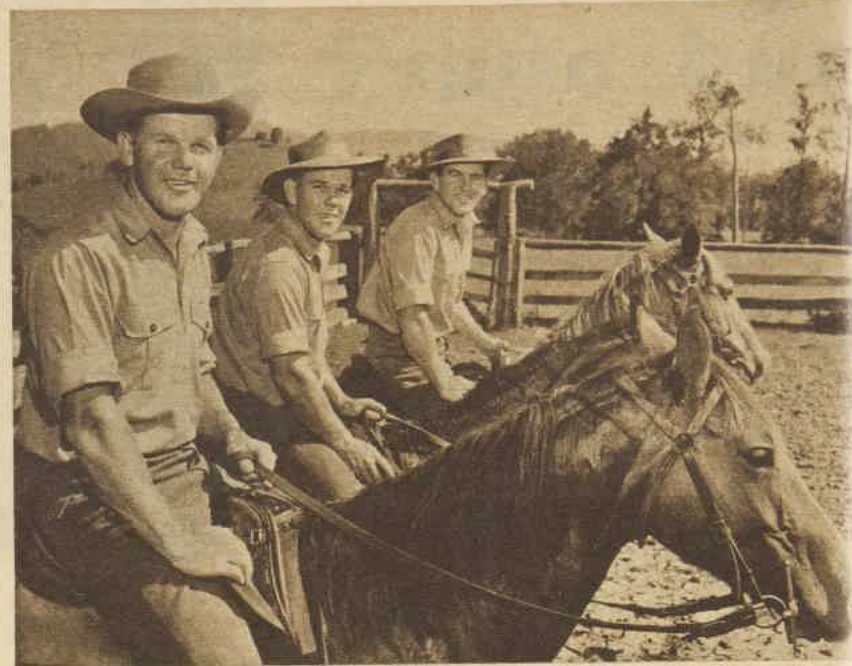
I explained I'd have to go straight back to Brisbane, so Mrs. Webb said: "Then we'll expect you for lunch. The boys will be camp-drafting all morning, but they'll be in for lunch, and I'll persuade them to sing a few songs for you."

"Mrs. Webb," I said curiously, "I've heard that your sons' names are Fabian, Marius, and Berard. How do they go camp-drafting and cracking stockwhips with names like that?"

Mrs. Webb's laughter came over the wire. "I think you'll find they can cope."

Photographer Bob Millar filled up his petrol tank and we made for the cattle country beyond Gympie, so we'd arrive before the morning round-up was finished.

We sped along through Gympie and Widgee, and then



The WEBB BROTHERS (from left), Berard, Marius, and Fabian, on the job at their cattle station, "Thornside," Upper Widgee, near Gympie, Qld.

turned along Black Snake Road, which leads to "Thornside" — a pretty homestead set among creeks which run down from springs in the hills behind the house.

Drafting cattle

The boys' grandfather certainly had an eye for a nice piece of property — fat cattle wandered in and out the gum trees and calves lay in the shade.

At the homestead, Mrs. Webb, who sings, too, made us very welcome. Then we gathered up guitars and a

ukulele, hopped in a jeep, and bounced over a few more creeks to the cattleyards.

There the boys were in a cloud of dust, drafting the cattle. Three tanned, smiling young Australian cattlemen, wiry as whipcord.

When their work was finished we persuaded them to sit on the stockyard rail and harmonise for us.

"Call of the Bellbird," which has sold 40,000 discs, was their first song.

I sat on a log and held the horses while the boys played and sang.

You can have all the overseas singers—I'd rather listen to the Webb Brothers in a bushland setting.

Back of their harmony there were the everyday noises of the bush . . . bird-calls, the bark of a dog, the singing of cicadas, the soft moo of some cattle on a distant ridge . . . the rhythmic breathing of the puffed horses standing beside me, the little snorts of the cattle in the yards . . . the whispering sound of animals shifting their weight from one foot to another.

"We ought to have a tape-recorder," said Bob Millar, and that summed it up perfectly.

The Webb Brothers just laughed.

Then they sang some more of their own compositions—"This Road" (the road to "Thornside"), "Dry Weather Blues," "I Answered the Call of the Bellbird," and several others.

They say they have no trouble writing their lyrics.

"Fabian usually starts them off, then we all add our own ideas and combine them," Marius told me. "We seem to think pretty much alike and we like to get the ro-



AT HOME on the verandah of "Thornside," the Webb Brothers with their mother, sisters Ethne (right) and Celestine (slightly obscured), their elder brother's wife, Mrs. Bill Webb, and her three little children, Bernard, Lynette, and baby Katherine.

THEY CAROL AS THEY CORRAL

romantic feeling of the Australian bush into the songs."

"Romance, we love it," said Fabian.

The Webb Brothers went to boarding-school in Gympie. They all had good athletic records, and were "average" at their studies, according to Mother.

They're all fair-skinned but sun-tanned. Fabian's eyes are blue, Marius' brown, and Berard's hazel.

In the lounge-room or on the verandah or lawn, they can mix a sizzling cocktail, and they can pour a very cool glass of beer. I'm sure they could play a minuet if the occasion demanded.

But they can also vault a high fence, jump on to a horse and disappear over a hill in the shake of a calf's tail.

They love music

They're cattlemen at heart. Born and bred to it for generations, the cattle station is their life.

But they're not averse to the TV and recording success that's coming to them so swiftly.

"We've always loved music and we get it from both Mum and Dad," they told me. (Their father, Mr. William S. Webb, died 11 years ago.)

"Fabian learned the guitar, and Marius and I picked up our music from him," said Berard. "We give a lot of local shows in Gympie, with other talent on the programme as well, and—well, we just love it. If people like us, believe me we like them better."

"Our fans are our best friends."

While the three boys go away on tour their married brother, Claver Webb, comes over from his neighboring property, "Borumbah," near Imbil, and keeps an eye on their stock.

They time their trips so they won't clash with busy times like dipping or branding.

"We've done quite a lot of travelling already, for TV and nightclub appearances," said Fabian. "And we're invited to go to Tasmania and New Zealand. We get great record sales in New Zealand. The royalties are coming in very nicely, but we're not giving up the cattle station!"

The Webb Brothers have got something which is the essence of Australia and yet has universal appeal, and they're not copies of anyone else.

They're "gentlemen cowboys" without being too gentle or too cowboy. Definitely college boys, and yet just as definitely a part of the great outback.

And they're good-looking. You can repeat that.

And, girls, they're all single.



MUSTERING cattle on Thornside Station are the Webb boys (from left), Berard, Fabian, and Marius — they're equally at home in the saddle or at the mike.



HARMONISING on the stockyard rail (from left), Marius, 26, Fabian, 28, and Berard, 24, sing Australian bush songs, including several of their own compositions.



MY DEAL with RED KNEES BAKER

ADOLESCENCE is when boys start turning into men and girls start turning into women, and if you want to know the truth I don't understand it at all.

I understand all right about the changes that happen to your body. My father explained that to me very carefully on one of our Palship Walks.

He's a very generous man with information; it's money that he's stingy and loathsome with.

I know these are hard words to say about your father, but what else can you say about a man who thinks you can get along on a dollar a week? I often point out to him that this insane stinginess mars an otherwise darling character, but he only snarls and says, "I am not going to raise your allowance. If Red Knees Baker can get along on a dollar a week, so can you."

Red Knees Baker is the girl next door. When I came home from the military academy — (Ma took me out after one term; she couldn't stand it without somebody around the house whose back she could get on) — well, like I was saying, when I got home from the military academy, I found a family named Baker living next door. The seagulls had finally driven Nate Gahagan's folk kooky and they moved out and these Bakers moved in with their daughter,

if you could call her that, named Red Knees.

Her real name is Alice, but to me she is Red Knees, because I have never seen her without a scratch on her knees. Usually they are actively bleeding. She is definitely not the right person to compare me with, and I say so to my father. "Sir," I say, "in the first place Red Knees is only 13 and I am 15. In the second place Red Knees does not get along on a dollar a week. She gets most of my allowance, too."

WHICH is true. Red Knees has got a very massive brain. Although she is only 13 years old she is already in my grade at school.

What's more, she knows practically everything there is to know. I mean she knows algebra and plane geometry and the subjunctive mood and the passive voice and the names of State capitals and the Kings of England and all kinds of seam like that. I'm always going next door to ask her questions about my homework, because since having girls on

my mind I don't like to clutter it up with facts, and, anyhow, I have discovered there is no sex appeal in an A average—except maybe to your mother.

Well, Red Knees is always ready with the answers—for a price. This girl wouldn't give you the time of day for nothing. She charges a nickel to find a square root, seven cents to parse a sentence, and a dime to tell you where the Orinoco River is.

Sometimes when you're really in trouble—like who fought in the Hundred Years War—she

Then I came up with one of the vilest schemes the mind of man has ever devised. "Bit of a crime wave," I told her. "Burglars, prowlers all over the city."

sticks you for 70 or 80 cents. Red Knees is one of the genuinely greedy women of our generation.

I argue with her. "Red Knees," I say, "we have been friends ever since you moved into that seagull refreshment stand. Why do you keep gouging me?"

And she says, "Because I need the money."

And I say, "What for?"

And she says, "To buy things."

And I say, "What things?"

And she says, "Girl things."

And I say, "Like what?"

And she says, "Like black lace underwear."

And I say, "You can't wear black lace underwear. Your mother will kill you."

And she says, "I know it. But some day I will be allowed to wear black lace underwear, and when that day comes, buster, I mean to be ready!"

Well, black lace underwear is not the whole story. I mean this monster has been cutting my throat for several terms now, and even if she's gone and bought a whole storeful of black lace underwear she's still got about a million dollars left.

But she won't lend me a penny of it. I keep asking her, but she keeps saying no. She says I'll never pay her back, which is true. I figure anything I can squeeze out of her is rightfully mine, anyway.

I hate Red Knees like poison, but I'll tell you a funny thing:

sometimes I kind of like her. I mean sometimes I can't help it, she's so cuckoo.

She's got the biggest braces on her teeth of any girl I ever saw, and her hair is a million laughs, because she keeps cutting it with nail clippers. Sometimes when I look at that comical hair and the braces and the red knees which she keeps skinning, because she is always running and falling down, I can't help myself, I just have to burst out laughing. This gets her pretty sore, and she calls me a moron and hits me over the head, which I let her do for a little while, and then I grab her and hug her to calm her down. That's the only time Red Knees is really quiet—when I am hugging her.

WELL, enough talk about Red Knees. I was saying that I don't understand adolescence. What I don't understand is the changes that happen in the mind. I mean the mind of girls, not boys. What happens in the mind of boys is very simple: they start thinking about girls all the time. But what do girls think about? What strange, mysterious, evil thing happens that makes them so goofy? Why can you never tell what they're going to do next?

I'll give you a perfect example: Tuckie Webb. Last spring at John Marshall Junior High, after my reprieve from military academy, Tuckie and I had a romance that warmed the heart of the entire school.

I mean Alma Gristede had been just a feeble flicker by comparison. Every time we walked down the hall holding hands everybody would smile and say, "Here comes Tuckie and Dobie walking down the hall holding hands."

All this was last spring. On June 17 we graduated from John Marshall, which was the next-to-the-last time I kissed Tuckie.

The last time was Saturday, our regular kissing night. I tried to kiss her Sunday morning at the station, too, but her father kept giving me hostile looks.

Her whole family was down at the station to put her on the train to New Hampshire, where she was going to spend the

The LIFE and LOVES of
DOBIE GILLIS
PART 2
By
Max Shulman

"You know how scared I am," she said

summer as counsellor at a girls' camp.

Myself, I don't go to camp. I hate greenery. I think trees are nowhere, and grass is about as dull as it can get. To tell you the honest truth, I wouldn't mind if the whole world was paved.

But Tuckie likes that kind of scam, so she went up to New Hampshire and spent the summer pulling little girls out of poison ivy, and I just stayed home and laid around all summer carving my initials in things.

At night I would usually go next door and chew the fat with Red Knees Baker. Red Knees' parents leave her home alone nearly every night because they have to go out on business. They are interior decorators.

While her mother and father go out, Red Knees stays home alone, and I'll tell you something you won't believe: she's scared. Wouldn't that snow you? This girl who knows where the Orinoco River is, who's got more money than Fort Knox, who won't let man or nature stand in her way when she makes up her mind to go after something — this tiger is afraid to stay home alone at night. On the nights last summer when I couldn't go over and keep her company she would barricade the doors and crouch all night behind the sofa.

Well, naturally, I came over as often as I could. I hate to think of any girl crouching behind a sofa all night. And, besides, I didn't have too bad a time.

We played a lot of Scrabble, at which she would always beat me, but on the other hand I was six times as good as she was at darts and smoking. Her folks would get home about ten, and we'd all go into the kitchen and take out some cottage cheese and Sally Lunn bread and have Early American Sandwiches.

SO it wasn't too bad — for a fill-in, that is. Naturally, I didn't intend to make this a steady thing. I mean spending my evenings with Red Knees. It was only a way to kill time till Tuckie got back from camp. Then, thought I, we would pick up right where we left off — the star-crossed lovers of John Marshall Junior High. Only we wouldn't be at John Marshall any more; in fall we were going up to Central High School. But that wouldn't make any difference, I felt sure, because our love, Tuckie's and mine, was deep and strong and abiding and would easily survive the journey from John Marshall to Central.

Hah! That's all I knew about it.

Tuckie came home from camp the day after Labor Day, and I was down at the station to meet her. She got off the train looking absolutely smashing. She was tanned and bright-eyed and much rounder than when she left.

My heart gave a big leap when I saw her, and I yelled, "Tuckie! Tuckie!" and went running over to her, all ready to give her about four hundred kisses. Then I stopped dead in my tracks because Tuckie was not getting off the train alone. She was getting off with Murder McIntyre.

Murder McIntyre is this monstrous kid who lives over on Ashland Avenue.

HE is seventeen years old, weighs about six hundred pounds, stands at least nine feet tall, has hands like a pair of clam rakes, and a forehead so small that you can't get the edge of a ruler between his eyebrows and his hairline. And here he was walking out of the train with Tuckie, carrying both of their suitcases in one hand.

"Oh, hello, Dobie," said Tuckie to me — casual-like, as though I'd just left her fifteen minutes ago. "You know Murder McIntyre, of course."

I knew him all right; he was practically a tourist attraction in our neighborhood. "Hello," I said.

"Hiya," he said, giving my hand a squeeze that I can still feel in damp weather.

"Murder was counsellor this summer at a boys' camp right next to mine," said Tuckie. "Weren't you, Murder?"

He nodded his big, bulbous head.

"Did you know," said Tuckie to me, "that Murder set the New Hampshire State speed record for eighteen-foot canoes this summer?"

"No, I didn't," I said truthfully.

"Well, thank you very much for helping me with my luggage, Murder," said Tuckie, smiling up at him tenderly. "And thanks for all those dreamy nights on Lake Widgiwagam."

"Duh," said Murder. Conversation is not his long suit.

"When will I see you again?" asked Tuckie.

"I don't know," he replied. "Coach says we got to go in training right away." That was the longest speech I ever heard him make.

"Call me," said Tuckie and leaped up and kissed him on the cheek. He grunted with pleasure several times and then turned red and ran all the way home — a distance of four and a half miles.

Well, sir, I won't pretend that I wasn't concerned about Murder McIntyre. Lumpy and retarded as he was, he'd still had a whole summer alone with Tuckie, and that was something I couldn't shrug off. But just the same, I wasn't in any panic. I figured that as soon as Tuckie and I got back into our old routine I'd blot out the whole ugly memory of Murder McIntyre.

Hah! That's all I knew about it.

Our old routine was something that Tuckie wanted no more part of, which I leaped on the very first day of school. After classes I took Tuckie, the way I used to, to the Sweet Shoppe for a lime Coke. The man brought out lime Cokes and I put down my dime, but Tuckie didn't make a move towards her purse. "Tuckie," I said, "the man is waiting to be paid."

"So pay him," said Tuckie.

"But we always go Dutch treat," said I, which we did.

"Look," said she. "Did you or did you not ask me out on a date?"

"Yes," I said.

"So pay the man," said she.

"That's what you do on dates — buy things for girls."

"You mean," I said, my heart sinking, "there'll be no more Dutch treat for us?"

"Certainly not," she answered. "In the first place, it isn't done in our set. That's junior-high-school stuff. In the second place, I need my money."

"For what?"

"For lipsticks and pancake and nail polish and barrettes and nylons."

"And black lace underwear?"

"Well, if you must know," said Tuckie, "yes."

I heaved a great sigh. An era was ending; things would never be the same again. Still, I was not in despair. It would not be easy, but I felt sure that somehow, somewhere, I would raise enough money to finance the wooing of Tuckie Webb.

Hah! That's all I knew about it.

I DID manage to scrape up enough to take Tuckie to the movies on Wednesday night. By clutching my cruel father around the knees and weeping piteously, I finally persuaded him to let me have two weeks' allowance in advance. Rich and happy, I rushed to Tuckie — to heap upon her such expensive pleasures that at the evening's end she would be mine for ever and ever.

The trouble began immediately. "Where are we going?" asked Tuckie as I pedalled up to her porch.

"To the Bijou," I replied. "Where else?"

"I don't want to go to the Bijou," she said. "I want to go to the Rivoli."

"Whatever for?" I gasped.

"The Bijou is three blocks from here; the Rivoli is way downtown. The Bijou costs thirty-five cents; the Rivoli costs sixty."

"Because," answered Tuckie, "I do not wish to see Roy Rogers in *The Scourge of the Mesa*. I wish to see Montgomery Clift in *The Gentle Passion* of Roger Mayhew."

"But it will come to the Bijou in a few months," I pointed out.

"I want to see it now!" said Tuckie.

"All right," I sighed. "Get your bike and let's go."

"A girl does not go to see

Montgomery Clift on a bicycle," she declared.

"Streetcar?" said I.

"Oh, I suppose so," she answered crossly. "Why don't you ask your father to buy you a car?"

That kept me laughing all the way downtown in the streetcar — fare, fifteen cents apiece — and then we went to the movie — tickets, sixty cents apiece. At the movies Tuckie had a candy bar for six cents, and I weighed myself four times with the change.

I had forty cents left in my pocket when we came out of the movie, of which thirty cents was needed for carfare. "Look!" cried Tuckie. "There's the Yum-Yum Sweet and Soda Shop right across the street. All the gay Central High crowd goes there!"

"Gee, I don't know, Tuckie," I said doubtfully, but she wasn't listening. She was propelling me across the street and into the glittering spa. The place was jam-packed with heirs and heiresses consuming costly dishes. "No booths," said I, much relieved.

"Here's one," said Tuckie and shoved me in it. "Ah," she said, examining the list on the juke-box selector in our booth.

"Here's Rosemary Clooney singing 'The Maladjusted Mambo.' Give me a nickel."

"Tuckie —" said I.

"Quickly," said she.

I gave her a nickel. That left thirty-five cents, of which thirty cents had to go for carfare. What, I wondered, could I do with the extra nickel? My question was soon answered; Tuckie wanted to play "The Maladjusted Mambo" again.

A waiter came over. "Oh, I'm simply famished!" cried Tuckie, snatching a menu.

"What should we have, Dobie?"

"Here is our choice," said I. "We can have a modest snack and walk home, or nothing and ride."

"Well, I never!" she said hotly, and she would have said a lot more, only at this moment Murder McIntyre's pointy head came peeping over the back of the booth.

"Hiya," he said.

"Why, Murder!" said she, batting her eyes like a mad woman.

"Who you with?" said he.

"Nobody really," said she, and then he reached over and plucked her out of the booth and that's the last I saw of her that evening.

I WALKED home instead of taking the streetcar; I wanted to save my thirty cents to buy a gun and kill her. But by the time I got home I wasn't sore any more — just feeling miserable and left out and unwanted.

I didn't feel much like sleeping; instead I went next door to see if Red Knees was still up. I peeked in the window. She was cowering behind the sofa, so I knew her folks had left her home alone again.

"It's me," I called, and she let me in.

"Oh, thank goodness!" she cried, grabbing me. "I've been so scared tonight. Strange noises all over the house."

"You mean besides the seagulls?" I said. "Probably burglars. They must have heard about all the money you've got hidden."

SHE whacked me over the head. "Don't you joke about that," she said angrily. "You know how scared I am to be home alone."

"All right," I said, "but don't you whack me any more. I had enough lumps tonight." I told her all about Tuckie. "That rotten gold-digger," I said, concluding my remarks.

"No," said Red Knees.

"No what?"

"She's not a gold-digger. She's just too old for you."

"Are you nuts?" I said. "She happens to be exactly my age. In fact, three weeks younger."

"That's just the point," said Red Knees. "She's too old for you."

"I don't dig."

"Listen," she said. "There's something called emotional maturity."

"What's that mean?"

"It means that girls mature earlier than boys. Tuckie is a woman — or almost, anyhow. You're still a boy. You've got nothing in common any more."

"Aaah!" said I.

"No, really, Dobie. It's a scientific fact. Girls reach emotional maturity about two years ahead of boys."

"That's why they prefer older men; they have more in common with them."

"Aaah!" said I.

"What you need is a girl at your own emotional level. In other words, a girl two years younger than you . . . Like me, for instance," she said, climbing into my lap.

"You are a beast," I said, dumping her, "and if you don't stop pawing me I will go away and leave you all alone."

"All right," she said. "But don't forget what I told you."

Which I didn't. In the weeks that followed I often wondered if Red Knees hadn't been right about Tuckie. I couldn't make any headway at all with her. She just kept running around with Murder McIntyre and paying me no mind, even when I tipped her in the hall. Once I came to her with eight dollars in my hand which I had wormed out of my stingy father by threatening to get all Fs again.

"Look, Tuckie," I said, "let us go out and spend all these riches in one evening of mad abandon."

"No, thank you," she said politely and went off clutching Murder McIntyre's bulging arm.

"You see?" said Red Knees, who is always skulking around watching me. "What'd I tell you? She's no gold-digger."

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Teenagers' Weekly — Page 7

DRESSES FOR SATURDAY DATES

Saturday night
the night
to the movies
These patterns

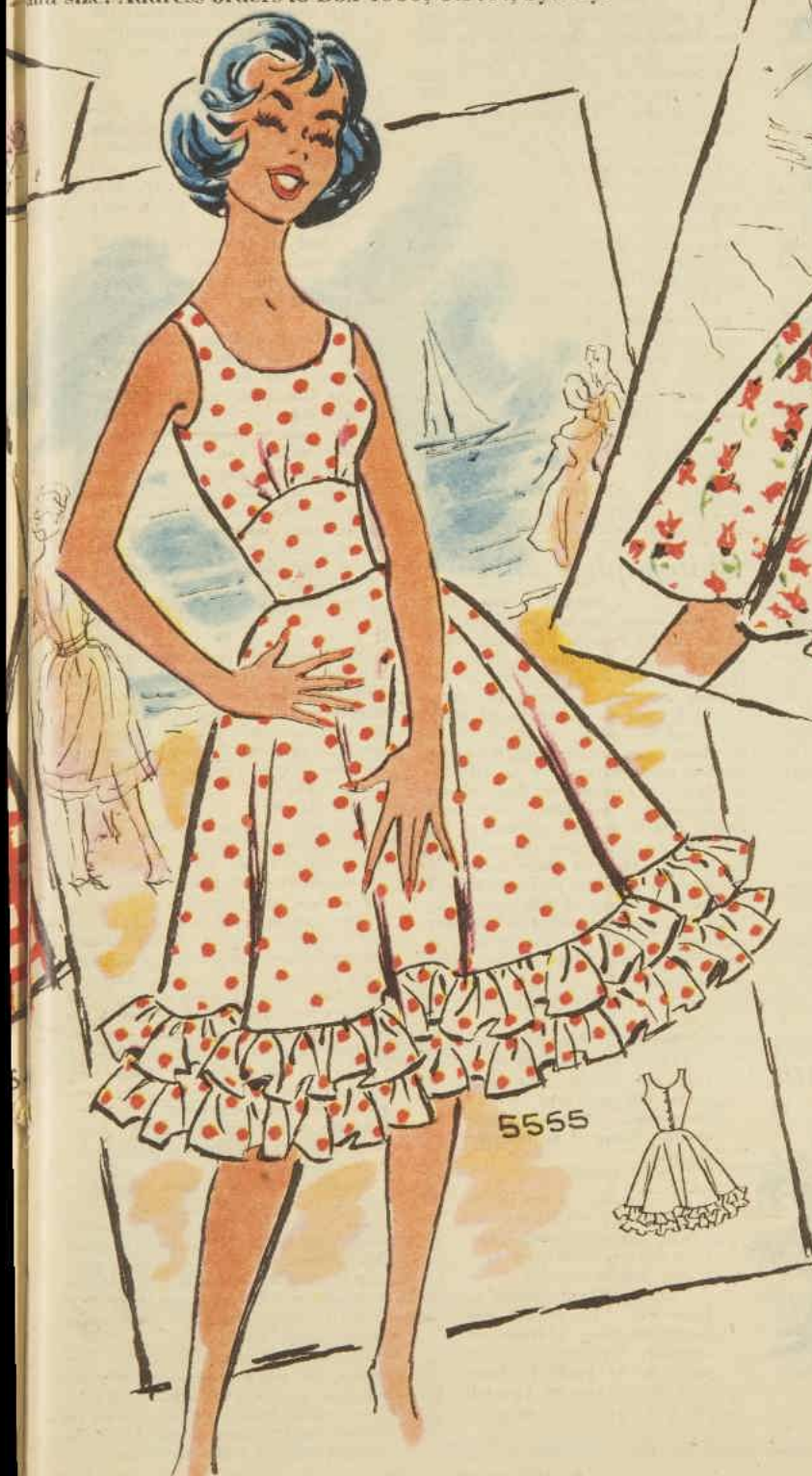


5553.—Just right for the Saturday night movies is this demure "little-girl" dress of gay striped cotton. The high-to-the-throat neckline looks very oldy-worldy with the soft lace trim which also binds the sleeves and bodice. This pattern requires 4½ yds. 36in. material and 3 yds. lace edging.

5554.—Perhaps you've been asked to a big-deal dance at the local surf club? This wide-skirted dress of check gingham, dressed up with ribbon and a rose, would look dreamy dancing under the stars. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material, 7 yds. velvet ribbon, and one decorative, artificial rose.

is the gayest night of the week. It's every boy asks his girl out on a date—
s, a barbecue, a party, or dance.
re just the thing for a Saturday date.

All the patterns are available in sizes 30 to 36in. bust,
at 1/6 each. Please state clearly the pattern number
and size. Address orders to Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.



5555



5556

5556.—A barbecue on the patio by the pool and what could be prettier than these blouse, skirt, and cummerbund separates? The frilly blouse requires 2yds. 36in. material, gathered skirt 3yds. 36in. material, cummerbund 2-3rd yard of 36in. material.

5555.—For that spur-of-the-moment party after you've been lazing on the beach all day, how about this gay polka-dotted little number? It has a scooped neckline, a sleek bodice, and a swinging skirt with a double ruffle. Requires 5yds. of 36in. material.

Louise
Hunter

Here's
your answer

Double kiss

"I AM a girl of almost 20 and I go out with a young man of 21. He takes me out quite frequently and when he brings me home he asks if he may kiss me goodnight. This I let him do, but I am worried because I have long eyelashes and when I close my eyes they brush against his face and I am sure he doesn't like this. I am quite worried and I don't know what to do."

L.F., N.S.W.

What a lucky young man. He gets a real kiss and a bonus of a butterfly kiss—that's the name given to those unexpected eyelash caresses.

Friendship trouble

"MY girl-friend, who is nearly 15, and I (I am 16) have been best friends for seven years now and we never go out if the other can't come. I am starting to get interested in boys. Last week I was asked out to the movies with another boy and two other couples. My girl-friend is not allowed out with boys yet, and so does not understand why she can't come. I have not had many quarrels with her, and don't want to have any more, but I do want to go out with boys. Could you please help me, as I do not want to lose her friendship or the opportunity of going out with boys."

L.H., Vic.

If your girl-friend is wise she'll keep your friendship, and in a year or so will be going out on foursomes with you and two boys. If she's not, she'll quarrel with you and won't speak.

At this stage of your life, you can't pretend to be the same. You have reached a different stage of development and its natural outcome is an interest in going out with boys. Go with them. They are quite separate from your friendship with your girl-friend.

Inside two years, she'll have caught up with you in maturity and will understand completely. If she doesn't quite understand now, just bear with her and try to continue the friendship to keep it warm for when she catches up with you.

Mad about dog

"WE have a very good watch-dog at home and he bites anyone he doesn't know. I have had three boy-friends before and they have all left because of the dog. Now I like a boy very much, and every time he calls for me the dog rushes him. Only last night he tore a piece out of his trousers. My parents won't let me meet him up the street and this boy said he won't come to the house again for the dog to ruin more of his clothes. I don't want to disobey my parents and I like him too much to give him up. Should I lie and meet him up the street or should I poison the dog and tell no one I did it? Please help me, I don't want to lose my boy-friend over a silly dog."

W.E., N.S.W.

I couldn't agree with you more that people are more important than dogs,

but please no poisoning. I really don't think you meant that cruel, unthinking remark.

I think all your troubles can be overcome with a chain. Ask your parents' permission and chain the dog when you're expecting your boy-friend. That's all that is necessary. And, anyway, you should teach the dog to get to know your boy-friend.

Brother, beware!

"MY brother is going out with a beautiful girl of 18. I am 18 and my brother is 20. I also like this girl he is taking out, and I have already taken out her young sister. Would it be correct for me to ask the 18-year-old one out, as my brother is very keen on her? She seems to like me."

Ed., N.S.W.

This is a matter for you and your brother, not for me. I won't be in it. It all depends on what sort of people you are. But unless you want to start a dingdong family feud I'd talk it over with him first.

He might accept it as a challenge, and say "May the best man win" and leave it to the fascinator to decide. He may clock you. Have courage, remember about the path of true love.

Fair share

"RECENTLY I met a boy of 17, the same age as myself. He has been taking me out regularly ever since. Before I met him he had been seeing the same girl for over a year. I have just learned that she has returned from a trip away. He has never mentioned her, but is now seeing both of us. Do you think this is fair to either the girl or myself?"

"Unhappy," N.S.W.

Quite fair to both of you. He has done nothing but signify that he enjoys your company and the other girl's, too. Either you like it or refuse his invitations. You are quite free to go out with other boys, too.

It is silly of you to be agitated and upset about this sort of thing. At your

age you should be going out with numbers of boys, not concentrating on one.

Show-off

"I AM a girl of 14. I am in love with a boy who is in our class at school. He is 15. Quite often going to the school shop just down the road he will kiss me, with both his friends and mine watching. At this I feel very embarrassed. What should I do?"

"Embarrassed," Vic.

Exhibitionists are bad-mannered, uncomfortable people to know, especially ones who want to make a show of you in front of your friends. You are far too young, anyway, to have a kissing boy-friend. Get rid of him.

Run-around

"I AM 17 and very much in love with a girl of my own age. She has left me three times in the past five months for two other boys, both of whom are my friends. She says she loves me and swears it's true, but she's going with someone else. What can I do to win her back, or should I try to forget her?"

"Broken-hearted," N.S.W.

Find yourself another girl. This one is giving you the run-around, she couldn't care less about you.

You've got yourself into one of the worst situations that can face a boy. The girl of your heart thinks of you as "good old Bill," and that is fatal.

When a girl talks about someone as "good old" there's a kind of contemptuous affection in the phrase. It means the boy who is tagged with it will accept any kind of behaviour or slight and still be waiting round happy to take out Miss Nastiness if she wants him to. She doesn't care how she treats this boy, who is just a convenient back-stop.

Drop this girl and get yourself a new one. When you do, demand the best kind of treatment from her.

Philosophy of love

"I AM 17 and recently I met a very nice young man at a Sunday dance. He is in the National Training camp which is nearly next door to the dance. He danced with me practically all the evening and then took me home. After I said I must go in we kissed good-night and he said he would see me at the dance next Sunday. Each Sunday for five weeks he has danced with me nearly all the evening and then brought me home, and each time I have been hoping that he will ask me out, or ask if he can see me during the week, but he hasn't. He gets three nights off every week, so he has plenty of time. I have been thinking of him quite a lot lately and just can't wait for Sunday night each week. Why has he been so casual? Do you think that he might

A WORD FROM DEBBIE

WANT to have a happy Christmas next year? I mean the one that goes off just over 12 months from now — Christmas 1960.

If you do, keep a little list of all the Christmas cards you get and send this year and write your thank-you letters promptly. Just a few lines by the first mail possible after you've got the parcel.

If you're invited out to dinner or a meal anywhere during the Christmas holiday, make a special point of ringing up and thanking your hostess; she'll appreciate it extra much, she's been so busy.

And if you've run out of money to buy Christmas presents for this year, there's nothing nicer than a thought gift.

Mrs. Next Door would adore it if you thought of baby-sitting for her while she did the Christmas marketing. The old lady on the corner would love you to think of sweeping her paths, watering her garden, or running a message for her. And what about Mum—clean silver for Christmas? Or, if that's not possible, a row of nicely cleaned shoes ready to step into is a thoughtful surprise.

have a girl-friend back home and that as soon as he has finished his National Training, which is soon, he will just stop coming to the dances and forget he has ever met me? I know I won't be able to forget him for a while, even if our friendship was so casual. Am I just being foolish?"

A.A., N.S.W.

Yes, you are being foolish, but all women have that particular brand of foolishness built in. We love it, and it's one of the essential differences between men and women.

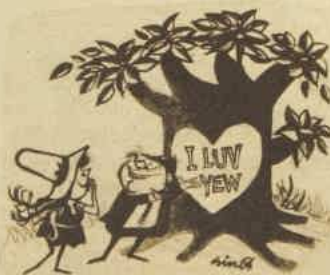
Your boy in camp is as happy as a lark seeing you at the Sunday dance, monopolising you and taking you home. Back in camp he'd put his head on his pillow, snuggle down happily with the memory of the pleasant evening he has had with you, and never give you another thought—not till next Sunday.

Men are able to do this because they compartment their lives. They keep girls and love quite apart from their everyday work and life, tucked away to be resumed and enjoyed again when it is convenient.

Women, as you well know, are different. They want to think about love 24 hours a day, to push their ordinary work aside for it. Until you recognise this difference and try to adjust your way of thinking, life is not as good as it should be. To be happy, a girl has to try to adopt some of a man's philosophy about love.

It's hard because it's against her nature, but you'll have to enjoy yourself and his company while you can. Don't expect to see him again after he finishes his training. Then if you do unexpectedly, it really is terrific.

Youth and truth



"I WOULD like to know if 14½ is too young to be in love and should your boy-friend tell you first that he loves you. If he did, how would I know if he told me the truth?"

V.D.B., N.S.W.

You wouldn't know if he told the truth, not for certain. You've just got to work it out from the way he behaves over a long period.

I think you're too young to know yet. You're not too young to have a crush on someone, but you are too young to be really in love. And yes, please—let him tell you first that he loves you.

CAROLYN EARLE says: *Nothing lifts a girl's spirits like a new look achieved in next to no time. So, if you want to put your best face forward and out-sparkle the Christmas tree this year, try some of these . . .*

QUICK WAYS TO KEEP PRETTY

LET'S agree that, even for the young, a thorough, complete skin-clean, make-up, and hair-fix takes time—20 precious minutes, at least.

The idea behind this article is to tip you off on ways to use the minimum of beauty aids and the minimum of time while getting the maximum of good results. So, if you are kept on the run all day, you can still present a pretty face at short notice by trying some of these short-cuts.

QUICK CLEAN - UP.

For refreshment and that wonderful clean feeling, there's nothing like a sudsy bath that is either warmer or colder than your body. So if you can spare five to seven minutes, indulge in a quick tub.

Don't dawdle; wash quickly and well, scrub your back with a brush, rub dry vigorously, and you'll feel eager to go. Or take a shower in half the time.

If you've time for neither, try this fast substitute: wring a thick towel out of warm water and rub yourself down with it. Dry with a fresh towel, apply a dust of bath powder or a spray of cologne.



MAKE A PRETTY

FACE. If you have less than three minutes, you still have time enough for neat, teenage make-up.

All-in-one cream and powder is the perfect make-up for a young girl. It gives a lightly groomed finish to the skin, is easy to use, and is suitable for normal or oily skins. If the skin is naturally dry, it is better to use a thin film of complexion milk with a little powder, if needed.

If you'd like still more quick - order suggestions, here's what you can do to look your best:

Take one minute to splash your face with very cold water—that's all. No foundation, no powder—only a fresh, healthy glow, a flash of lipstick. Perfect complexions please copy.

Or, if your skin is at all oily, take one minute to wash your face with lukewarm suds. Leave it devoid of cosmetics and concen-

trate on brilliant lipstick with accented eyebrows.

Another idea, if you happen to be the camellia type, is to put on a delicate shade of powder-cream and the palest pink lipstick you can find. This gives a frail and feminine look that is terrific on the right girl.

A model beauty-booster that every girl can keep up her sleeve is the 10-minute bracer. It's simple and very rewarding.

Lie tummy down on your

bed, hang your head over one end like a limp rag doll and brush your hair up from the nape and hair-line—down towards the floor. Fifty strokes. Get up, quick-cleanse your skin as described above, pat it with astringent or skin lotion, apply make-up.

This sends blood tingling to your head, freshens the appearance miraculously.

HAIR-DO IN A HURRY. A nice hair-do makes all the difference to your looks and the longer you can let it set, the better.

However, when there's no time at all to set curls, brush your hair back hard all round for a couple of minutes, then **LIFT** it gently into place with your fingers instead of combing it, and spray lightly. This idea presumes really expert cutting and shaping.

Alternately, apply some spray on a brush held several inches away from the container, then brush the hair into place, bit by bit, respraying the brush as you go.

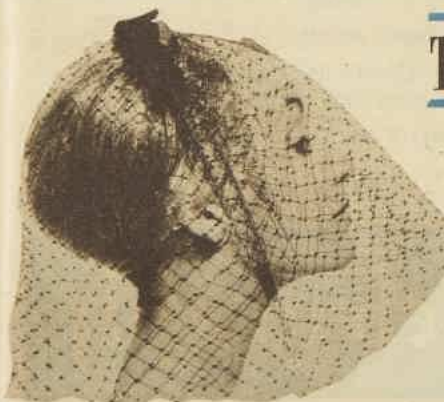
Take care to spray the brush lightly and distribute the fixative evenly on the hair strands.

TOPS FOR EVENING GLAMOR

● *It's fun to cut a glamorous figure in the evening because that's when it really shows.*

These two ways of making your head pretty by night—both for the older girl—are done with a whoof of veiling (left) and an inexpensive spray of rhinestones (at right).

The veil, of coarse mesh and worn double, is topped with a flat velvet bow. The rhinestones are attached to a metal headband.





**He was the tall, strong, tongue-tied type . . .
and she was the petite, shy type!**

Result: Silence. Long, embarrassing silences. *Lots* of them! As soon as he decently can, he'll be off to the boys for a yarn about last Saturday's game. She'll heave a sigh of relief and head for a giggle with the girls.

Neither of them has discovered, yet, that it's *easy* to meet new people, to be at home in any conversation, in any group, by *making sure* you have plenty to talk about. And that's where the most

brightly written newspaper, the Daily Telegraph, can help most.

Crisp and clear reporting . . . well-written features on exciting people and events . . . "inside stories" of fashion and sport . . . exclusive serials . . . dramatic action photographs. That's the recipe that makes your Daily Telegraph as entertaining as it is informative. Don't miss a day of it!

PEOPLE AT THE TOP TOMORROW READ THE TELEGRAPH TODAY!

Daily Telegraph

Zannie's heading for Hollywood

By Miriam Fowler

● It's Hollywood or bust for pretty blond model Zannie Angliss, who has already saved £250 towards her trip. Well, what's new about that? Zannie is only 12 years old.

BUT this is no head-in-the-clouds day-dream—Zannie's model-money savings come from getting her head in print.

"It's her long, straight hair that's in demand," said her mother, Mrs. S. A. Angliss, of Clontarf, Sydney. "Most junior-teen models have curly or curled hair."

An attractive 4ft. 10½in., Zannie has been modelling—doing photographic work and parades and making TV commercials—for two years.

"I'm saving to go to Hollywood when I'm 18," she said firmly.

"I have an 11-year-old Canadian cousin, Tony Brown, in Hollywood trying to break into the film business."

"So I'll know someone over there when I arrive."

Tony was working in Canadian television—features and hour-long films—for five years, before he went to Hollywood six months ago.

Zannie did a bit of modelling

in Melbourne, where her family lived until two years ago.

"She wasn't trained at all," said her mother, "but she studied ballet for five years, which helped her deportment."

Soon after the family moved to Sydney, Zannie enrolled at a modelling school.

"The school didn't have a junior class then," Mrs. Angliss said, "so Zannie went through the course with the seniors—missing out the make-up lessons, of course."

"My first job through the model school was a fortnight's parading at a city store," Zannie said. "I parade anything—dresses, sportswear, underclothes."

But only in late-afternoon parades. During school term Zannie is kept busy at Balgowlah Heights School until a quarter-past three.

"But I take earlier jobs in the holidays," she said.

In the modelling world the seasons are back to front, so a model needs a strong constitution.

"I did a TV breakfast-food ad out on a launch in the middle of winter all dressed for summer," said Zannie. "It was freezing. And now it's summer and hot, I'm off to be photographed in woolly underwear this afternoon."

But with an average of four photographs a week at £2/10/- each, Zannie doesn't care about the temperature. She's building up a substantial bank balance and Hollywood's getting closer every day.



A MODEL 12-YEAR-OLD Zannie Angliss, of Clontarf, Sydney, has set her sights on Hollywood and a film career.

LISTEN HERE—with Ainslie Baker

Last thoughts: Anyone having any of these better make them good ones. Two very delightful, bright, and seasonal numbers from Nat "King" Cole on a Capitol 45 are "Buon Natale" and "The Happiest Christmas Tree." And Harry Belafonte (R.C.A. 45) with either "Mary, Mary"—"I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day," or "Mary's

Boy Child"—"Venezuela," would please almost anyone.

Local talent: If living 21 years in this country makes him local—that's Italian-born Alf Luciani. Anyway, the other two members of the trio, drummer Tony Gaha and guitarist - vocalist Grade Wicker are both the genuine thing—born in Sydney. The Luciana Trio have really got something with "Prettiest Babe," a Wicker-Gaha original, which they offer along with the popular revival "Over the Rainbow" (H.M.V. 45).

Pops: Don't faint, but there are no fewer than three fresh EP albums from Ricky Nelson (London). Staggering, isn't it? Vol. 1, "Be-Bop Baby," gives you "Honeycomb," "Boppin' the Blues," "Be-Bop Baby," and "Have I Told You Lately That I Love You?" Together with the title tune of Vol. 2, "Teenage Doll," Ricky sings "If You Can't Rock Me," "Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On," and "Baby I'm Sorry." On offer in Vol. 3 are "True Love" (the title), "Am I Blue," "I'm Confessin'," and "Your True Love."

Honey-voiced Pat Boone presents a handpicked selection of recent and no-so-recent bestsellers on his latest LP for London, "Pat Boone Sings." Among the dozen tunes in contrasting moods and tempos that you'll hear are "Cherie, I Love You," "Gee, But It's Lonely," "When the Swallows Come Back to Capistrano," and "The Mardi Gras March" from Pat's recent movie. Billy Vaughn provides his usual sympathetic backing. It's always nice to have a

choice, and two rival 45 labels offer "I'm Movin' On." Highly esteemed blind Negro jazz musician Ray Charles and orchestra give it a brilliant novelty treatment on a London. Flip is a most unusual bluesy Oriental number of Charles' composition, "I Believe to My Soul."

R.C.A. has a more middle-of-the-road version of the song, sung by Don Gibson, and flips to Don's own rocking "Big Hearted Me." Choose for yourself, there's something to be said for both.

Ballet music: An LP offering a varied coupling that will appeal to ballet patrons is Deutsche Grammophon's "Peter And The Wolf," backed by selections from Tchaikovsky's "The Sleeping Beauty," opening ballet of the new Borovansky Ballet season. Richard Attenborough speaks the narration from the Prokofiev musical tale for children, with Fritz Lehmann conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. On the second side, it's Lehmann with the Bamberg Symphony.

Jazz singer: Negro jazz expressionist singer Frances Faye manages to infuse a high degree of personal, passionate feeling into a collection of such varied folk tunes as "Frankie And Johnny," "Greensleeves," and "Deep River" on the Parlophone LP "Frances Faye Sings Folk Songs." Sharing honors with the singer is Russ Garcia, who did the arrangements and leads the various small accompanying combinations. My pick of a really interesting disc would be the American Revolution ballad "Johnny Has Gone For a Soldier."

WHY DOES A PLANE FLY?

● You'll need: two apples, two pieces of string, and a sheet of paper about 5in. x 8in.

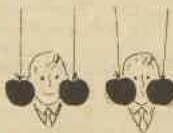
HANG two apples on strings, each about a yard long, a couple of inches apart. What do you think will happen if you now blow very hard between the apples?

Will the apples be pushed apart because of the stream of air? Of course, says commonsense. But commonsense is wrong. You blow and the apples are drawn together! What is the explanation?

About 200 years ago the scientist Bernoulli found that as the speed of air increases so the pressure of air decreases.

When you blow, the air between the apples moves, so that the air pressure there is less than on the other sides of the apples where the air is still. So as the air on the sides of the apples pushes them towards the region of lower pressure the apples go together.

Another way to demonstrate Bernoulli's Law is to hold in front of your mouth a thin



For Young Scientists

sheet of paper. It hangs quite limp. If you blow along the upper side of the paper it will RISE into a horizontal position.

This is the key to air travel.

Below you see the section of an aeroplane's wing. The upper side is curved and the underside is straight.

As the propeller pulls the aircraft at high speed through the air, air rushes past the wing.

Now the air which passes over the curved upper-side of the wing must travel a greater distance in the same time than the air which passes below the wing. That means that the air going over the top travels faster than the air beneath.

According to Bernoulli's Law, greater speed means lower pressure.

The air pressure under the wing is greater than the air pressure above it.

The result is that the wing, and consequently the whole aeroplane, is pushed upwards and so the heavier-than-air machine is held up in the air.

● From "The Book of Experiments," by Leonard de Vries, by arrangement with the publisher, John Murray.





**A GUY on
disGUISE
exposes**

The Cover (up) Girls!

● The other day I read in a magazine an anecdote that, to me, pointed to a significant and sometimes amusing aspect of femininity.

THE yarn, by a public librarian, told how one day she watched a pretty young lass doing the rounds of every book-shelf in the place.

With growing mystification the librarian watched the girl pick out book after book, tuck it under her arm, look at herself in a mirror, then each time shake her head in disgust and replace the book.

Finally the librarian asked the girl if she could help.

The mysterious book-selector blithely explained she wasn't looking for a book to read. She had arranged to meet a strange date nearby, and had said he could identify her by the book under her arm.

Her problem, it turned out, was to select a book with a jacket the same color as her dress.

A mildly interesting slice of life, you say, but what fair sex social significance has it? Well, to me it's just another example of a girl's inherent habit of hiding real purposes under everyday poses.

Just as we have seen above the case of a girl using a library for a reason that had nothing to do with books, many girlish activities are often only covers for other doings.

Here are some examples of what I mean . . .

Take the Beach Girl. Now a bloke goes to the briny to swim. But of the hundreds of thousands of girls who

Sad fate for Robin

LET'S face it! If we girls did everything in the manner Robin Adair suggests the name "Slick Chick" would go out with the cute little hats and painted shoes. We would be a lot of "Sloppy Sallies" with Robin condemned to bachelorhood. I bet my one dozen petticoats that if we took his advice he'd be the first to run the opposite way. — Maureen Earl, Compton, S.A.

reach for the beach-bag every summer how many are in the same boat as the boys? Not many, from my observations.

Why then do the non-swimmers go? (I'll resist the temptation to ask what purpose their visits surf!)

To sunbake, some will answer. But this is a silly reply. For the sun shines just as bright on their (old Kentucky) homes.

No. The reason many girls go to the beach is not to cool off—but to show off. The squaws are more interested in the braves than the waves, and in playsuits than "shoots."

Don't get the idea I'm against girls showing off on the beach (if they've something to show off, that is). All I'm pointing out is how silly it is for them to try to cover up their reasons for uncovering.

Another example of a cutie cover-up is what is sometimes known as Ladies' Tennis—more commonly known as Hit and Giggle.

There are very few girls who can play tennis, or want to play. Yet you'll find thousands regularly holding (tennis) court. Why? One reason, again, is to show off their drapes—and shapex.

What better proof of this can you have than the frequent frantic antics

of even girl tennis champs to "ace" one another with panties and frou-frou.

Another real reason is that the tennis court can be a happy hunting ground, with boys as the prey. Many girls give "love set" a truly literal meaning! Yes, a boy takes up tennis only for the game itself. But a girl's racquet is meant to serve other purposes as well as just the ball!

Girls' dressing is another activity that has a hidden purpose. Ostensibly, Fashion exists to please males.

"I only did it to look nice for you," a girl will lip when she turns up for a date with pink hair and in a dress that looks like an old chaff bag!

But really, of course, she doesn't give two hoots about what He thinks. But admit it? She'd Dior first!

Well, I must go now. I'm off to the Art Gallery.

Interested in the paintings? Oh, no. I pretend to be, of course. But that's only an excuse to get together with the pretty young art students who hang around there.

It's really only a cover—hey! What am I saying? . . .

—Robin Adair

"This is robbery," Red Knees yelled

She's just too old for you."

At this point it looked like Red Knees was right, which made me so depressed that I went out and spent the eight dollars on a new klaxon horn for my bike to cheer myself up.

But then the very next day I knew Red Knees was wrong. Because Tuckie came up to me in the cafeteria and said, "Dobie, would you like to take me on the Moonlight Excursion?"

Well, sir, I thought my eyeballs were going to pop right out of my head. Do you know what the Moonlight Excursion is? Only the most important social affair of the entire Central High School year, that's all. I mean when you take a girl on the Moonlight Excursion, you're practically telling the world that you're going steady. I mean that's how important it is.

THE way it works, there's this old side-wheeler steamboat. It's all painted up nice and the decks are decorated with Japanese lanterns and all kinds of scam like that, and they get two orchestras so that anywhere you go on the ship there's music and dancing.

You can take a three-hour cruise down the river, sailing along the shore so you can see the lights, and then you cruise back again. And all the time you're dancing and eating refreshments. Also smooching when you can get away from the chaperons.

The chaperons are teachers and they watch you like a bunch of hawks. In fact, they keep an eye on you even before the Moonlight Excursion; nobody can go who's fallen below a C average in his studies. But it's such a terrific affair that everybody studies like a maniac so they can be eligible.

Well, sir, when Tuckie asked me to take her, I knew that Red Knees was full of hot air about that emotional maturity scam. Sure, things had been bad for a while between me and Tuckie, but it was all fixed now. Otherwise why should she ask me to take her to this terrific affair?

"You bet your pretty neck I'll take you," I told Tuckie, and gave her a big pinch and ran home to shine my shoes although the Moonlight Excursion was more than a week away.

While shining my shoes a dark thought occurred to me; the usual dark thought: money.

Tickets to the Moonlight Excursion were one dollar and twenty-five cents apiece. That made two dollars and fifty cents. Then there was a corsage for Tuckie—another three dollars. I would need about six dollars, counting tips and miscellaneous.

And where would I get six dollars? Not from my father—not after just squeezing eight dollars out of him the day before. And not from my mother, either. And not from my kid

brother, who uses his full allowance to buy six ice-cream bars at the school cafeteria every day at lunch. There was only one place in the world for me to get six dollars—Red Knees.

But she would never lend it to me—especially not to take Tuckie to the Moonlight Excursion. How, then, could I separate six dollars from Red Knees?

I thought and I thought, and then I came up with one of the vilest schemes the mind of man has ever devised. Believe me, I wouldn't have pulled it on anybody but a skunk like Red Knees.

I went over to her house that night, where she was sitting, as usual, alone and scared while the seagulls bombarded her house with clam shells. "Hiya, Red Knees," I said. "Read the paper tonight?"

"No. What's in it?"

"Bit of a crime wave. Burglars, robbers, and prowlers all over the city. It's terrible."

"Crikey!" she breathed, and clutched my arm.

"Well, so long, Red Knees," I said, starting away.

She held on. "Where you going?" she asked.

"Oh, just out."

"Stay with me, Dobie. Please stay," she begged.

I sprung my trap. "For how much?" I said.

"Huh?"

"If I'm going to be a sitter for you," I said, "I want to be paid like a sitter."

"Why, this is highway robbery!" she yelled.

"Yeah?" I yelled right back.

"And what have you been doing to me all these years? How about the time you charged a dime apiece to tell me the provinces of Canada? How about the forty cents for the Pythagorean theorem? How about—"

"How much do you want to sit?" she interrupted.

"The regular baby sitter's rate—seventy-five cents an hour."

"Never!"

"All right, fifty cents. But that's my final price."

"Never!"

"Goodnight, Red Knees." I started out.

"All right, you win. But—" she swore a mighty oath—"I'll get you for this!"

FOR three nights she sat and glared at me, which made me feel like an even bigger louse than I was. I kept telling myself that I was only getting some of my own back, but it didn't do any good.

That Red Knees is so scrawny and helpless-looking that half the time I feel like crying when I see her. The other half the time I feel like laughing. Any way you look at her, she's a mess.

After three nights I decided I couldn't charge Red Knees any more. Anyway, I already had six dollars and fifty cents. I bought the tickets for the Moonlight Excursion and or-

dered a corsage and got a pair of garters so my sox wouldn't drag while I was dancing, and I went over to Red Knees' house.

I could see her folks were away; their car was gone. The house was locked and all the blinds were drawn right down to the bottom. I rang.

After a minute the door opened just a crack and Red Knees peeked out. "What do you want?" she said.

"I want to sit with you," I said.

"No, thanks."

"But this is for free."

"No, thanks."

"Don't be ridiculous, Red Knees," I said. "You know you're scared to be alone."

"Ha, ha, ha!" said she. "What makes you think I'm alone?"

"Who's in there?"

"That's for me to know and you to find out," she said and slammed the door in my face.

I WENT home feeling pretty upset. Not jealous, mind you. Just upset. I mean the thought of being jealous about Red Knees, who I hate like poison, is too ridiculous even to think about. But I was pretty upset.

I was even more upset the next night and the night after that when the same thing happened. I climbed way up on the trellis and peeked in every window to see who was sitting with Red Knees, but the blinds were pulled tight. And she'd never tell me who was with her, either. It was pretty upsetting.

But I soon stopped brooding about it. I mean, I had other things on my mind. The Moonlight Excursion was on Friday night, and by then I had to make my cowlick stay down and stop biting my nails.

At five o'clock Friday afternoon the phone rang. It was Tuckie. "I'm very sorry, Dobie," she said, "but I can't go on the Moonlight Excursion with you tonight. I have just come down with a dread virus."

"You looked all right at school this afternoon," I said, which she did.

"This just came on," she said. "It's one of those terrible twelve-hour things."

"Oh," I said, feeling about as miserable as a man gets. "Well, drink plenty of water. That'll flush out your system."

"I will. Bye."

"Bye," I said and dragged my gloomy bones over to Red Knees, where I usually go when I am low in my mind. "Tough," she said, when I had told her the whole dreary story. "But why don't you take me to the Moonlight Excursion?"

"Hah!" I replied.

"Why not?"

"Because," said I, "you are thirteen years old and a beast into the bargain."

"Is that so?" she said. "You wait right here."

Then she ran upstairs and came down in a few minutes in

the first long dress I had ever seen her wear.

I won't say she looked good, but at least she had her scabby knees covered, and the dress had lots of ribbons and tassels and scam like that which was very fetching. Also she seemed to be sticking out just a trifle in the front which I had never noticed before.

"And look here," she said.

"They come off next week." The braces, she meant. She pulled them off and showed me her teeth, and I'm bound to admit that you'd go a long way to find straighter teeth.

"Oh, all right," I said and took her on the Moonlight Excursion.

About ten minutes after we sailed, I was dancing with Red Knees and not having too much fun because she likes to lead, when all of a sudden across the dance floor I spotted Tuckie in the arms of Murder McIntyre.

I gave a full-throated cry and clenched up my fists and went shooting across the floor.

Red Knees stopped me. "Where are you going?" she asked.

"I am going," I said, "to take that rotten Tuckie and throw her overboard."

"You are not!" declared Red Knees, putting herself right smack in front of me. "You are not going to make a fool of yourself because I won't let you. I respect you too much. You are the sweetest, darlings boy in the United States and much too good for old Tuckie."

"Me?" said I, looking at her askance.

"You! I love you and I mean to have you so you might as well quit fighting because I am ten times as smart as you and will outwit you at every turn. And besides I am the right age for you and next year you will have more money because even a psychopathic miser like your father will have to agree that a boy of sixteen can't get along on a dollar a week. So come and drink a glass of punch and hold my hand and forget about old Tuckie."

So I went and had a glass of punch and held her hand and looked at her face in the moonlight and thought, "She is a beast all right, but she is less of a beast every year. Maybe I will go along with her."

THEN I had another thought and dropped Red Knees' hand like it was burning. "Red Knees," I said, "you are the most treacherous girl I ever knew."

"What do you mean?" said Red Knees.

"I just figured it out," I said. "In order to go on the Moonlight Excursion you have to have a C average. True?"

"True."

"Murder McIntyre is the dumbest kid in Central High School. Maybe on the North American Continent. True?"

"True."

"He didn't have a C average. So Tuckie couldn't go on the Moonlight Excursion with him. So she chose me as a consolation prize. True?"

"True."

"So somebody must have tutored Murder McIntyre, worked on him till he got his average up to a C. And then he was eligible and Tuckie dumped me and came with him. True?"

"True."

"Red Knees," I said, "these last few nights—the nights when you wouldn't let me into your house—who was sitting with you?"

Red Knees grimed up at me. "Red Knees," I said, "if you got to grin at me, be good enough to take off your braces."

Which she did. Then I grinned back. Then I gave her a smooch, which was pretty good. Not great, you understand. But pretty good.

NEXT WEEK: Dobie falls for R. G. Spencer

This series of stories is from Max Shulman's book "I Was a Teenage Dwarf," by arrangement with the publisher, Bernard Geis Associates.

Worth Reading

THE REASON WHY, by Cecil Woodham-Smith

IN his poem on the Charge of the Light Brigade at the Crimean battle of Balaclava, Tennyson said: "Their not to reason why, Their but to do and die." Cecil Woodham-Smith, who is a woman, wrote this book to explain what led up to the suicidal charge. It was, she found, partly the outcome of the hatred between the two British generals concerned, Lord Lucan and his brother-in-law Lord Cardigan.

I don't think anyone has ever written such a shattering attack on the corrupt, old-style British Army as you will find in *The Reason Why*.

Lord Cardigan—who gave his name to the well-known garment—does not have much credit left by the time Miss Woodham-Smith has finished with him. This is one of the best historical narratives of recent years. The same author wrote a life of Florence Nightingale which is equally recommended.

—Ross Campbell



PIER ANGELI

Page 16 — Teenagers' Weekly

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — December 30, 1959



Continuing . . . A BOY IN BETHLEHEM

from page 25

question what Joseph chose to do. He says the census brings him; I am like you; I doubt it. The Lord being good, Joseph hopes for a new son for the House of David; he would like to see it born in Bethlehem, which was the city of David."

"We, too, are of the House of David," my mother said. "For my part, I'd as soon see the new son born in an inn in the city. He came through Jerusalem two hours from here; there must have been room."

"This is the House of Bread," my father said, "and we are not poor. We will have room for them; only I am sorry that they must use the stable. We will turn no one away."

By the House of Bread he meant the village; this was a name that Bethlehem was sometimes given.

A tall man was coming from the stable. I had never seen him before, but I guessed this was my Uncle Joseph. He was tall and straight and bearded; and though he was a Nazarene he had the face of a man of the open air, as though he were a shepherd, or a worker in stone. I learned later that he was a carpenter.

"It's a poor room I have for you," my father said, but Joseph grinned cheerfully.

"We've slept in worse places, Jacob," he said. "I learnt long ago to stretch my legs according to my bed."

"Mary is near her time?" my mother asked, and Joseph nodded.

"Thanks be to God my son was not born on the road," he said.

"You're sure it will be a boy?" asked father, lightly. Joseph gave him a strange look.

"I'm sure," he said. My sisters had ground the meal and now had gone away, taking the mill with them. I didn't see Joseph's wife, except briefly, before we went for our meal. She looked very young, not as old as Leah; and she was more quietly dressed.

She was not tall, nor was she small; her face was still, not smiling; yet it carried the brand of happiness. She walked slowly, with a great dignity.

"She is very beautiful," my mother said, and I was startled. I had not thought of her as being beautiful.

"I am a very lucky man," said Joseph. "I am favored of God."

Our meal was late, very late, and when it was over I was

sent straight to bed in the courtyard.

My sister Leah brought me blankets from their storage in the wall; thick woollen blankets, and more than I was used to, against the chill of the night.

I lay and watched the stars and I listened to the sounds: the talk from the house, the movements of cattle in the stable, and once the tramping of a squad of Romans in the road outside. I thought I would never get to sleep; then suddenly I was wide awake, and knew that I had been sleeping for hours.

It was a cry that had awakened me, I thought, and I waited a long time as though I expected another, but none came. I was wide awake, as though I had never been asleep, and I thought I had never seen a night so lovely, so crystal clear, so serene in spite of a confusion of sounds from the stable.

THERE was movement there; I could see a flickering of lamps from deep inside, and there was a little bustle of people. I puzzled and puzzled, and then I guessed: my new cousin had been born; and I wondered whether my Uncle Joseph had been right; whether it had been a son, for that was important to him.

The men were in the house and I could hear their voices. Leah came past me to the store; she hesitated as she went past and looked down at me. I pretended to be asleep and she went on into the store and took a measure of oil from the big earthen jar; then she picked up a dish and went back to the stable.

She came out again, almost straightway, and took salt from the box where we kept it; so then I knew that the baby had been born and that it was healthy; because they were ready to rub it with oil and salt.

There were not many babies in Bethlehem, for the town was only small; but I had heard the women talking; they were forever talking of babies, so that I knew what the oil and the salt were for.

After a while I couldn't lie there any longer, and when there had been no one moving for a while I got up and straightened the blankets behind me and hurried over to the entrance to the stable.

Just inside was a place where, long before, my grandfather, or perhaps his father, had begun to widen the cave. The wall had been cut deeper here; and then later masons had left a little stack of squared limestone blocks in the cutting, where they would be in no one's way.

It was a play-place of mine and I knew it well, so I watched my chance and when no one was looking I slipped into the shadows among the stones where it would be hard to see me.

With all the crowd in the stable it was just as hard for me to see. The women of our family were all there; they were tending Mary, my uncle's wife, away at the end of the cave.

Between them and my little alcove the cattle were stabled; our two draught oxen and our donkey; and the two strange donkeys — the big strong one my Uncle Manasses had brought and the little footsore beast that belonged to my Uncle Joseph.

The oxen were lying down, chewing the cud. They knew me; it was my regular chore to take them out to graze, and I could walk all over them without their stirring. The yokes and the harness hung on the wall nearby and threw a shadow; so when I was sure

that no one would see me I went up and stood there and watched.

I saw the baby. Leah was holding it. It was such a tiny little red and runty thing; I felt sorry for my uncle; it was small and it had a little face and screwed-up eyes, and it was red and blotched, and I was sad.

My sister said, "He's a beautiful baby," and I jumped. I looked behind me; it was as though she had heard my thought, but no one had moved. Leah was not looking near me; she was holding this little baby in her arms, and swaying her shoulders back and forth, twisting at the waist.

"He's beautiful, he's beautiful," she crooned, and I knew it was a boy.

She held it while my mother dressed it; they put on a tiny shirt, a little cloth coat. They took a strip of woollen cloth and bound it round and round and round his body and round his arms and legs so tight and firm I wondered how ever he could move.

They wrapped him round in another square patterned cloth and tied this on with a tape. He was like a woollen doll.

"Oh, he's beautiful," Leah said; and I tried to believe her.

Anna meantime had brought blankets and folded them small, and with them she had made a little nest in the feed-box cut into the limestone at the head of the end stall, where they were all gathered. It was a woollen nest in a bed of stone.

I was still looking when I heard the men coming across the courtyard, and I dropped down in the darkness, into the straw. My father and my uncles walked past me to the end stall. I lay beside Speckles, our lead ox, up near his head.

My family left after a while so that Joseph could talk to his wife. I would have gone, but there was too much risk they would see me, so I stayed; but Joseph talked quietly and I could not hear what he said.

When Joseph, too, came out he saw me. He stopped, and I think he smiled. I could not see his expression in the dark of the cave, and I thought perhaps he was telling me to leave, and I got up.

But he patted me on the crown of my head and turned me round, and sent me back to where I had come from, by Speckles' head. I think he knew I would not have cared to have my father find out I had stolen in.

All this I can remember as clearly as though it were yesterday; but from then, from the commotion at the gate that followed, it all seems like a dream, so rich and dreamlike I sometimes think I must have slept again.

Yet I know I didn't; the things happened; they happened according to the prophecies, as my father has often told me; and my thinking could not change them.

And first were the travellers at the gate; three simple men dressed as travellers, but in fine cloth and armed with good blades, well jewelled. What company they had I do not know; the three men came to the stable and there was a traffic of restless beasts beyond the gates, but I do not know how big an escort came with the camels, or what kind of people they were.

But the three men came, walking like kings; and in the moonlit courtyard they looked like kings, and I have since heard it said that in those far countries from which they came they ruled as kings.

They spoke to my father

and his brothers; and they came into the dim-lit stable where the two draught oxen were, and the three donkeys, and Joseph's wife lying in the empty stall beyond, and the babe in the rock at its head.

They stood a long time near the manger, and I knelt up in the straw to watch them; and I think I shall see it always: the great head of Speckles with his horns black against the flickering yellow light of the oil lamps, and the glorious men beyond the light.

They knelt to the new baby, so that he seemed to take to himself the glory that the men brought with them.

I did not see, but it was true, that others had followed them into the stable. They brought gifts, and departed, quietly.

And the three men opened the gifts and left them on the ledge at the head of the stall; and when at last they went, the little bound figure of the babe was surrounded with frankincense and myrrh, and gifts of gold.

I came forward as they were going, I don't know why, and stood by Speckles, near his tail.

FROM THE BIBLE

● "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." Luke 2:10.

The shepherds were naturally frightened when they met an angel visitor in the cold dark of night. But they were reassured when they heard the glad tidings, meant not only for them, but for all peoples upon earth.

The first two men saw me and passed without saying anything; though they smiled, I think, as well as I was able to tell in the dark.

But the third paused, and put his hand on my shoulder, and said something to me; but he spoke in Greek, I think. I could not understand it.

They spoke in Greek to my father and his brothers, but only Joseph understood them; the others had not more than a word or two; but in Nazareth it was necessary to know the Greek tongue, for Nazareth was on the highway to Asia Minor. They spoke for a long while; then they paid their respects to my father and left.

"What did they seek?" my father asked. "What were the gifts for? How did they come here?"

"They followed a star," said Joseph. "They have followed it a long time from a strange land."

"A star?" asked Manasses. "What star?" He looked up at the heavens and all the stars were very bright.

"A star stood in the east, and they followed it," Joseph said.

"They followed it here?" my father asked. From his voice he must have been as I was; he must have felt it to be a dream.

"They followed it to Herod," Joseph said. "The star was the star of the King of the Jews; and so they followed it to Herod; and when they found Herod, they lost the star. And Herod asked the scribes what birthplace the prophets had foretold for the King of the Jews, and the scribes said 'Bethlehem,' and the wise men came here."

"Without the star?" Manasses asked.

"They found it again, in a

well. They found it on the road to Bethlehem. They had forgotten, they said, to watch the skies, and so it was shown to them, reflected in a well. And the star rose up and settled against the edge of the mountain, above this town of Bethlehem, and above this house."

"You take this steadily; that your child should be called King of the Jews," my father said; and Joseph answered, "I have known it a long time."

They were silent then, till Manasses, looking up, said, "I see no star; no star I have not always known."

I came out of the cave then and looked up. The sky was a glory of stars; but to me it was the familiar sky. My father said, "Not every man can see the same star, always. The star the wise men saw has brought them here."

Eliud said, "It has brought some danger, too, if Herod believes this 'King of the Jews.' A man that can kill his own sons to keep them from the throne will soon have an army on the road to Bethlehem."

"We are safe a little while," said Joseph. "For Herod believes the three will return, and tell him the whereabouts of the child."

"And will they?" "They have seen the danger. Instead, they travel south to Egypt. We have some days."

I felt proud I had an uncle so calm and so strong. The men didn't see me, but went into the house. I thought I might follow them; but I stayed, instead, looking at the sky, looking above me to see the star that stood above the house; but in that night every star was glorious.

It was near morning by that time; there was a glow above the valleys to the east.

And suddenly the street outside was filled again with traffic; the pattering hoofs of sheep and goats; and while I listened the shepherds came through the open gate; all the shepherds that I knew, all those who kept the flocks on the lower slopes of the mountains below the town.

I knew them well; sometimes they let me help them. I held shepherds in the kind of regard that boys will sometimes keep for soldiers; I had no reason to admire soldiers, for the men of my house chafed under the Romans.

They paid their taxes grudgingly; and when they saw the Roman squadrons, armed and armored as expensively as only Romans could afford, they muttered complaints into their beards. I had no time for soldiers; but shepherds were my heroes.

They came in now, leaving their sheep and goats milling in the roadway outside the walls; the tall, tough swaggering men of the hills, agile and nimble, willing and able to fight a bear or a pack of dogs, hardy as the goats they tended.

ELI was my favorite; he came now in the lead of them, and stood for a moment inside the gate, leaning on his staff. He was excited, wild-eyed. He had a club thrust through the goat-hair rope he wore for a girdle, a heavy strong wooden club, edged on four corners beyond the handpiece, a club polished with much handling.

The girdle also carried his dagger and sling, and his scrip, made from the skin of a black-and-white kid, stripped whole from the animal, and worn with the hair outside.

There was the head of a flute protruding from the mouth of it; and its body was bulging, so that I knew that, besides his flint and steel, it carried the olives, the figs, and the barley

leaves that ordinarily, on any other night, he would have finished by midnight.

The others crowded in behind him.

"The angel sent us all," Eli told my father. "The angel said, 'Behold, I bring you tidings of great joy, joy for all people.' And the congregation of heaven was there in the sky above the hill, praising the Lord."

And the others said, "Glory to God," and sayings of that sort.

The shepherds pressed into the stable, and the two oxen lurched to their feet and moved in against the wall, as though to give them room.

But the donkeys in the stalls took no notice. They stood placidly, facing the corner where the light from the lamps lit the child.

And it was daylight when we all came out of the stable. In the sky above there was one star shining bright; and I wondered whether it could be the star the kings had followed, because it stood high above the house, but I could not decide.

I thought it might have been a star I had seen before, a star with which I was familiar, but I never saw it so glorious.

I watched the shepherds, but they paid it no particular attention. Their flocks had straggled along the road and now, unused to being driven in the night, were lying down here and there and bleating, the goats calling on a higher note than the sheep.

The shepherds separated, going to different parts of the road, and from their stands called out, naming their flocks: "Ho, White-ears; come, Bandy." And from the confusion in the road, sheep and goats went each to its own guardian; and in a few minutes the men all moved off, each with his own hand counted and safe.

The sun was coming up, I was glad and pressed against the stone wall, for I was freezing in my shirt.

When I went back into the yard my mother was talking to my father and wringing her hands. Leah was there, and my sister Anna.

"Imagine," mother said. "To have put them in the stable! A king of the Jews; the three men said!"

"Hush, woman," said my father.

"But —" she said.

"It is done." He turned away and went into the house.

My Uncle Joseph did not stay long with us; he left one night soon after this in great secrecy; and it was a long time before I heard that he had gone to Egypt away from the threat of Herod.

And then came a sad time for Bethlehem. Yet Bethlehem is a small place, and like many of its sons I had to seek my fate away from there, and so that I did not see my cousin again.

But I have the memory of that night in the stable; and some of it is very vivid, so that I can smell the fragrance of the royal gift as it overcame the sweet grass-tainted breath of the oxen, the smell of the beasts, and the stable floor impregnated with manure.

I can hear the rustling of mice and see the peculiar brilliance of the moonlit yard outside, and I can hear the talk.

Yet much of it is a confusion. Of a night that changed the world my memory should be clear, and it is not. I cannot tell for certain how it was that this happened, or that; and sometimes what I say of that night is not believed, for there is overmuch argument over simple things.

Sometimes I'm not sure that the boy, nestled against the neck of the lead ox, saw all the things that I remember. But the wonder and the glory of the night in the stable have never dimmed.

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your head tells you,
your heart tells you

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 30, 1959

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and Paul Drake left their car in a parking lot, with instructions that it was to be filled up with gas, and the oil, water, and battery checked and be all ready to go.

Walking down the street towards the restaurant, Mason said, "Paul, what about the handwriting expert?"

"Nothing to help there," Drake said. "The typewriter used on those rental letters was a Sterling."

Mason frowned. "There was a Sterling in Mauvis Meade's penthouse, Paul."

Drake said, "Sure. Mauvis Meade was the one who rented that cabin, all right. Ellington is trying to clam up on it right now, but you can force his hand on your case. Get samples from Mauvis Meade's typewriter, and they'll show the rental-remittance letters were typed on her machine."

Mason pursed his lips. "I wish I knew a little more about that cabin deal, Paul. I hate to go into it blind, but it's almost a safe bet Mauvis rented that cabin and Manly spent quite a bit of time there. Paul, you're worried about something. What is it?"

"I hope it's nothing," Drake said, "but I'm debating what to do, Perry. I don't know whether to try to head off something or what."

"Come on, on," Mason said, "get it off your chest, Paul."

"I hate to bother you at a time like this, and yet it's information that you should have. I am worried."

"Come on, come on, Paul, let me have the worst."

"Well, it may be that there's no necessity for it," Drake said. "That's what bothers me, Perry. Let me ask you something. Ellington has rested his case?"

"That's right."

"He doesn't intend to put on any more evidence?"

"Gosh, no," Mason said. "He's put on more evidence now than he wanted to. He's trying to get just enough evidence to get the defendant bound over and not enough to tip his hand. Of course, my strategy is to try and find out everything I can. There's no question about the outcome. Judge Bagby has indicated his mind's made up, but he's leaving the door open for the defendant to take the stand."

"Would it do her any good to take the stand?"

"Not a bit," Mason said. "Even if the judge believed her story he'd still bind her over."

Continuing . . . THE CASE OF THE MYTHICAL MONKEYS

from page 22

"Well," Drake blurted, "the thing that bothers me is this fellow Kelton."

"What about him?"

"He told one of the newspapermen this morning that he was right at the forks of the road, that he had to make a decision that might determine his entire future in the detective business. He said that he always tried to be loyal to his clients, but that a man had his career to think of and that he couldn't violate the law—in short, he seemed terribly worried."

"You think he's worrying about that stuff we found and didn't turn in?" Mason asked.

"Of course he is," Drake said. "Now then, the newspaper reporter thought it over, then rang up my office to try to find out what Kelton was talking about. The newspaper is on the trail of a story."

DRAKE continued: "Well, of course I tried to get in touch with Kelton as soon as I heard about it. We couldn't get a line on the guy at all, and finally I had another detective ring up his wife and say that he was a detective out of Homicide and he had to get hold of Kelton right away for the district attorney. I just wanted to see what Mrs. Kelton would say."

"She fell for it hook, line, and sinker and said, 'Why, Mr. Kelton is at the district attorney's office now—at least I think he is.'"

"Oh-oh," Mason said.

Della Street glanced up at the lawyer in swift dismay.

"Well," Mason said, holding the door of the restaurant open, "here's where we turn in. They have a very fine saddle of lamb here."

"What difference does it make to you?" Drake asked. "All you eat is a pineapple and cottage-cheese salad."

"I don't dare to drug myself with food when I'm going into court," Mason said.

"How about Della?"

"She can eat," Mason said.

A head waiter came forward and bowed.

Mason said, "What about that small dining-room, Pedro?"

"You mean the private dining-room for twelve?"

"That's right. Anyone in it?"

"No one is there. I will look to see if there are reservations."

Mason looked over the head of the waiter, caught the eye of the manager, and said, "Hi, Jim," to Selkirk.

Selkirk came hurrying over.

that by putting Kelton on the stand under oath he ties him down and gets him so he can't change his story.

"The other one is that if Kelton should skip out before the case comes to trial he can show that he can't find Kelton within the State and then seek to use his evidence given at the preliminary examination. The advantage of that is that if he catches me by surprise my cross-examination may not be

"Never mind my name," the man said. "I've got a tip for you. When the police fingerprinted that cabin, they found remarkably few fingerprints. Someone had apparently rubbed off a lot of fingerprints, but there was a stainless-steel tea-kettle in the cupboard above the stove."

"Now don't make any mistake about this. There was an aluminum tea-kettle on the wood stove, a rather battered kettle, but there was a stainless-steel tea-kettle on the upper shelf, and—"

"Just a moment," Mason said. "Excuse me." And then, in a loud voice, "Please don't disturb me at the moment. I'm talking over the telephone . . . How's that?"

Mason clapped his palm over the telephone and motioned to Paul Drake. "Get busy and trace this call, Paul," he said.

Drake moved so rapidly that he toppled his chair backward as he raced for the door of the private dining-room.

Mason, removing his hand, engaged apparently in an altercation with someone. "I'm sorry. I tell you. I can't be disturbed now. I'm talking on the phone. Will you please leave me alone?"

Mason closed his right eye in a wink at Della Street and said, "Della, can you take care of this? I want to be free to talk on the phone . . . This is my secretary, Miss Street. She'll take care of you."

Then Mason said into the phone, "You'll pardon me. I had a most annoying interruption. Now what was it?"

The voice at the other end of the line, speaking so hastily that the words tumbled all over themselves, said, "Look, Mason, you're smart. That may have been on the square, but it may have been a stall to trace this call. Don't try it. There was a stainless-steel tea-kettle, and there were prints on that tea-kettle. The police couldn't identify those prints. Make Tragg produce the prints."

The receiver banged at the other end of the line and the telephone went dead.

Mason slowly and thoughtfully replaced the receiver on the hook.

"A tip?" Della Street asked.

"More than a tip," Mason said, his eyes narrowed in concentration. "A man's voice giving a tip about something that the police have kept very well hushed up. If that information is true, it's of the utmost importance."

THE door opened and Paul came in. "He was too smart for us, Perry. He hung up before I could get to first base."

"I know," Mason said. "Hang it, Paul, that's the break I've been waiting for. Now how did he know where to find us?"

"I'll bite," Drake said. "How did he?"

"We picked this restaurant on the spur of the moment," Mason said. "We were followed here, Paul."

"I guess so," Drake admitted.

"Then it was an expert tailing job," Mason went on. "Abruptly Mason pushed back his chair. 'All right, Paul,' he said, 'we're taking fifteen minutes out.'"

Dismay showed on Drake's face.

"We leave here," Mason said, speaking rapidly. "You turn to the left, Paul. You turn to the right, Della. I'll cross the street and try working both ways as best I can. Go into each place you see, look for a phone booth and ask if a man recently used the telephone."

"Ask if he was a man six feet tall with big shoulders, a slender waist, wavy dark hair, and steel-grey eyes. The eyes will be the most important part of his face. Get busy."

They hurried out of the restaurant. Mason said to the head waiter, "Hold the private dining-room. We'll be back."

Mason dashed across the street and entered the liquor store.

"Phone booth?" he asked. The man shook his head. "We have a public phone there, but—"

"Anyone use it within the past two minutes?"

"Not within the past half-hour."

Mason hurried into a candy store, asked the same question, got the same answer, walked on down the street, covering store after store until he noticed a parking lot. He started to walk past, then saw a telephone booth back against the checking stand.

Mason walked into the parking lot.

The man came forward. "Got a ticket?" he asked.

Mason shook his head. "I'm after information. That telephone booth. Do you remember anyone going in it in the past few minutes?"

"Could be," the attendant said, looking at him curiously. "Why?"

"A man about six feet tall," Mason said, "wavy hair, light steel-grey eyes. He has a rugged face and—"

"I didn't see him use the phone," the checker said, "but he sure parked a car here about five minutes ago."

"Is there any chance you'd be able to point out the car?" Mason asked.

"Look, mister, we're busy. We have a stream of cars and—"

Mason handed him a five-dollar bill.

"That's different," the fellow said. "That guy car over there."

"That's the one?"

He nodded.

"All right. Cover me for a minute," Mason said.

"Now wait a minute. What is this?"

"I just want to look at the registration," Mason said.

The lawyer walked across to the car, jotted down the licence number, opened the door, looked on the steering column and found the certificate of registration with this address: Richard Gilman, 2912 Mosswood Apartments.

Mason walked back to the booth.

"Find what you wanted?" the parking attendant asked.

"I think so," Mason said. "I take it you don't have a very good memory and you've forgotten about my being here?"

"I'd forgotten all about you by the time I got that five bucks in my pocket."

"That's fine," Mason said. He walked into the telephone booth, found the number of Selkirk's, called it, and asked to speak with the head waiter. When he had him on the line, he said, "This is Perry Mason. I'm at Crestwood six, nine six six six. As soon as the parties who were with me come in tell them to call me at this number. It's important."

The waiter assured him that he would, also that he was holding the private dining-room.

Mason took a blank subpoena from his pocket, filled in the name of Richard Gilman as a witness for the defence in the preliminary examination in the case of the people of the State of California versus Gladys Doyle.

The lawyer opened the door of the telephone booth and waited, standing at a point where he could see the grey automobile and also where he could hear the ringing of the telephone bell.

It was ten minutes before the telephone bell jangled. "Hello," Mason said.

Paul Drake's voice came over the wire. "Perry?"

"Yes."

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



"They want the private dining-room," the head waiter said.

"Well, give it to them," Selkirk said.

"Yes, sir; yes, sir," the head waiter said. "Right this way, please."

"Thanks, Jim," Mason said. Selkirk smiled and nodded.

"You have a telephone plug in there?" Mason asked the head waiter.

"Two of them."

"Then bring in two telephones," Mason said. "We're going to be busy."

The lawyer turned to Drake and said, "All right, Paul, you get busy on one of the telephones and keep in touch with your office. I want you to find out everything you can about Kelton."

"Will Ellington use the evidence if he gets it?"

"You're darn right he'll use it," Mason said. "He'll use it on several counts. One of them is

quite so effective as it would be later."

The waiter appeared with two telephones and plugged them in.

Mason said, "Hang it! I just can't understand why we haven't heard from that man."

"What man?"

"The one who was in the cabin. I was betting that he'd come forward—unless, of course, he's the murderer."

Drake was sceptical. "You think there really was a man in the cabin?" he asked.

"Sure there was," Mason said. "My client says there was."

"That's all the evidence there is to indicate it," Drake said. "He didn't leave a fingerprint."

Mason said, "They only found one of the defendant's fingerprints, and that was on the gun. If she'd been in the place turning on water faucets in the bathroom, drinking out of a cup, why didn't they find her fingerprints?"

"I never thought of that," Drake admitted. "You mean her fingerprints had been removed?"

"There's a darned good chance," Mason said, "that somebody removed a lot of fingerprints."

The head waiter appeared in the door and said, "Pardon me, Mr. Mason, but there is a telephone call for you."

Mason exchanged glances with Paul and Della. "Either of you say where we were going to eat lunch?"

Della Street shook her head. "We didn't even know," Drake said.

"Shall I say you are not here?" Pedro asked.

"No," Mason said, picking up the telephone. "I'll take the call."

He said to the operator, "There's an incoming call for Perry Mason."

A moment later the operator said, "There's your party. Go ahead, please."

"Hello," Mason said.

A man's voice, speaking in a low monotone, said, "Perry Mason?"

"That's right. May I ask who's talking?"

YOUR BOOKSHELF

● Happy Christmas! Happy reading! Below, see a last-minute bundle of books, fit to be wrapped in the brightest paper, and sent to the bibliophiles you love. You may even have time to read them first.

"Merry Christmas, Happy New Year" . . .

Phyllis McGinley (Secker and Warburg). American poet McGinley and artist Ilonka Karasz proffer an enchanting collection of sketch and verse, all on the Christmas theme. Some of the poems fit the carol tradition; others are witty, and as topical as the times. Here's Miss McGinley on the season's saint:

*Nicholas, circa Fourth cent., A.D.,
Died in the odor of sanctity.
But fortune changes,
Blessings pass,
And look what's happened to Nicholas.
He who had feared
The world's applause,
Now, with a beard,
Is Santa Claus.*

Read "Lady Selecting Her Christmas Cards," and the satiric "Office Party"—and you'll join the band of admirers who herald Miss McGinley as one of the wisest and wittiest poets writing.

"Eloise at Christmastime" . . .

Kay Thompson (Max Reinhardt).

No one could "rest merry" or fail to be dismayed by that demon child Eloise, whose haunt is New York's Hotel Plaza. A rich, precocious brat, she cuts loose, carolling through the corridors, and generally makes mayhem. Eloise has a vast following of readers. Preferring even fictitious children to be quieter, we don't belong to it. But we still can't help being amused by the miss, and by Hilary Knight's drawings.

WORTH REPORTING

MELBOURNE hair-dresser Ignace has a new look these days.

It's his hair, dressed in the latest style for men: the Napoleon-line with a slightly bouffant look.

But (and here's some hair-raising news) it's a wig.

Not one of those thick, hard-looking, glossy ones. Ignace's top-knot is made of fine human hair, with the normal, thinning-out-towards-the-edges growth.

He says he can wear it under the shower, in the surf; it doesn't make a single false move.

Ignace worked out the formula with some experts in Bremen, Germany, on a recent trip overseas.

The customer's head is measured meticulously, and the hair-piece is then custom-built—and voila! The polished pate disappears, and youth returns, for an investment of £60 to £80.



Ignace
— with

THERE'S a type of South American delicacy called "Mother-in-Law's Eyes." Stuffed prunes.

The price tag whispered

ONE of Sydney's biggest department stores advertised an influx of imported goods—including some exotic American confectionery.

Filled with the spirit of adventure, we sallied along to have a look.

Our roving eye roved. And then stopped, transfixed, on "Golden Glamor" . . .

It was a sort of translucent china bowl, filled with eight little plum puddings and assorted candy all dolled up in gold paper.

The most restrained thing about it was the price tag. "£30/10/-," it whispered in tiny letters.



Ignace
— without

Elizabeth is from Elizabeth

MISS WORLD . . . Miss Universe . . . and now, "Miss Elizabeth," from the modern satellite town of Elizabeth, 17 miles from Adelaide.

Her real name is Elizabeth, too, Elizabeth Griffiths. And she's no gilded beauty queen. She is a fresh-faced, shy little 16-year-old, chosen from 35 entrants in her home town's annual quest to celebrate its birthday.

We met Elizabeth during her week's prizewinning holiday in Sydney. And she had another "appointment" two hours later.

At a beauty salon? Wrong. A screen test, perhaps? No—her final Leaving exam in mathematics. The exams had clashed with her trip, so she'd arranged to take the maths in Sydney.

Maths will play a big part in Elizabeth's career.

She wants to be a computing machine operator at the Long Range Weapons Establishment, which isn't far from home.

The town of Elizabeth has been "home" for Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Griffiths and their three daughters since they migrated from Cardiff, Wales, three years ago.

IN Paris the girls are wearing brown lipstick. "Rather unusual," our communique said, "but pretty with pale cheeks and heavily made-up eyes."



ELIZABETH GRIFFITHS . . . she's headed for the missile range.

About cats: an amewsing tail

THERE'S at least one household in Australia where our serial "Half Angel" was read with real appreciation.

We've just had a letter from Mrs. J. Fuller, of East Brighton, Victoria.

She says that author Barbara Jefferis' description of the Siamese mother cat is so very true.

"I am enclosing a picture showing the consequences of allowing our son, David, to have a Siamese female kitten for his ninth birthday.

"At the present time we are housing a second litter of six kittens, having found homes for the first family of five."

So that's the story of David and the Cat of Siam.

It was (NOT) Brigitte

BRAZIL'S "Brigitte Bardot" undulated into Sydney recently. She was polite, but displeased, with that Bardot comparison.

"I am myself," she stated firmly.

So . . . herself is Miss Norma Bengell (pronounced "Bengal"). But she looks very like the kittenish Bardot.

Norma prefers poodles to kittens.

She has 10 poodles. There's Zsa Zsa Gabor, Sayonara, Marlon Brando, and Sputnik, and six of their children. They all live in the apartment Norma shares with her mother.

In Australia, Norma appeared in a series of stage shows. Next, "I am in Las Vegas," she told a radio interviewer.

The radio-man was having



DAVID FULLER . . . a birthday Siamese kitten became this.



NORMA BENGELL . . . Brazilian beauty has 10 poodles.

a pretty tough time. He'd adjust his tape recorder, ask a question, and "Oh, I don't understand you," Norma sputtered, giggling.

We finally got round to talking to Norma ourselves—and took a startled look at her pale pink, oval fingernails.

They didn't look real. They weren't.

"I eat my nails," said Norma.

Probably NOT so very like Bardot, after all.

A SYDNEY store has the most elegant bed on display: it's a white-painted four-poster with frilly draperies and a Regency-striped bedspread.

Neatly propped up against the pillow is an optimistic notice: "The parcels you carry got home first."

"I struck a blank, Perry. I covered I guess a dozen public telephones and five booths. I asked—"

"Never mind," Mason said. "I've struck pay dirt. How quick can you get a man out here to serve a paper, Paul? A really good operative."

"Oh," Drake said, "fifteen minutes on a guess, if I'm lucky and hurry."

"Get lucky and hurry," Mason said. "I'm waiting right here. This is a telephone booth in the Twenty-four Hour Parking Lot just across the intersection. You have the telephone number, I'm waiting here. You and Della go ahead and order. I'll wait until your process server shows up, then I'll come over and join you."

"This man I want may be here inside of two minutes or he may not be here for hours. I'll cover the place until your man comes."

Mason had been waiting less than ten minutes when a man, walking vigorously down the sidewalk, swung into the parking lot. He was holding out the ticket for his car before he was halfway to the checking station. The attendant took the check, glanced over towards the telephone booth, nodded imperceptibly, then went over and got into the grey automobile with the licence number NRG 936.

The man waited impatiently until the attendant swung the car out into the driveway. It

was just as he was opening the door to get in that Mason tapped him on the shoulder. The man whirled.

Mason extended the paper at him. "Mr. Gilman?" he asked.

"What the devil's this?" Gilman asked.

"Subpoena to appear this afternoon as a witness for the defence in the case of the people of the State of California versus Gladys Doyle. Court convenes at two o'clock. I'd like to have you there at that time, please."

"Perry Mason!" the man exclaimed.

"That's right."

"Good heavens!" the man said. "I—look here, Mason, I can't possibly be a witness for you."

"You can't possibly get out of it," Mason said.

The man was thoughtful. "Look, Mason, where did I make my mistake? Where did I slip up? I know you didn't have any idea I was following you. I—will you tell me where I made my mistake?"

"After you've testified, I will," Mason said.

"I can't testify."

"You've been subpoenaed."

"I tell you, I can't. I'll have to ignore the subpoena."

Mason grinned. "Like that, eh?"

"It's like that, Mason. Now

look, let's be reasonable about this thing."

"You be in court at two o'clock this afternoon," Mason said. "If there's any reason you can't be there, I'll make a showing to the judge as to what your testimony would be and get a continuance."

To be pleased with oneself is the surest way of offending everybody else.

—Bulwer-Lytton

"You don't know what my testimony would be," the man said.

Mason grinned. "You'll testify that you were in the cabin when Gladys Doyle arrived, that her story of what happened is substantially true, that sometime after midnight you went out and got her car out of the mudhole, then drove it down the hill past the cabin, turned it around, and then, because you're an experienced dirt-road driver, managed to work the car through to the upgrade side of the mudhole."

"You may have used your jeep to help you. You wiped the cabin clean of fingerprints,

turned out the oil stove, and left the place, leaving Gladys Doyle still asleep."

"I don't know what else you can testify to, but I hope it will be something that will help my client, because if it doesn't I'm going to make you the murderer of Joseph Manly. Now, if you'll pardon me, I have a luncheon engagement."

Mason walked briskly away.

Back in the restaurant, Mason joined Della and Paul, who were already eating.

"What was it?" Della Street asked.

Mason grinned. "When your process server gets there, tell him to go back, Paul. The guy showed up and I did the job myself. Come on, children, hurry through your food. We're going up to court so we can be there as much before two as possible."

"What's going to happen?" Drake asked.

"A well-dressed man carrying a briefcase is going to come and talk with me," Mason said, "and then I wouldn't be too surprised if we didn't have a conference with Harvey Ellington, and there's a possibility that Hamilton Burger, the district attorney in person, will be in attendance."

Della Street said to the puzzled Paul Drake. "He's located the man who was in the cabin with Gladys Doyle."

Continuing . . . THE CASE OF THE MYTHICAL MONKEYS

[from page 28]

Perry Mason entered the courtroom at ten minutes to two o'clock. A man wearing a grey flannel suit, carrying a briefcase, arose from one of the seats near the door. "Mr. Mason?" he asked.

Mason, striding down the aisle, turned, gave the man a swift appraisal. "That's right."

"Permit me to introduce myself. I'm Dartley B. Irwin."

Mason shook hands, said, "What's your line, Mr. Irwin?"

The man looked swiftly around, then put his hand into his pocket, brought out a leather folder and opened it to disclose a gold badge. Mason examined the badge, which was pinned to one side of the folder, and the identification card which showed through a cellophane window on the other side.

"Now look," Irwin said, "we don't want to be disagreeable about this, but you have subpoenaed one of our men."

"I have?" Mason asked, with every semblance of surprise.

"Richard Gilman," Irwin said.

"And he's one of your men?"

"Yes. He can't testify."

"Why not?"

"Because we're working undercover on a very important matter, and to have Gilman get on the witness stand and disclose his identity at this time, or to be examined about the matter on which we're working, would be fatal."

"Fatal to whom?" Mason asked.

"Fatal to the operation."

"And if he doesn't testify," Mason said, "this case may be fatal to the defendant. Have you ever stopped to think that one out?"

"I hadn't," Irwin admitted, "up to a short while ago, but within the last hour I've given the matter very careful consideration."

"And so?" Mason asked.

"This is a hearing addressed to the discretion of the magistrate. The question is whether there is sufficient evidence to connect the defendant with the crime of murder. The prosecution can't convict her in this court, and you can't get her acquitted. Now, we're willing to make a deal."

"What sort of a deal?" Mason asked.

"We're willing to have Richard Gilman appear in chambers before the magistrate. Both you and the prosecution can question him as to what happened. He'll make a statement. That statement won't be public; it won't be a part of the record in the case. It will be made outside the courtroom, but it will be stipulated between you and the prosecution that the magistrate may consider that statement as part of the evidence in the case."

Mason shook his head.

"Why not?"

"Because that's not the legal procedure," Mason said. "I want an opportunity to examine this witness. I want to know what's happening, and I want the hearing to be in the presence of the defendant."

"But I don't see what difference it makes," Irwin said. "We can, of course, go one step farther if you want. We can have the court reporter present to take down what is said, and, as far as the

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ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

The Rescuers

By
MARGERY SHARP

ILLUSTRATED BY KICK

WHEN the Prisoners' Aid Society (all its members are mice) decide they must rescue a Norwegian poet from the infamous Black Castle, they realise they need a Norwegian-speaking mouse. Knowing that a white mouse, MISS BIANCA, who lives in the Embassy, is to go to Norway with the Ambassador, they delegate an Embassy pantry mouse, BERNARD, to contact her. In Norway she finds a volunteer, a tough seagoing mouse, NILS. She draws a map of directions to get to the mice's headquarters, the Moot-house, but then gets an extraordinary idea. NOW READ ON:

MISS BIANCA was silent for a moment and then went on, "All the same, I think it will be wiser to return with you myself and conduct you to the Moot-house in person."

What on earth induced her to make such a mad, unnecessary offer? Her own personal mission was creditably accomplished, no one expected any more of her, upstairs in the Boy's new schoolroom a luxurious Porcelain Pagoda waited for her to come back to it. As the Boy waited for her — or would wait, how anxiously — should she quit his side! Miss Bianca's eyes filled with tears as she thought of him. But she thought also of someone else: of Bernard from the Pantry.

It has often been remarked that women of rank, once their affections are engaged, can be completely reckless of the consequences. Duchesses throw their caps over the windmill for grooms, countesses for footmen: Miss Bianca, more discerningly, remembered Bernard's modesty and kindness and courage.

"Did I call him undistinguished?" she chided herself. "Isn't the Tybalt Star distinction enough for anyone?" To make no bones about it, Miss Bianca suddenly felt that if she was ever to see Bernard again, life in any number of Porcelain Pagodas would be but a hollow sham.

Thus, since obviously Bernard couldn't come to her, it was she who had to rejoin Bernard: and fortunately duty and inclination coincided.

"Which I take very kindly," Nils was saying. "Can you be ready, ma'am, by the dawn tide?"

"What!" exclaimed Miss Bianca. Her thoughts hadn't carried her quite as far as that!

"It so happens there's a cargo-boat," explained Nils. "Nothing like cargo-boats for picking up a passage upon! And not so many bound your ways neither — we should take the chance! In fact, in my opinion, we should start for the docks straight off."

"Heavens!" thought Miss Bianca. Yet in one way it made

her decision easier. The thought of seeing the Boy again, possibly for the last time — or running up on to his pillow and breathing a last farewell in his ear — was already almost unnerving her. "Better not," she thought, "I might break down . . ." She rose, smiling.

"Pray lead the way," said Miss Bianca. "I'm quite ready!"

They left at once. (Nils just fetched his cutlass from the cloak-room and he was ready, too.) No one bothered to say goodbye to them, in fact no one took any notice of them at all. "Do you always set out on a voyage so — so casually?" asked Miss Bianca as they passed through the wood-cellar. She really felt quite nettled.

"Stands to reason," said Nils. "Us Norwegians be forever setting out on voyages." "But one so fraught with peril!" exclaimed Miss Bianca. "All voyages be fraught with peril," said Nils matter-of-factly. "Drowned in his sea-boots' you might call the national epitaph." He paused and looked down at Miss Bianca's tiny feet. "By which same token, ma'am," he added, "where's your galoshes?"

"I'm afraid I haven't any," said Miss Bianca.

Nils gave her an odd glance, a glance she couldn't quite read. She felt nettled again.

"Travelling by bag, as one usually does," she explained icily, "one doesn't need them. In bag, one's feet are always quite beautifully warm . . ."

"In Norway you're better with galoshes," said Nils. "You stay here a minute."

He hurried off, leaving Miss Bianca to wait beside a chopping block. (How thankful she was that no one she knew was likely to come by!) But he wasn't gone long; within a very few minutes back he came hurrying with a pair of lady's galoshes under one arm.

"I've borrowed a pair of Ma's for you," he panted. Miss Bianca looked at them ungratefully; they were far too large and dreadfully shabby. However, there was nothing to do but to put them on, and she did so. "That's more like!" said Nils. "Now we can be on our way!"

Up they went by the wood-shute into the broad Karl Johan's gate. Nils ran straight across and almost immediately entered a tangle of byways leading down to the docks. Slip-slop in her horrid galoshes, Miss Bianca followed. "I'm not seeing much of Norway!" she thought. There was light enough, too, if they hadn't been in such a hurry; a strange pearly greyness filled the streets, all the house-fronts were clearly visible. "Are we passing anything of historic interest?" panted Miss Bianca. But Nils wouldn't stop. He never stopped once until they reached the docks. There, bidding Miss Bianca wait again, he ran swiftly up and down reading the names on the vessels until he found the right hawser. "Follow me!" he finally cried; and Miss Bianca, by now completely out of breath, followed up into a very old, very shabby cargo-boat.

On the first part of the full month's voyage that ensued, Miss Bianca afterwards, and fortunately, remembered almost

With Bernard leading Miss Bianca and Nils, the brave mice set out on their long journey to the Black Castle to rescue the Norwegian poet.



Miss Bianca never dreamt of such an adventure . . . part two of our serial for children

nothing. Most of the time she was seasick. Nils, with the greatest kindness and practicality, found her a snug berth behind the galley-lockers — warm, dry, and, as you might say, next door to a restaurant: but though thankful to be dry and warm, Miss Bianca turned in loathing from even the excellent local cheese. A few drops of water, a few crumbs of dry bread, were all she could face. She lay curled on a bed of potato peelings — how different from her pink-silk sheets! — and merely suffered. If the North Sea was terrible, the English Channel was worse — while as for the Bay of Biscay, Miss Bianca could never subsequently endure even to hear it named.

The spirits of Nils, on the other hand, as soon as they were fairly out to sea, rose and rose. He sang sea chanteys almost continually, often breaking out as well into snatches of a long saga about someone called Harald Fairhair.

He ran in and out of the scuppers, up and down the rigging; there wasn't a cat or dog on board, reported Nils joyfully, it might have been his own command!

"Come up and see!" he urged Miss Bianca. "Come up and see the great billows, and how our vessel breasts them! Come up and see the lights of the ports, how they sparkle on the water! Come up and see the rays of the great lighthouses — each and all specially designed for the protection of us Norwegians!"

"I'm sorry, I have a headache," said Miss Bianca.

"A headache at sea? But the sea cures everything!" cried Nils incredulously.

"I'm writing poetry," said Miss Bianca.

So indeed she was. She hoped that in the event of shipwreck (which she fully expected) the following lines, sealed up in an iodine-bottle, might be washed ashore and bring some comfort to the Boy.

Poem by Miss Bianca, written at sea:

"Dear Boy! I would not have thee weep!
Sooner forget thy Miss Bianca quite!
Yet know, 'twas only Duty's higher call
Could e'er have torn her from thy loving side!"

M.B.

The rhyme wasn't quite perfect, owing to seasickness, but it was the best she could do, and Nils kindly saw to heaving the bottle overboard.

He was as kind as possible — whenever he remembered her. It was a new experience to Miss Bianca not to be the centre of attention, and led her to reflect a good deal on several points which she had hitherto taken for granted.

Life in a Porcelain Pagoda had always seemed so natural to her! As cream cheese from a silver bonbon dish, and golden swings to swing on, and a silver chain to wear, seemed mere necessities! As she told Bernard, Miss Bianca firmly believed that her devotion to the Boy made an ample return, and she believed so still; but it did now enter her mind that such an existence was unusual, and not the only possible one. Could one not find equal happiness, mused Miss Bianca, if not equal luxury, in devotion to another mouse? "Of course we should be very poor!" thought Miss Bianca. "I wonder how the poor live?"

She asked Nils. She put it very delicately, in a roundabout way, so as not to hurt his feelings.

"What does your father do?" asked Miss Bianca.

Nils pulled his whiskers. They were sitting together in the lee of a stanchion; it was a fine, calm night, very starry, and Miss Bianca had for once ventured up on deck.

"At a guess, he'll be voyaging — same as us," said Nils.

"But don't you know?" exclaimed Miss Bianca, astonished.

"Haven't seen the old buffer in years," said Nils casually.

"But who looks after your mother, and the family?" asked Miss Bianca. "How many brothers and sisters have you?"

Nils pulled his whiskers again. All mice have large families, and Nils was no better than any other man at keeping track of relations.

"A couple of dozen?" he suggested. "Soon as they're able, they go voyaging too — at least us boys do. The girls, until they marry, mostly stay home helping Ma. Ma takes in washing."

Miss Bianca shuddered. She had never imagined anything quite as dreadful as that! But she concealed her horror.

"No doubt it's because you're a race of seafarers," she said, "that your wives are left so much alone. Marrying a mouse in a good shore situation, such as a pantry, for instance, would no doubt be very different. At least he would remain at one's side, in however modest a dwelling."

"As to that I couldn't say," replied Nils. "In Ma's opinion, the laundry runs a great deal better when she runs it herself."

"Poor soul!" thought Miss Bianca. Twenty-four children to support! — what deprivations they must have suffered! Perhaps not even new hats for Easter, and cream cheese only the rarest treat.

"How the poor live!" cried Miss Bianca uncontrollably. "It's quite dreadful to think of!"

"Is it? Maybe, I don't know any poor," said Nils. He paused, and looked at her kindly. "Except, maybe," he added, "for one poor little female that hadn't any galoshes . . ."

Miss Bianca returned to her berth a thoughtful mouse indeed. She lay awake most of next day. To do her justice, Nils' silly misapprehension didn't occupy her long; looked at in one way it was almost amusing to own a Porcelain Pagoda and yet be taken for poverty-stricken because one happened to borrow a pair of galoshes! (If only Nils knew, thought Miss Bianca, actually smiling.)

No, what really engaged her attention was the fact that Nils didn't consider himself or his family poor. However small their income, he seemed to find it perfectly sufficient.

Life outside a Porcelain Pagoda was certainly possible, then, reflected Miss Bianca . . .

"But I could never, never take in washing!" she told herself.

With the best will in the world — and though she was rapidly shedding many of her prejudices — she couldn't believe Nils' mother to be happy. Alone all day at the mangle (except for, say, half-a-dozen daughters), and quite unsupported by a husband's company, how indeed could she be anything but wretched? The picture would be very different, of course, with a loving husband in it as well . . .

"But I wonder if I could give drawing lessons?" mused Miss Bianca.

She was in a very distracted, uneasy state of mind; and to make matters worse, as the days passed and they began to near their destination, Nils started bothering her about the chart — a subject on which she was particularly sensitive.

Nils had taken charge of it at once, and kept it stowed in his left-leg sea-boot, where it naturally rubbed against all the other things he kept there until it was quite smudged. Also the folding-corkscrew must have come up, for there was a great round hole through one of the duckponds, or roses.

"Really!" exclaimed Miss Bianca, as he pulled it out. Secretly she was rather pleased; if she hadn't known how to draw a chart, Nils certainly didn't know how to take care of one.

"After all my trouble!" exclaimed Miss Bianca. Women can be dreadfully unfair, when prestige is at stake.

"It looks all right to me," said Nils. "Why, Skipper's chart up aloft you can't hardly read for cocoa! I can find my way all right. All I was going to ask was, be they duckponds linked by navigable streams?"

With growing horror, Miss Bianca realised that what she'd intended for a map of the Capital, Nils took to be a map of the route to the Capital from the port. In honesty, she must have answered that she had simply no idea — or have gone even further, and confessed that the duckponds were in fact artificial roses. But what then would become of Nils' confidence in her?

It was dreadful of her to tell a lie; her only consolation was that she'd practically told this one already, when she let Nils believe the roses to be duckponds in the first place, so it wouldn't count twice.

"By navigable streams," said Miss Bianca.

"Simplifies things," said Nils happily.

"I'm sure I hope so," said Miss Bianca.

Nils took out the chart and studied it every day. He liked studying charts. But poor Miss Bianca never watched him without feelings of guilt and apprehension.

The days grew warmer and sunnier, the seas calmer. They were in the Mediterranean. Miss Bianca, who had done Greek and Latin with the Boy, spent more and more time on deck, gazing with a classical expression towards the fabled shores of Italy, Greece, and the Peloponnese.

"Hector and the windy plains of Troy!" murmured Miss Bianca to herself. "The March of Ten Thousand, the Spartans by the sea-wet strand, also foam-white Venus rising from the waves!" Never were the advantages of education better exemplified; she really forgot, for hours together, every distressing circumstance.

What she remembered was the Boy's schoolroom, in all its comfort and quietude; and the kindness of the Boy's tutor in allowing her to sit on the page; and the pleasure of shared intellectual achievement as she and the Boy both got a verb right at the same moment, or memorised together some verse of splendid poetry. (Miss Bianca had had the best models.)

In happy dreams, she saw Nils safe at the Moot-house while she herself ran back to the Embassy . . . She was quite confident that the new Ambassador would recognise her — if only by her silvery chain — and take promptest steps to return her to the Boy.

How she would enjoy travelling by Bag again.

It will be seen that Miss Bianca had once more changed her mind. Upon thinking it over she found she would prefer not to give drawing lessons. She was determined to bid Bernard but a last, fond farewell.

Two days later they docked.

It is always agreeable to set foot on one's native shore again — and indeed Miss Bianca would have been glad to set foot on any shore; on the other hand, all seaports were equally foreign to her, and as she stood beside Nils on the quay (they had been among the first to disembark) she felt as bewildered as upon the quay-side in Norway.

To make matters worse, it was now that her responsibility really began, and when Nils immediately suggested picking up a dinghy — obviously quite confident that she knew where one picked up dinghies — Miss Bianca could only pretend not to hear, for never was confidence more misplaced.

She looked hopelessly about — up at the great hulls of the seafaring ships — up, even higher, at the great cranes unloading them — back towards the rows of Customs-sheds and warehouses — and really felt the situation quite beyond her. Then, fortunately, she looked down.

Bobbing against the foot of a flight of landing-steps lay a model speedboat.

Miss Bianca could hardly believe her eyes. She recognised it at once. It was the Boy's, a gift to him from the American naval attaché — about fifteen inches long, and so wonderfully high-powered that the bath was scarred all round by its steely

prow before some high-handed Someone indignantly fished it out. Then it had been lost.

Both the Boy and Miss Bianca suspected that Someone of throwing it away. And now there it lay, after what inconceivable journeyings by gutter, stream, and canal, just as though dispatched by the Prisoners' Aid Society.

Miss Bianca instantly ran down, stepped on board, and entered the cabin. What a relief it was to sit on proper cushions again! What a pleasure to see the elegant silver-plating, the polished woodwork, the little bunch of artificial violets attached to a bulkhead! Even Nils, following, was impressed, as Miss Bianca welcomed him with the happy smile of the unexpectedly triumphant hostess.

"This is what I call organisation," said Nils. "My word, she's a neat craft!"

"Custom-built," murmured Miss Bianca, "for a friend of mine. But do you know how to work it?" she added, in some anxiety. "I believe it's what they call atomic."

"I was never yet aboard a craft I couldn't master," said Nils hardily. Actually he pulled several wrong levers before he got the hang of things, and nearly swamped Miss Bianca in the process; but at last they were fairly under way.

WHAT happened subsequently will be forever famous in naval annals. With a hundred miles to go, and navigating solely by Miss Bianca's sketch of a garden-party hat, Nils actually succeeded in reaching the Capital. If a duck-pond, when he came to it, was bigger than he expected — actually a lake — Nils drove his vessel on regardless.

There were navigable streams indeed, only they happened to be rivers; Nils scorched up them like a motorist entered for the Grand Prix. Now and then he yelled back to Miss Bianca, over his shoulder, such exclamations as "Norway for ever!" also his inevitable references to Harald Fairhair — but ever and always keeping an eye on the chart.

Miss Bianca, who naturally didn't recognise their course, could only hope for the best — but they were evidently getting somewhere, and far, far more comfortably than she had anticipated. From time to time she fed Nils with coffee-sugar out of one of the lockers. Coffee-sugar! How well she remembered the Boy stocking it, that locker, with his mother's specially imported coffee-sugar!

"How could I ever abandon him?" thought Miss Bianca, nibbling a pink bit herself. "Dear Boy, how could I ever think of abandoning you — ingrate that I am? As soon as I have dispatched Nils to the Moot-house, back, back to the Embassy will I run!"

With a final swish and swoop Nils rammed a familiar quay — one shallow marble step nudged by water-lilies. The little lagoon in which they rocked was actually the Embassy's boating-water. Almost overcome by relief and thankfulness, Miss Bianca emerged from the cabin and removed her galoshes.

"Correct landfall!" said Nils, switching off the headlights. (They had arrived about midnight, blazing like a rocket.)

"Perfect!" Miss Bianca congratulated him.

"Thanks to the clearest chart I ever steered by," said Nils. "Where to now?"

Miss Bianca swiftly reminded herself of Bernard's directions. The tavern in whose cellar the Moot-house was situated backed on to the Embassy stables — no more than a mouse-run away, across shaven lawn; and once inside the stables, there were signposts (as there always are in the vicinity of any historic monument). Nils could easily find the Moot-house by himself, while she ran straight back to dear familiar surroundings . . .

But for several reasons Miss Bianca rejected this sensible course. One reason, it must be admitted, was that she wanted to get full credit for her heroism and be publicly thanked. If it was conceded, it was also very natural!

"Now we must report at the Moot-house," said Miss Bianca, "to which I will conduct you myself."

She left the galoshes behind in the speedboat. She nearly popped them overboard, but remembered in time they belonged to Nils' mother, who might want them back.

Once again the Moot-house saw a full meeting of the Prisoners' Aid Society.

For the past week, indeed, members had been gathering there every night in case the bravest mouse in Norway suddenly turned up. There were also some sceptics among them who believed he never would turn up, and who came simply to bait Madam Chairwoman.

The most mean-minded thing on earth is to rejoice in seeing a high endeavor fail; but it is not, alas, unknown. The great majority, however, were decent, honest, well-intentioned folk, just eager to be in on any excitement going — and getting a little bored with waiting for it.

It can therefore be imagined what cheers burst forth when Nils and Miss Bianca, escorted by Madam Chairwoman and the Secretary, suddenly appeared on the platform!

"Cheer yourselves hoarse, my dear friends," cried Madam Chairwoman triumphantly. "You have every reason to! Not only has this heroine — she bowed towards Miss Bianca — successfully accomplished her mission — as witness the presence of our gallant Norwegian comrade — but she has even returned herself to be his guide! Hip, hip —"

"Hooray!" cried all the mice. "Three cheers for Miss Bianca! Speech, speech!"

Miss Bianca shook her head modestly. She just advanced

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Mediterranean sun fun

● The chic yet full-of-fun comfort of European beach dressing is shown here in these six Paris-inspired resort fashions. In all the designs color is just as important as cut.



SHORT-CUT pleated sun-skirt and matching top are circled at the wearer's waist-line with a self-material sash. The separates are in bold printed cotton, and the beach hat is in black linen.



EFFECTIVE beach-cum-resort dress (left) has a gay color arrangement of orange cotton with contrast print in reds-and-white, plus a black-and-white braid trim.

AMUSING hand-painted swimsuit (above) is shown with and without a leotard. Minus the leotard the suit is very seaworthy and fits the wearer as well as a second skin.



BEACH SHIRT
(left) is designed to
button over shorts
or a swimsuit. This
one has a classic cut
and is made in a
vivid cotton print.



THIGH-LENGTH
beach tunic
(left) is made in
rose-pink straw
cloth and
trimmed with
neat self-bows at
waist and hem.

GALA beach
dressing is seen
in the pleated
short-cut coat
(right). Note the
ballooning
sleeves cuffed
below the elbow.



Tropical dessert wins prize

● A recipe for a luscious tropical-fruit-flavored tart wins the main prize of £5 in this week's contest.

THIS prizewinning recipe combines the smooth texture and bland flavor of cottage cheese with the sharp or tangy flavor of the various fruits used in the filling.

A consolation prize of £1 is awarded to a recipe for hamburger surprises.

Spoon measurements are level.

PAPAW CHEESE TART

Pastry: Three ounces self-raising flour, 2oz. plain flour, 1oz. cornflour, 2oz. sugar, 3oz.

butter or substitute, 1 egg-yolk, 2 tablespoons milk.

Filling: Two cups diced fresh or tinned papaw, 3 passionfruit, juice of 1 orange, 6oz. cottage cheese, 1½ cups sugar, 2oz. butter or substitute, ½ cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2 eggs, ½ cup milk, 1 tea-spoon brandy or rum.

Sift flours and salt into basin, rub in shortening, add sugar, mix well. Beat egg-yolk and milk together, add to dry ingredients, mix to dry dough. Roll out to ¼ in. thickness. Line tart-plate, bake in hot oven 10 minutes.

Remove skin and seeds from papaw and cut into small dice, place in bowl, add passionfruit pulp, orange juice, ½ cup of the sugar. Rub the cottage cheese through fine strainer, add remaining sugar and mix well. Add butter and beat until light, blend in the sifted flour and salt. Add eggs alternately with milk which has been flavored with brandy; beat well. Place fruit mixture into partly cooked pastry-case, top with cheese mixture. Return to moderate oven, bake until filling is set.

First Prize of £5 to Miss J. Whettam, Toorbul Point Road, Caboolture, Qld.

HAMBURGER SURPRISES

One and a half pounds chuck or round steak, minced finely, 1 large onion, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, ½ teaspoon mixed mustard, ½ cup milk, flour, fat.

Mix meat, grated onion, and breadcrumbs together in basin. Beat egg with milk, salt, pepper, sauce, and mustard, add to meat and mix well. Shape meat mixture into hamburgers, using lightly floured hands. Place hamburgers on well-greased



PAPAW CHEESE TART decorated with whipped, sweetened cream and passionfruit pulp will prove a favorite.

griddle-iron or heavy frying-pan and cook on both sides until golden brown. Top each hamburger with any one of the following toppings, place under grill, complete cooking.

TOPPINGS

Strips of cheese, crossed.
Tomato slices, with green pepper rings, seasoned.
Arrange small whole mushrooms on top, sprinkle with pepper, salt, dot with butter.
Combine grated tasty cheese with a little tomato sauce, chopped shallots.
Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Pennicott, High Street, Oatlands, Tas.

YOU AND YOUR BABY

A VALUABLE guide to parents is the book "You and Your Baby," by Sister Mary Jacob, A.T.N.A., our mothercraft nurse, which has just been published in a revised and enlarged sixth edition.

The book contains practical advice and helpful knowledge on all aspects of mothercraft. It has proved invaluable to mothers living in isolated areas where there are no baby clinics.

"You and Your Baby" is obtainable at booksellers in all capital cities or by post from our Mothercraft Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 15/-, plus 10d. postage. Please print names and addresses clearly.

"AUSTRALIA FROM THE AIR"

● "Australia From The Air"—our 1959 Australia book with 66 magnificent aerial color photographs—is now on sale. The book is a wonderful gift for friends at home or overseas. Fill in the coupon below and the book will be sent for 7/6, post free, to any address in the world. Copies also may be obtained from newsagents and our offices in capital cities.

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towards the edge of the platform and bowed.

"As for you, sir," continued Madam Chairwoman, turning to Nils, "your gallantry and devotion—"

"Think nothing of it, ma'am," said Nils stolidly. "—will ever be illumined in the annals of our race! The Jean Fromage Medal—"

"That's right!" cried the mice. "Give 'em both the Jean Fromage!"

"I was going to say," said Madam Chairwoman, "that the Jean Fromage, if this enterprise is brought to a successful conclusion, may well be eclipsed by the 'Nils and Miss Bianca! Hip, hip—'"

"Hooray!" cried everyone. Where in all this joyful pandemonium was Bernard?

He was sitting in his usual humble place at the back. He wasn't even cheering. He was too much overcome by seeing Miss Bianca again. Moreover there was a thought he couldn't keep from darting through his mind: was it only to guide Nils that she's returned? Could it be just possible that she had some other motive?

As she advanced in all her loveliness to the edge of the platform, hadn't she appeared, however discreetly, to be looking for someone? Obviously she couldn't ask point-blank where that someone was—female delicacy forbade; but supposing, just supposing—

Bernard found himself tramping up on his big feet towards the platform. He didn't care what other mice his progress overturned—he needed to get close to Miss Bianca.

"Thus you see how earnestly

we thank you—" Madam Chairwoman was saying to Nils.

"Miss Bianca!" whispered Bernard.

She glanced quickly round and ran to the platform's edge. Across the row of potted plants, their whiskers touched. "Bernard!" breathed she.

"But you shall not attempt the Black Castle alone!" cried Madam Chairwoman. Bernard and Miss Bianca must have missed a bit. "I now call for a volunteer to support our heroic Norwegian friend!"

Instantly, simply to prove himself in the slightest degree worthy of Miss Bianca's regard—

"I'll go!" shouted Bernard. Miss Bianca drew a deep breath. Admittedly such a warmth of welcome—how different from the send-off in Norway!—had gone a little to her head; but she was influenced even more by the look on Bernard's face.

"And I will, too," said Miss Bianca—changing her mind again.

They received all last instructions in the committee-room.

"To pay compliments anew would be superfluous," said Madam Chairwoman briskly.

"Therefore to business! You will travel by provision-waggon. As you all know—or as we must inform our Norwegian friend—the Black Castle is provisioned but once a year. Once in each year, and only once, its gate opens to admit waggons from the country with flour, bacon, potatoes, and so on.

Continuing . . . THE RESCUERS

[from page 31]

"Thanks to Miss Bianca, we are just in time to catch them. They will halt at the Town Gate, to pick up cough-cure for the gaolers, and there you must be ready tomorrow morning at five o'clock sharp. I believe the journey takes about two weeks; within two weeks," said Madam Chairwoman impressively, "you will all three be inside! The luck of the mice go with you! Any questions?"

Miss Bianca shook her head. Only Bernard spoke up.

"What do we do, exactly," asked Bernard in his painstaking way, "once we're in to get the prisoner out?"

"That I leave to you," said Madam Chairwoman blandly.

It was next morning. Outside the Town Gate, in the soft, misty autumn dawn, the great cases of cough-cure stood ready for loading. The Black Castle was so damp, its gaolers had coughs all the year round. And Nils and Bernard and Miss Bianca stood ready, too. If they huddled rather close together, and if Miss Bianca's teeth chattered a little, it was probably because the dawn was rather chilly.

Nils had on his sea-boots. Though Bernard thoroughly pointed out their uselessness, and indeed inconvenience, he wouldn't be parted from them.

"It's no use arguing," said Nils. "Without my sea-boots I wouldn't feel myself. That's how us Norwegians are." Miss Bianca smiled at him under-

standingly; she felt the same way about her silver chain. Bernard had pointed out the unsuitability of this, too, he feared it might attract robbers; but without it Miss Bianca wouldn't have felt herself—

She carried only a small hand-valise containing toilet articles and a fan. (There had been little time for shopping.) Bernard had a stout cudgel and an iron ration of sealing-wax tied up in a large spotted handkerchief.

"Hark!" exclaimed Miss Bianca.

There was a jingle of bells, and suddenly, out of the dispersing mist, loomed an enormous waggon. Four great horses pulled it, their heads bobbing and bowing somewhere up in the sky; and from far above even them, a loud rough voice bellowed "Whoa!"

The waggon halted.

"All aboard!" cried Nils.

He ran swiftly up a trailing rope. Bernard seized Miss Bianca's valise and helped her to follow. Scarcely had they found shelter between two flour-sacks than a series of shuddering thumps told them the cough-cure was aboard, too; then came another loud shout, a whip cracked, and off the waggon rolled, on its way to the Black Castle.

Theirs was the leading waggon. Behind rolled five others. All six were loaded with flour, bacon, potatoes, and black treacle, but the first carried in addition cough-cure, chewing-gum, and cigars. These last luxuries were for the gaolers—the cough-cure for

the common sort, the chewing-gum and cigars for the Head.

So loaded, and bound for so terrible a destination, it might have been expected that the journey would be terrible indeed, and Miss Bianca was prepared to cry herself to sleep every night, in the little tent Bernard arranged for her between two flour-sacks.

But not a bit of it.

It wasn't impossible to be happy, it was impossible not to be happy—as the great waggons rolled and swayed on their way, bells jingling, harness glinting, under a strong October sun, through a countryside scarlet with turning leaves and gold with stubble-fields. How tuneful those jingling bells, how bright each star and crescent winking from martingale and brow-band!—and the ribbons, too, plaited into mane and tail!

Red and yellow and orange, the colors proper to autumn, how they enhanced a chestnut or dappled beauty! But best of all was the rhythm of the six great waggons rolling together, keeping distance yet ever in touch, like six great ships at sea. "Us should have sails set!" shouted Nils, running up the tail-board. "Five capital craft in line astern—and us aboard the Admiral's!"

It was astonishing how quickly the mice felt at home. They had the whole place to themselves, for the waggoner sat on his high seat in front and only once a day cast an eye over the load to make sure all was ship-shape. They soon knew the names of their four horses, which were King, Prince, Emperor, and Albert. Albert was Miss Bianca's favorite.

As to food, of course, no

mice could have been better off: the whole waggon was simply one great running buffet!

That was by day; each night, all six waggons drew up in company, and the six jolly waggoners, after they had built a fire and eaten a great meal, told stories and sang songs. Not even Miss Bianca found their voices rough, then, as in beautiful deep harmony they begged their loved ones, also their favorite inns, never to forget them.

As one touching melody followed another, Miss Bianca's eyes were frequently wet with tears—really just as she'd expected them to be, though for different reasons. These were enjoyable tears—as the saddest songs were enjoyable to the jolly waggoners.

Each night she and Bernard and Nils slipped out of the waggon and crept closer and closer to listen, and if any item had the slightest rhythm of a sea-chanty, Nils would join in; and afterwards they would all stroll back from the concert together, under the glorious moon. It was just like being at Salzburg.

Nils and Bernard had become very good friends. They hadn't much in common, but each saw that in whatever peril lay ahead he could rely on the other's staunchness. They never discussed this peril, or made any sort of plan for their great task of prisoner-rescuing. As Nils sensibly pointed out, it was no use crossing bridges till they came to them, and besides they were having such a happy time it seemed a pity to cast a shade over it.

To be continued

Debbie makes

TRADITIONAL SCOTCH SHORTBREAD

● Friends and relations of all ages consider it a "must" to call at the home of Debbie, our teenage chef, during the New Year holiday season for some of her delicious shortbread. Its pale golden color, even, close texture, and delightful flavor have made this traditional Scotch delicacy a favorite with all.



Cream 7oz. butter and few drops vanilla thoroughly, beat in 3oz. castor sugar. Fold in sifted 9oz. plain and 2oz. rice or corn flour. Bake in slow oven 45 to 60 minutes.



Punch New Year greetings on to shortbread block with a fine skewer. Pinch frill around edge with forefinger and thumb. Serve whole, break off to eat.



Add variation to mixture with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped cherries and almonds. Press into slab-tin, mark into finger lengths both before and after baking. Cool in tin.



Shortbread biscuits are made by forming mixture into bar, then cutting into slices. Use back of knife to obtain rough surface effect. Cook slowly on biscuit trays.



DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● This neat, cotton house dress is my fashion choice in answer to a request from a young married reader.

HERE is the reader's letter and my reply:

"You have helped so many people and now it is my turn with a problem for you to solve. I want a simple basic pattern in size 36in. bust to use for making my house frocks. I want the frock to be neat-waisted with perhaps a couple of pockets in the skirt."

The one-piece dress illustrated at right is designed in answer to your request. The dress would look equally well in stripes, spots, or a plain fabric, and it features the style

points mentioned in your letter.

You can obtain a paper pattern for the dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Beside the picture are further details and how to order.

"I HAVE some fine white crepe for a party frock and am now undecided how it should be made. I want a plain style and finished with shoulder-straps as I have a good suntan. I am 19, SSW. I also have some plain white satin for a trim."

An all-pleated (tiny pleats) short-skirted dress, finished with satin borders and a belt

a la Chanel, would look very chic and tailored in white crepe. The border around the sleeveless bodice top and for the shoulder-straps should be about 1in. wide; the waist belt about 2in., and the hemline band slightly wider.

"I AM going on a cruise this summer and as I do not want to spend too much on clothes I would like you to tell me if I will need a coat, bathing-costume, and formal evening clothes. I am 20."

You will be advised to take a light coat, because sea breezes are apt to be cool, especially at night. Most ships

have a swimming-pool, so take your swimsuit and some sort of wrap. You will change for dinner but this does not necessarily mean "formal." My advice is to pack any pretty short-skirted dresses you have in your wardrobe. If you are buying anything new—make it a ballerina.

"MY problem is a style and material for a bedjacket to be included in my trousseau. I would like it in satin with some sort of lace trim."

My suggestion is a waist-length jacket made in white satin, with lace forming a yoke and tiny sleeves. Have the front closing banded in satin and buttoned with pearl buttons.

"NOW that I have made myself a blue silk afternoon frock with an all-round-pleated skirt, I can't find a becoming way to finish the bodice."

A narrowly pleated bertha collar would be an attractive way to finish the neckline.

DS384: — One - piece dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



Beauty in Brief

FOR SHOPWORN FEET

By CAROLYN EARLE

● When you begin to "feel" your feet, do something about them.

PERHAPS the best known, no-trouble way to ease "shopworn" feet is to bathe them regularly in alternating hot and cold water. This is spartan, but refreshing.

Another simple treatment is a 10-minute soak in thick soapsuds.

Two quick exercises for weary walkers are: (1) Stand barefoot on a telephone book and curl your toes over its edge for a few minutes. (2) Pick up small objects—a small sponge or a pencil—from the floor with your toes.

presence of the defendant is concerned, there's certainly no objection to that.

"We just don't want Gilman appearing on the witness stand; we don't want his picture in the papers, and we don't want the newspaper notoriety that would be incident to a disclosure of how we work."

Mason frowned. "I'd feel more inclined to co-operate if we had received co-operation," he said. "Why didn't Richard Gilman get in touch with me?" "Because I told him not to."

"And why did you tell him not to?" "Because I felt that there was plenty of time before trial to decide what to do. I have taken the matter up with Washington. I haven't as yet received my instructions. Until I did receive those instructions, I wanted to keep Gilman out of it."

"Regardless of what it might mean to the defendant?"

"Remember this, Mason. Gilman's testimony may not do your client one bit of good."

"Why not?"

"She could have murdered Manly, and she probably did."

"I don't subscribe to this—quote, probably, unquote—in a murder case," Mason said.

"Now then, where's Gilman?"

"We can produce him if necessary."

"I'll go this far with you," Mason said. "We'll stipulate that the hearing may be continued in chambers, that the court reporter will be present, that the defendant will be present, that the bailiff will be present."

"We'll stipulate that Gilman can make a statement, provided it's a full and complete disclosure of everything he knows about the case—not only the matters that I would interrogate him about in court but any background information which

you folks have that might be of value to the defendant."

Irwin shook his head. "We can't divulge information. The most we could do is to have Gilman tell about the physical facts—the things that happened there that evening at the cabin."

"He was there?" Mason asked.

"He was there."

"What was he doing?"

"Getting evidence."

"Against whom?"

"I'd rather not answer that at the moment."

"All right," Mason said, his eyes narrowing. "Have your man here at two o'clock. We'll put him on the stand."

"Now wait a minute, Mason," Irwin said. "I've approached you nicely, as man to man. We may be able to bring a little pressure to bear if we have to."

"Try bringing pressure to bear on me when I'm representing a defendant in a case," Mason said, "and see what happens."

"Will you do this?" Irwin asked. "Will you attend a session in chambers with Judge Bagby? Then, if it appears that you're not getting the information you think is required, we'll discuss the courtroom procedure further."

"If it's satisfactory with the defendant, I'll go that far with you," Mason said.

Irwin looked at his watch. "We have only a few minutes."

"Does Judge Bagby know anything about this?"

"Not yet. We haven't approached him."

"The district attorney's office?"

Continuing . . . THE CASE OF THE MYTHICAL MONKEYS

from page 29

"We have approached the district attorney's office. We contacted Hamilton Burger within ten minutes of the time you served this subpoena on Gilman. Mr. Burger is very much concerned."

"I hope you don't interfere with his lunch-hour."

"What do you think of it?"

Mason grinned. "I'm inclined to ride along. I always have the opportunity to state that I'm not satisfied with the procedure, and that we're going back to court. If I think they are becoming unduly secretive, that gives me a weapon to hold over their heads. On the other hand, if I call this man as a witness in court, I've then lost all of the leverage I have, and if he is not very co-operative I can't do very much about it."

"Will I be there?" she asked.

"They didn't want you there, but that was one of the conditions I insisted would have to be in the stipulation. I gather that this man, Gilman, is sympathetic, and has been wanting to come forward and disclose his identity, but his superiors have told him not to until the matter can have been submitted to Washington, and apparently Washington can't make up its mind."

Mason glanced at his watch and said, "Well, we'd better get in to see Judge Bagby before he goes on the bench."

Mason looked back to where Dartley Irwin was standing and nodded his head. Irwin came bustling forward. Together they walked into the chambers of Judge Bagby, Ellington and Burger, the district attorney,

happened. This man is a Government investigator. But I've served a subpoena on him. His name is Richard Gilman. The Government doesn't want to tip its hand in public. Now it has been proposed that we have a hearing in chambers, with the public excluded, and that Gilman tell all he knows about the case."

"What do you think of it?"

Mason grinned. "I'm inclined to ride along. I always have the opportunity to state that I'm not satisfied with the procedure, and that we're going back to court. If I think they are becoming unduly secretive, that gives me a weapon to hold over their heads. On the other hand, if I call this man as a witness in court, I've then lost all of the leverage I have, and if he is not very co-operative I can't do very much about it."

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Mason glanced at his watch and said, "Well, we'd better get in to see Judge Bagby before he goes on the bench."

Mason looked back to where Dartley Irwin was standing and nodded his head. Irwin came bustling forward. Together they walked into the chambers of Judge Bagby, Ellington and Burger, the district attorney,

were already in the judge's chambers.

Judge Bagby looked grave. "I understand the situation, gentlemen," he said. "I am not certain that this is a matter which can be handled by stipulation. The law provides that hearings are to be public and witnesses are to testify in the presence of the defendant."

"That," Mason said, "was the point I had in mind."

"You're willing to proceed in chambers?" Judge Bagby asked.

"I'm willing to try it out," Mason said, "and see what happens. I want it understood that if, at any time, I am not satisfied we can adjourn the hearing to the courtroom and I'll interrogate the witness on a basis of question and answer, and take the ruling of the court as to whether the question calls for evidence which is competent, relevant, and material."

Hamilton Burger shook his head. "I don't think that stipulation is fair."

"Why not?" Mason asked.

"It gives you two strings to your bow—two shots at it. You can turn this man inside out, and then, after you have all the information and all the statements he's made, you can express dissatisfaction with something and call for the hearing to be transferred back to the courtroom. Then you get a chance to go over all the same ground again."

"What's the matter?" Mason asked. "Don't you think this man can tell the same story twice?"

Burger flushed. "I don't see any reason why you should have two shots at it, that's all."

"Well, if that's the case," Mason said, "then we're all finished before we start. There's nothing to be gained by having a discussion in chambers."

"Now just a moment," Irwin interposed. "I think perhaps you're being unduly technical,

Mr. Burger. That is, I think perhaps you're magnifying the possibilities of the situation."

"When you're dealing with Perry Mason," Hamilton Burger said, "you don't magnify anything. He carries his own magnifying glass."

Irwin said, "Nevertheless, we are very eager to try it this way. That is the only condition under which Mr. Mason will proceed, and the Government is very anxious to keep Gilman out of the courtroom."

Burger yielded with poor grace. "All right," he said, "let's get the defendant in here and get it over with."

Judge Bagby sent for the bailiff to bring Gladys Doyle into his chambers.

While she was being brought in, Irwin stepped out into the corridor. A moment later he returned with Richard Gilman, opening the door and entering the chambers just as the bailiff was bringing Gladys Doyle through the courtroom entrance.

Gilman's grin was somewhat sheepish. "Hello, beautiful," he said.

She impulsively gave him her hand. "Hello. I knew I could count on you. I felt that sooner or later you'd come forward and clear me."

"I'm sorry, but I'm afraid it's later and I'm afraid I can't clear you."

Judge Bagby said, "Now, Mr. Court Reporter, I want to have the record on this. It appears that a witness who has been subpoenaed by the defence is in the employ of the United States Government. He is working undercover on a confidential matter, and the Government feels that it would be embarrassing if he should be brought into the courtroom and put on the witness stand."

"He is, however, concededly a man who knows something

To page 39

Fashion FROCKS

• Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"NOELENE."—A neat gingham frock with full skirt and unusual bodice detail. Available in woven check gingham in blue, red, green, pink, and mauve, all with white.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 to 34in. bust 47/3; 36 to 38in. bust 49/6.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 to 34in. bust 78/6; 36 to 38in. bust 79/9.

Postage 3/9 extra.



Anita

"ANITA."—A flattering dress with tailored collar, full skirt, and sash tie at the waist, available in a pretty rose wallpaper design in no-iron cotton. The rose colors are pale pink, pale orange, rose-pink, and aqua, all with green on a white background.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 to 34in. bust 97/9; 36 to 38in. bust 65/6.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 to 34in. bust 97/9; 36 to 38in. bust 98/6.

Postage 4/6 extra.



Noelene



Gai

"GAI."—Smart summer day-dress has round neckline, short sleeves, and draped waist tie. Available in no-iron houndstooth-print cotton in navy, red, Swiss-blue, green, and pale pink, all with white.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 to 34in. bust 59/6; 36 to 38in. bust 61/3.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 to 34in. bust 89/6; 36 to 38in. bust 92/6.

Postage 4/6 extra.

NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on page 45. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 643 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only 42 weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

Now! Baby Rice Cereal

the new *pre-cooked* weaning food
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Robinson's Baby Rice Cereal is specially made as a weaning food for babies. It is pre-cooked rice in powder form, containing vitamins and minerals to provide easily assimilated nourishment essential for your baby's strength and growth. This new baby food has proved most popular in the United Kingdom and is recommended by Infant Welfare Centres there. Now, for the first time, Australian babies can enjoy it, too.

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When your baby is ready for weaning, an all-milk diet ceases to be satisfying, and

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Baby Rice Cereal is prepared in an instant by simply stirring it into warm (boiled) milk.

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Toddlers too, thrive on Robinson's Baby Rice Cereal. They love it sprinkled on their food, or made up into the special recipes given on the pack.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—December 30, 1959

M190



SIMPLE BUT STRIKING DESIGN

● This weather-board all-electric house will be on view next month on Lot 84 at the Parade of Homes on Sydney's North Shore.



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows attractive exterior design of Home Plan No. 701. Front door on the right is approached by a short flight of steps and has a terrace in front of it. The carport is on the left.

THIS house, like all the other 34 houses which are being built for this interesting exhibition, will be fully furnished, have a landscaped garden, and can be inspected by the public.

The exhibition, which is being promoted by the Master Builders' Association of N.S.W., makes home-buying a pleasure instead of an exhausting search.

The houses will be for sale or you can arrange to have similar designs built on your own land. Thus you will have the advantage of knowing exactly what you are getting.

Houses, fittings, and furnishings will show price tickets. Because most people are working to a limited budget, this practical arrangement will enable them to plan their entire home and its contents.

In our January 20 issue you will find a special 32-page booklet which is a complete guide to the Parade of Homes. As well as an easy-to-follow plan of the Cherrybrook Gardens Estate, the exhibition's pleasant wooded site, there are particulars about the stands, exhibits, and sketches, floor plans, particulars, and prices of all the 35 houses.

Home Plan

The house on this page is also No. 701 in our series of Standard Home Plans. A complete set of plans can be bought for £9/9/- from any of our Home Planning Centres, whose addresses are in the box above right.

It is an attractive three-bedroom house, designed by architect Mr. H. L. Divola and built by A. E. Swane and Son Pty. Ltd.

Situated on Lot 84 at the Parade, it faces east and overlooks a slight slope leading down to the trees.

The design is uncluttered and the exterior features overhanging eaves and spacious open carport.

A small flight of steps leads to the front door, which opens directly into the combined living- and dining-rooms.

Built-in cupboards supply wardrobe and linen space and produce labor-saving tops and fittings in the kitchen, which is planned in a practical U-shape for maximum ease of working.

The laundry has a broom cupboard, two tubs and copper, and provision for a washing-machine.

Designed in an L-shape, the large living-dining area measures 21ft. x 12ft. in the living section and 11ft. x 9ft. in the dining.

All the plumbing is confined to the rear of the house so that the back windows are combined in one panel with a surrounding architrave to produce a neat effect.

Windows in the living/dining-room reach from floor to ceiling and have fixed glass panels with hopper-type windows for ventilation.

Eleven squares

Area of the house is 11.5 squares.

The carport could double as an outdoor living area during hot summer days when shade is needed.

An approximate price, which does not include land or fencing, is £4300.

This is only one of our many Standard Home Plans,

which cover a wide range of houses of varying sizes and prices from country homesteads to inexpensive week-enders.

If you would like to see a selection of these plans they are available from any of our Home Planning Centres and have been republished in the following leaflets: "21 Home Plans," "22 Home Plans," "Architects' Signature Plans" (all 2/6 each), and "Contemporary Homes" (3/-).

They will be posted to you promptly. Please enclose an extra fivepence with your request to cover return postage.

Many readers have their own ideas about the type of home they want built for them, and in quite a number

of cases the home they want to build themselves. Our Home Planning Centres will draw a special plan from readers' suggested ideas, and the fee for this service is £1/1/- per square, based on total area, with a minimum fee of £10/10/-. A deposit of £7 is requested on the order.

This means that you can go to your nearest Home Planning Centre, talk to representatives there, and explain the type of house you want. They will then transfer your ideas and make them into a workable design.

Many people prefer a design of their own to be drawn to scale before they make a final decision. Fee for such a ground-plan sketch costs only £2/2/-. It will show the overall area of the house, the positions and sizes of the kitchen, bathroom, laundry, living-rooms, bedrooms, doors, windows, terraces, etc.

Building costs

Another advantage of these ground-plan sketches is that they are adequate for preliminary cost discussion with a builder.

A problem which is common to intending home-builders is planning a home to suit their block of land. Choosing a house you like is one thing, but quite often it does not blend with the site.

Our Home Planning Centres will arrange for one of their representatives to meet you on

OUR CENTRES

THE plan shown on this page can be bought for £9/9/- per full set at any of our Home Planning Centres, which have been established in conjunction with the stores in which they are situated. Addresses are:

BRISBANE: McWhirter's.

TOOWOOMBA: Pigott's.

HOBART: FitzGerald's.

CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern's.

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium.

GEELONG: The Myer Emporium, Fridays and Saturdays only.

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern's.

ADELAIDE: John Martin's.

your land to discuss design. The fee is £5/5/- in the metropolitan area.

If you don't meet the representative on the land a site inspection can be made for £2/2/- and the discussion can take place later at the Home Planning Centre. A full record of your block of land will be kept on file for these future discussions.

Special design

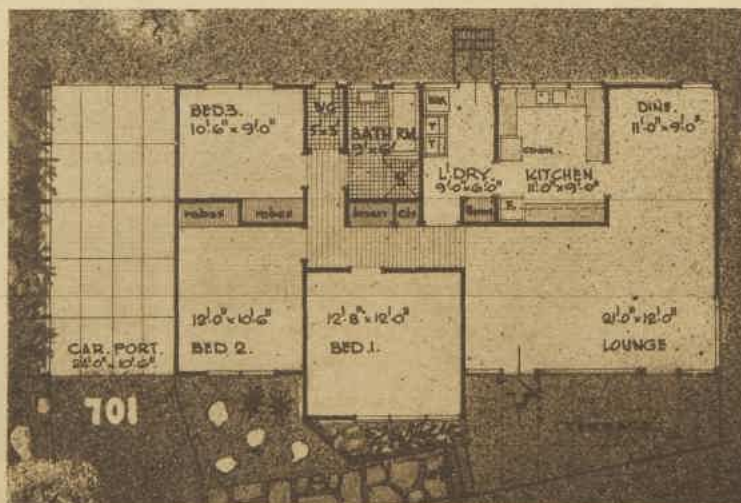
If you don't have any definite ideas about your house but want something different, any of our standard designs can be used as the basis for your individually prepared plan. You can select features of several designs, add ideas of your own, and representatives at our Centres will advise and prepare the new drawing for you.

Standard plans are usually available from stock in any building material. They are all guaranteed to be acceptable to your local council.

Each set of plans contains five copies of plan and three copies of specification.

If you are ordering by mail please give the number of the design and state the building material you wish to be used. Please include fee.

Our Home Planning Centres have a free advisory service on any aspect of planning, decorating, and furnishing your new home. Their addresses are in the panel above.



FLOOR PLAN illustrates the compact design of this family home. Two bedrooms have built-in wardrobes and there is a linen cupboard in the hall. Laundry leads off the kitchen and has entrances from hall and rear of house. There is space for washing-machine.

Continuing . . . THE CASE OF THE MYTHICAL MONKEYS

from page 36

about the facts of the case. It is stipulated that he was at the cabin where the murder was committed on the night of the murder, and that he saw the defendant there. The defence wishes to examine this man as its own witness.

"The defence and the prosecution are willing to stipulate that this preliminary hearing can be had in chambers, that the court reporter will take down everything that is said, and that if counsel for both sides so stipulate it can become a part of the record. It is further stipulated that if, at any time, counsel for the defence is dissatisfied with this procedure he can discontinue it at any time and adjourn the hearing to the courtroom. Is that generally the stipulation, gentlemen?"

"I don't approve of it, but I've been pressured into it," Hamilton Burger said.

"I'm agreeable," Mason said, "but I want the defendant to pass on it."

"That's what I'm coming to," Judge Bagby said. "Now, Miss Doyle, you're the defendant in this case. Is this procedure agreeable to you?"

"It is if it's agreeable to my attorney, Mr. Mason," she said. "I'm in his hands."

"Then let's proceed," Judge Bagby said. "Now, how do you want to handle this, gentlemen?"

Mason said, "I want Gilman to make a statement that will cover the whole background of this case, and—"

"All the pertinent background," Irwin said. "There are some things we will have to withhold."

"I don't want anything withheld," Mason said. "I want a statement. Then, after he's made that statement, either the prosecution or the defence can question him, and it can be done informally. It won't be on the basis of a regular cross-examination. We'll just be trying to get at the evidence."

"Well," Irwin said, "we can start out on that basis."

"Now what about swearing the witness?" Judge Bagby asked.

"He isn't a witness at this point," Irwin said. "He's just making a statement in chambers."

"I want him sworn," Mason said.

Irwin flushed. "You're being rather difficult, Mr. Mason."

Mason surveyed him coldly. "I can," he said, "become even more difficult, if necessary. This is your proposition. Do you want to go through with it or not?"

Irwin said with poor grace, "Very well, let Gilman be sworn."

The court clerk administered the oath to Gilman.

"Go ahead," Mason said, "make your statement."

Gilman said, "We were working on some tax investigations. It was brought to our attention that Mauvis Niles Meade, who had written a best-selling book titled 'Chop the Man Down,' had touched on some matters in that book which indicated she quite probably had first-hand information concerning certain avenues of tax dodging which are of very great interest to the department. It was decided to make an investigation of Miss Meade."

"It soon became apparent that Miss Meade was, from time to time, having a surreptitious rendezvous in a cabin up in the Pine Glen Canyon—the cabin, incidentally, where the murder was committed. I was commissioned to find out something about the cabin and what was going on there."

"I went up there on Sunday night, the eighth of this month. I started an investigation, trying to determine whether there were any papers in the cabin or any books of account which could be photostated to advantage."

"I arrived about ten o'clock

in the evening. I found it rather cold and started an oil fire in the heating stove in the main cabin. I had just got to work when there was the sound of steps on the porch and someone pounding at the door."

"Quite naturally, I was annoyed and frankly somewhat apprehensive. I opened the door, however, and it was the defendant, Gladys Doyle. She told me that her car was stuck and she wanted me to get her out."

"I recognised Gladys Doyle immediately as being the secretary of Mauvis Meade, one of the persons we were investigating, and I assumed, of course, that I had walked into a trap."

"I am afraid that I was, therefore, rather unco-operative, particularly when Miss Doyle announced that she was going to take a hot shower and planned on spending the night there. I felt certain that this was an attempt to trap me, and while Miss Doyle was undressing and taking the shower I stepped outside the cabin and looked around it in order to see if there were people planted around."

"I thought perhaps I was being framed for something, either assault with intent to commit rape or burglary. I had entered the house without a search warrant."

Mason said, "I would like to know exactly what you did after Miss Doyle arrived at the cabin."

Gilman hesitated a moment, then said, "Frankly, Mr. Mason, I wanted to be sure that I wasn't walking into a trap, so I waited until I was certain Miss Doyle was taking a shower. I felt that after she had divested herself of her wearing apparel she wouldn't be apt to try to follow me if I went out and investigated."

"You peeked," Gladys Doyle charged.

Richard Gilman hurried on. "When I was certain that she was actually taking a shower, I went out in the rain and went up the road to take a look and see if her car was actually there."

"Sure enough, the Mauvis Meade station wagon was bogged down in the mudhole just as she had described it. Looking the situation over, it seemed to me that it either represented a bona-fide accident or that the stage had been very carefully set."

GILMAN went on: "I circled the cabin a couple of times, listening and trying as best I could to make certain that there was no one staked out, watching the cabin. When I had reassured myself, I returned to the cabin and then waited until I was certain Miss Doyle had gone to sleep."

"I then walked back up to the station wagon, started the motor, and after some very careful driving managed to extricate it. I drove it down past the cabin to a flat where there's room to turn, turned the car around and drove back up the grade. I was able to get the car through the mud to the upper side of the mudhole. I left the car parked there, the keys in the ignition, all ready to go."

"Then what did you do?" Mason asked.

"I went back to the cabin, looked around and made certain everything was all right, turned off the fire in the oil stove, went back to where I had left my jeep, drove back to town and made a complete report."

"You reported about Gladys

Doyle being at the cabin?" Mason asked.

"Certainly."

"And you were instructed to do what?" Mason asked. "To keep quiet?"

"I don't think I should betray my instructions," Gilman said.

"That would be hearsay anyway," Hamilton Burger interposed.

"What directed your attention to the cabin in the first place?" Mason asked.

Irwin said, "I think I'll answer that question, if you don't mind, Mr. Mason."

"Wait a minute," Judge Bagby said. "You're not under oath and this is all—"



"It's all informal anyway," Mason interposed. "We're simply getting a background here."

"Well, go ahead and explain if you want," Judge Bagby said, "and then we can ask Gilman if your statement is correct, according to his best recollection."

Irwin said, "We knew that Mauvis Meade had been intimately associated with some people whom we were investigating financially. We felt that she might well be juggling funds, so that it would be difficult to trace them."

"We also knew that there were other very attractive women working on some sort of a similar basis. We wanted very much to find out more about that."

"Then Miss Meade began to cultivate Manly, and soon this cabin was being used as a rendezvous for her and Manly."

"A romantic attachment?" Judge Bagby asked.

"Frankly I don't know,"

Irwin said. "That phase of it doesn't interest us as much as the purpose of the meetings and what was going on generally. We found that Manly was leading a double life."

"He'd leave home ostensibly on a business trip. Sometimes he would actually make a business trip, but quite frequently he would detour to an apartment which he maintained at the Gandarra Apartments under the name of Joe Fargo. The apartments are furnished, and there is a garage in the rear for each apartment."

"We checked Manly's apartment and the garage and found that he was keeping a jeep stored in the garage. The registration of that jeep shows that it had been purchased in

his name and registered at his home address."

"Naturally, we put a shadow on Manly, paying particular attention to his comings and goings from the apartment house, and so found out about this cabin up on the Pine Glen Canyon road. Now, I think that's all the detail we care to go into at the present time."

"Then Mauvis Meade is the one who rented this cabin?" Hamilton Burger asked.

Irwin said, "I think you may assume that, but I won't confirm it."

Mason said to Gilman, "Now, as I understand it, when you first got to the cabin and the defendant showed up shortly after you arrived, you thought you had been trapped. Is that right?"

"You're doing undercover work?" Mason asked Gilman. "Of course I am," he said. "Otherwise I'd have—!" He caught himself abruptly and stopped in midsentence.

Judge Bagby looked at Gilman speculatively, then turned to Gladys Doyle. "Of course, the court hasn't had the benefit of the defendant's story," he said, "but it is beginning to look more and more as though this is a situation which is susceptible of an explanation. Mr. Gilman, do you have any idea who murdered Joseph Manly, in the event we should, simply for the sake of argument, assume that this defendant did not do it?"

"I have only an idea," Gilman said.

Mason turned to Hamilton Burger. "You folks found some fingerprints in that cabin?" he asked.

Hamilton Burger nodded.

"Some of them were the defendant's fingerprints?"

"Yes, several," Burger said testily.

"You also found some other prints?" Mason asked.

"You'd better ask Lieutenant Tragg about that," Burger said.

"Get him in here and I'll ask him," Mason said.

"Now, your honor," Burger protested, "that's just the thing I was afraid of about this informal discussion. Mason is using it as grounds for a general fishing expedition. Your honor will notice he hasn't committed himself to a thing as yet."

"He can stall around here, having an informal discussion, getting us to tip our hand, and then say he's decided not to play, that he's going to put Gilman on the stand anyway and walk back into court. He has everything to win and nothing to lose."

"And you don't want me to find out what evidence the prosecution has?" Mason asked.

"Naturally," Burger said.

Mason turned to Judge Bagby and said, "And I submit, your honor, that's not a fair attitude for a prosecutor, in view of the fact that the case has taken the turn it has."

"It seems to me that we are charged with the duty of administering justice, that it's up to us to find out exactly what happened out at that cabin. If this defendant is guilty, that's one thing. If she's innocent, that's quite another."

Judge Bagby cleared his throat. "This is certainly a most peculiar situation," he said. "It would be much better, as far as the formalities are concerned, to have the hearing conducted in a regular manner in the courtroom."

"But, your honor," Irwin protested, "the minute that is done we subject certain people to danger. I am not in a position to state the work on which Mr. Gilman is engaged at the present time, but it is very, very highly confidential."

"He is placed in a strategic position as an undercover man, and to have his identity disclosed at this time would simply ruin our entire plans and play right into the hands of a gang of very shrewd criminals."

Judge Bagby turned to Hamilton Burger. "I take it that you are keeping this situation in mind, Mr. Burger."

"I don't know why I should," Burger said. "Nobody told me anything about it."

Irwin said with some heat, "Well, we certainly aren't going to go into your office and tell you every case we're working on, the investigations we're making, and ask your permission to carry on our business."

"I don't like it," Burger said doggedly.

Mason smiled at Judge Bagby and said, "It seems to me, your honor, that we're doing all right. I think we're getting to the bottom of the case. I'd like very much to have Lieutenant Tragg brought in and ask him about those fingerprints."

"I think I'd like to hear a little more about this," Judge Bagby said, glancing at Hamilton Burger and frowning. "After all, Mr. Burger, the function of a district attorney's office is to do justice. The district attorney is not the representative of the prosecution, despite the fact that he is the prosecutor. He is, actually, the representative of the people. He's the representative of the highest ideals of justice."

Hamilton Burger, his lips clamped in a tight line of anger, jerked his head at Perry Mason and said, "Not when you're dealing with Mason—we're not even dealing. He's handing us out the cards he wants us to have, some of them from the top of the deck, some of them from the middle, some of them from the bottom, and some of them he's keeping up his sleeve."

JUDGE BAGBY smiled, turned to the bailiff, and said, "Let's get Lieutenant Tragg in here."

Gilman said to Perry Mason, "I haven't any idea how you got a line on me. I certainly would like to know."

"And I would," Irwin said. "Perhaps I'll tell you some day," Mason said casually. "A great deal depends on the developments of the next few minutes."

Hamilton Burger got to his feet angrily. "Ellington," he said, "I guess you can handle this. Good day, your honor."

"This seems to me to be approaching a situation where it will be necessary to make a major policy decision on the part of the prosecution," Judge Bagby said coldly. "I know that you are very busy, Mr. Burger, but I do think that it would be advisable for you to remain for a few minutes."

"Very well," Burger said. He turned and engaged Ellington in a whispered conference.

Gilman took advantage of the opportunity to move his chair up close to that of Gladys Doyle. "I'm awfully sorry, Miss Doyle," he said. "If I had had any idea of the real situation—well, you can see how it looked to me."

"I certainly can," she said, smiling. "There are no hard feelings."

"Well—thank you."

The phone rang. Judge Bagby answered it, then called Burger. "It's for you," he said.

Burger picked up the phone, said, "Hello," then listened for some two minutes and said, "All right, bring him up here." He hung up the phone and his face was suffused with smiles.

The door opened and Lieutenant Tragg entered the judge's chambers.

"Sit down, lieutenant."

Judge Bagby invited. "We're having something of an informal conference here. I understand that you found some fingerprints in the cabin, some fingerprints that were not immediately accounted for."

"We found some of the defendant's fingerprints, and we found a few man's fingerprints, but we weren't able to identify them. I now assume they're those of Mr. Gilman. And we found fingerprints of one other person that the expert hasn't been able to identify. He thinks they may have been left by a woman or a child."

Gilman glanced at Mason.

"Did you," Mason asked, "check those fingerprints to see if one of them had been made by Mauvis Meade?"

"Certainly," Tragg said.

"Were any of them hers?"

"No."

"Do you know whose prints they were, lieutenant?"

"I don't."

"Were they good prints?"

"One was a very good latent

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SURVIVING the rigors of a terrific storm that blows up on a subterranean sea, Ronson, Boone, Mason, and Arlene Dahl are, a month later, washed on to a fragment of a sunken city (above). It is the lost city of Atlantis. Amazed, they survey the scene.

Thrills, chills, and fantasies

★ *Jules Verne's classic "Journey to the Centre of the Earth" stars Pat Boone and James Mason as the Scottish scientists who embark on a fantastic adventure.*

A FRENCH lawyer-stockbroker turned science-fiction writer, Jules Verne wrote the story in 1864. It was the third of his "Extraordinary Adventures."

The plot is based on the old idea that a series of underground passages, beginning in some volcano crater, must lead to the earth's core.

On arrival in Iceland, where they believe the trail begins, the two Edinburgh scientists are joined by a friendly young Iclander (Peter Ronson) and the widow (Arlene Dahl) of a Swedish explorer who has been killed in suspicious circumstances.

The film, by 20th Century-Fox, is in color.

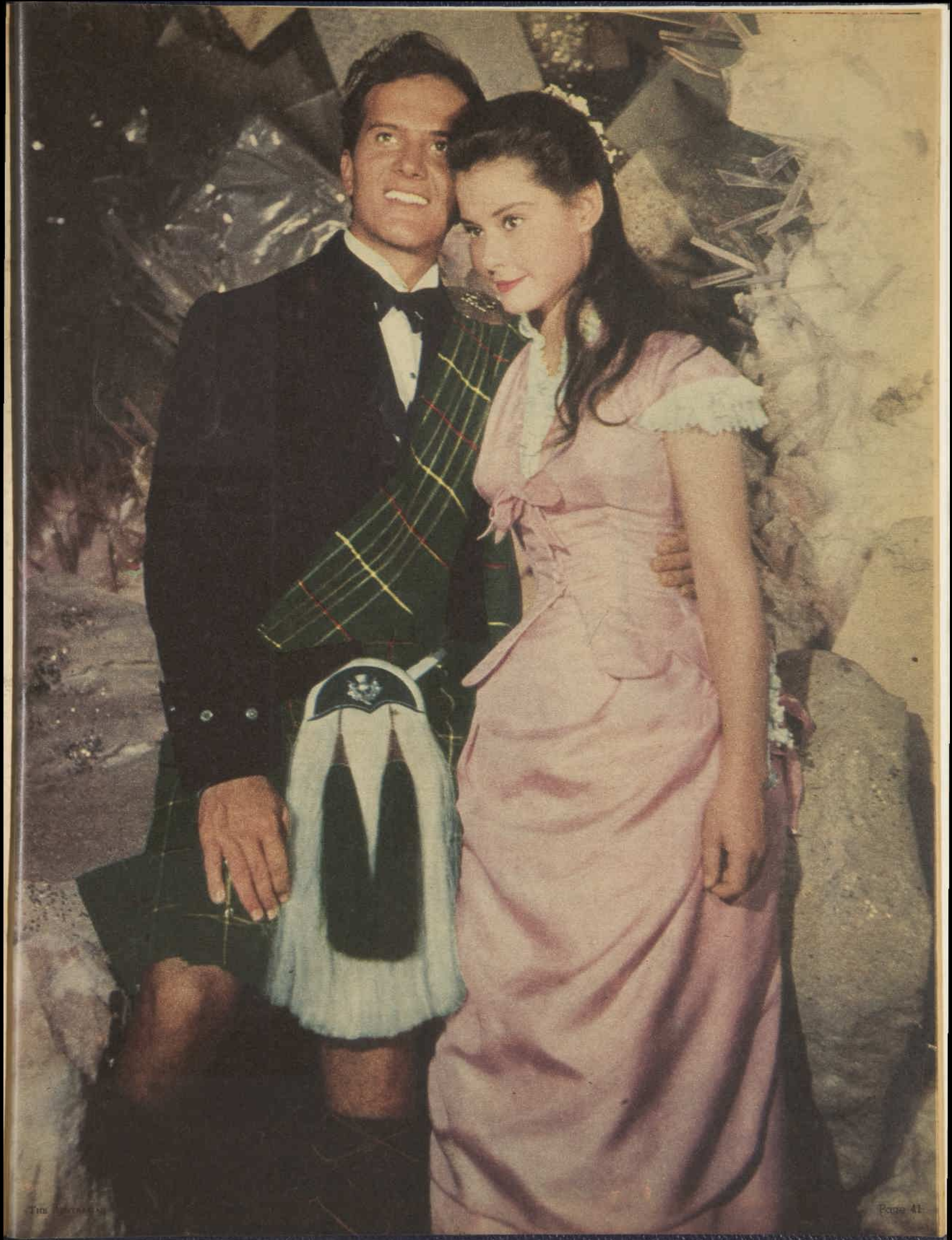
Entertainment



A **HAZARDOUS** series of adventures leads Pat deep into the earth (left), where he finds himself in an eerie land of giant mushrooms and luminous rocks.

PAT BOONE as Alec McEwen, brilliant young Scottish science student, and **Diane Baker** as Jenny, the girl who promises to wait for him while he journeys down to earth's centre.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S
WEEKLY — December 30, 1959



No Ill Will at Christmas

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Australia's first TV Christmas pantomime will be shown on ABC-TV in Sydney, Melbourne, and Brisbane at 5.30 p.m. on Christmas Eve.

THE half-hour of "shush" a panto gives busy mothers will be wonderful on this day, and at the end of it they will have happy children.

The panto has been filmed. It lasts 30 minutes, and if you have the time join the children and have a look. It made me laugh at the end of an awful day, one of those days when nothing goes right from the time you get out of bed.

I was invited to see the dress rehearsal at ABC-TV's Gore Hill studios in Sydney, and I went nursing the grudge I'd had against the world all day. A few minutes from the office there was a cloudburst that held up traffic and gave the grudge a capital G.

Christmas Land

I walked into the middle of Christmas Land, the scene of the panto, with a frown furrowing my forehead, and was greeted by the central character, Good Will, who'd been told to look after me.

Good Will is Mr. Barry Brown, assistant supervisor of the A.B.C. Children's Department, and he was an admirable host.

But he startled me. At that stage I didn't know he was in the pantomime.

He introduced himself and told me earnestly about the production and the cast, ap-

parently unaware that he was wearing a large false nose and the tin rims of a pair of glasses without glass in them.

Mr. Brown looks like Little Noddy grown up, and he was wearing a tartan shirt and a pair of overalls.

His clothes didn't look terribly A.B.C. even for a children's supervisor, so I asked him why he wore them.



Thursday ABC-TV Club members Barbara (Princess Merry) and Brian (the King).

Very surprised, he said, "I'm in disguise. I have to be, because I'm Good Will and I'm ill, and you can't have Ill Will at Christmas."

At this stage, practically knee-deep in multicolored balloons, I started to enjoy myself.

The story of Good Will is not world-shaking, but it's got the ingredients that add up to pantomime enchantment.

If you're interested, my false-nosed friend Good Will is the only person who knows the secret process which makes Merry Christmases, and he has disappeared because he is ill and you can't have Ill Will, etc., etc.

The search for Good Will is in the hands of a private eye who is Jan the Gardener at the palace. Jan is (naturally) a prince in disguise, and when Princess Merry asks his help he sets off to find Good Will.

There is, too, a King and Queen, a Knowledgeable Dragon, who is Reg Quarterly and who wears the most magnificent false eyelashes, and a character called Don't Ask Me, because he always says that when he is asked a question.

You won't be surprised to hear that Jan finds ill Good Will, who is cured by a potion made by Knowledgeable Dragon, that Merry Christmases were manufactured in time, that Jan — revealed as a prince — claims the hand of Princess Merry, and that



KNOWLEDGEABLE DRAGON (Reg Quarterly, centre) cures Good Will (Barry Brown, at right) while Jan (Earle of the Children's TV Club) watches. Inset: Good Will when he was Ill Will.

everyone lives happily ever after.

The enthusiasm and verve of every member of the cast and the producer and crews were astonishing. Everyone concerned acted as if it were a production for the opening night at the Met.

When I got there around four the dress rehearsal had been raging on unabated since 9 a.m. in one of the big studios. It was a big studio, all right, but not big enough.

TELEVISION PARADE

The sets were wonderful — a garden, the Throne Room, Christmas Land, the Castle of Well-worn Phrases, and Knowledgeable Dragon's lair, where he mixes his potions. When I saw the color and gorgeous costumes and effects, I wished we had color TV.

What was left of the studio was filled with the three cameras used, two grand pianos, 33 technicians, the cast, me, and a couple of Press cameramen, all battling round in the most ghastly confusion.

It wasn't until I climbed a steel ladder into producer Bill Bain's box that I realised just how clever producers are.

There he was, looking down on to the sets, directing, talking to the floor manager and cast, and monitoring the show on his bank of TV sets — and making a pantomime out of the confusion.

Each of the three cameras on the floor takes a shot of the same scene from different angles and the three different shots show on the three different monitor sets. The producer, in a split-second decision, calls which shot is



everywhere, and Ill Will drank it down.

Afterwards he told me it was vile, and — more devotion to duty — he didn't know what it was. I found out, though — a stomach-settling powder that somehow doesn't go with a pantomime.

All in all, it was quite an afternoon. As I left, the King was lying flat on his back in the Throne Room eating raisins to carry him through the final filming.

Long rehearsal

They'd been rehearsing then for eight hours, with a lunch break. Before that they'd had 20 hours' rehearsal over five weeks, and they were all gaily singing one of the songs written specially for the panto by 22-year-old-Ray Cook.

It said: "Hey nonny nonny, hi diddle diddle, the beginning is just to the left of the middle, I wonder now just where the middle can be? The middle is just to the left of the end," and so on and so on.

The Story of Good Will really made Christmas come alive for me. I hope it does the same for you.

★★★ SLEEPING BEAUTY

A Walt Disney animated fairytale. In color. St. James, Sydney.

TO the background of Tchaikovsky's ever-delightful "Sleeping Beauty" music Walt Disney has produced a Technirama-Technicolor version of the story.

As a baby Princess Aurora — the Sleeping Beauty — is cursed by wicked fairy Maleficent to prick her finger and die in her sixteenth year. But good fairy Merryweather, powerless to remove the curse, changes it to a long sleep.

The sleep, a hundred years in all traditional versions of the story, seems only a week-end in the film.

In his usual manner, Disney has heavily emphasised the distinction between "good" and "bad." Evil Maleficent, appearing and disappearing in clouds of green smoke, contrasts with Aurora's three fairy godmothers — Fauna, Flora,

and Merryweather — who provide laughter and drollery.

The voice-dubbing is excellent. Soprano Mary Costa speaks and sings Aurora and Bill Shirley the gallant prince.

The old-world film will entertain both children and grown-ups of the Sputnik age. —M.F.

In a word . . . MAGICAL.

★★★ ANATOMY OF MURDER

Trial drama, with James Stewart, Lee Remick, Ben Gazzara, Arthur O'Connell, Eve Arden, Joseph N. Welch, Victory, Sydney.

WITH this fascinating and skillfully made courtroom drama, producer-director Otto Preminger has more than retrieved ground lost with poor films over the past couple of years.

For almost the whole of its 161 minutes it is an altogether satisfying piece of craftsmanship — taut, suspenseful, and capable of several endings.

New Films

Reviewed by Ainslie Baker

★★★ Excellent
★ Average

★★ Above Average
No star—Poor

For its star, Stewart, it is a major acting triumph. The role of an unambitious small-town lawyer caught in a tough murder case, aided by Preminger's direction, has resulted in the sort of performance that Stewart hasn't given for years.

Excellent work, too, comes from Lee Remick as the sexy wife whose husband (Gazzara) is charged with murdering the man she claims outraged her.

One of the best things the film has to offer is Joseph N. Welch, who plays the judge with a beautiful mixture of experience, humanity, and cunning.

Eve Arden seemed to me ill-suited to her Girl Friday role, and O'Connell to wallow in

the corn more than was necessary as the boozy, once-good lawyer. But, apart from that, few complaints.

Strong character casting in minor roles (excepting Kathryn Grant) adds to the strength of a film that right to the end will keep you asking, "Is she lying?" "Is he lying and covering-up for her?" "Are the witnesses lying?"

In a word . . . ABSORBING.

★ JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH

Adventure, with Pat Boone, James Mason, Arlene Dahl, Diane Baker. In color. Regent, Sydney.

PROVIDED nobody takes it too seriously, this screen treatment of Jules Verne's scientific adventure story is grand holiday entertainment for the young and young in heart. (Color pictures on pages 40, 41.)

Mason is splendid as the Scottish bachelor professor who leads a team comprising fellow scientist Boone, a Swedish professor's beautiful widow (Arlene Dahl), and a blond Icelandic giant (Peter Ronson) into the earth's centre.

The young scientist hero role is played very nicely by Pat Boone, who not only sings three songs but wears the kilt and an assortment of period clothing with a most agreeable good nature. Diane Baker is pleasant as the girl he leaves behind.

The movie has faults galore, but it's good fun. However, children who frighten easily may be given a few bad moments by some fierce animals in the earth's caverns.

In a word . . . ENTERTAINS.

★ THE LITTLEST HOBO

Animal drama, with Alsatian "London," a lamb called "Fleecie," and child stars Buddy Hart and Wendy Stuart. Palace, Sydney.

IN this school-holidays-fare film, a handsome canine star, "London," spends his doggy days "jumping the rattle" and riding on freight trains.

He is an Alsatian hobo with human intelligence and the combined instincts of a knight of old and a modern Boy Scout, who never misses an opportunity to do good deeds on his travels.

At times the humor and pathos are strained to a degree of absurdity, but children won't quibble about this.

"London" fairly wallows in his benevolent work, but "Fleecie" the lamb is frankly bewildered and fatigued by her Sir Galahad.—M.C.C.

In a word . . . WHOLESOME.



MIXED BORDER of tulips in a cool rock-banked position. Rock-garden tulips worth cultivating are *T. clusiana*, *T. eicheeri*, and *T. kaufmanniana*.



TULIP AVIATEUR is a striking two-tone variety with red petals tipped with white. It's wise to replant tulip bulbs in a different bed every alternate season.



TULIP SUNKIST is a fine yellow, most useful for borders. Most hybrid tulips are descended from a number of wild species, natives of Asia and the Balkans.

Tulips on parade



TULIP UNCLE TOM is the name of this red variety with the exotic look of an Oriental poppy and a sprawling growth.

FOR a showy garden display few flowering bulbs equal tulips, which bloom in spring and early summer. In Australia they're best grown in the southern States or hill districts, but they can be grown as far north as Sydney. Tulips can be planted from late January through to April. Gardeners planning next year's borders should study catalogues and place orders early. Choiceest bulbs are usually imported and in keen demand. After flowering, when the leaves turn yellow, tulip bulbs should be lifted. If they're not, the outer skin cracks and peels off, which is detrimental to the bulbs.



TULIP GADELON is a gorgeous variety with large frilled deep mauve petals. Bulbs should be planted four inches deep, four inches apart, in limed soil.



SYDNEY GARDEN (above) at Mr. J. D. Archer's Wahroonga home proves that tulips will bloom in warmer climates in some aspects.

DARWIN TULIPS (right) have stems up to 24in. or even 30in. tall. Flowers are globe-shaped. This Darwin variety is Yellow Giant.



print, almost a perfect print."

"Where did you find it?"
"There was an aluminium tea-kettle on the stove," Tragg said. "It had evidently been used quite a bit. Then there was a very fine, modern, stainless-steel, copper-bottomed tea-kettle in the cupboard, and that tea-kettle apparently had never been used for heating water, but it had been used apparently as some sort of receptacle."

"It had been handled quite a bit. We found several fingerprints on the cover, and I now assume some of them were Mr. Gilman's."

"I lifted the lid," Gilman admitted.
"And we found some prints that we couldn't identify. As I say, we think they're the fingerprints of a child or a woman."

"They were not the defendant's?"
"Definitely not."
"And not those of Mauvis Meade?"
"No."

JUDGE BAGBY turned to Mason and said, "I couldn't help but notice, Mr. Mason, that when you exhibited that document to Mauvis Meade when she was on the witness stand it seemed to cause her a great deal of consternation. Frankly, I expected you to follow up your advantage."

Mason merely smiled and said, "Certain things are matters of courtroom strategy, your honor, and an attorney has to play his cards as he sees them."

Judge Bagby frowned thoughtfully and said, "Well, the court is not entirely satisfied. I'd like to have Mauvis Meade brought in here. I'm going to ask her some questions."

Mr. Bailiff, will you ask Miss Meade to come in here, please?"

Ellington said, "The court can readily see why we objected to this entire procedure. This inquiry is now getting far, far afield."

Gladys Doyle looked up to find Gilman looking at her not unsympathetically. She smiled at him. He cleared his throat, started to say something, glanced at Irwin, changed his mind and remained silent.

Burger again whispered to Ellington, then turned and said to Judge Bagby, "Very well, your honor, I see that my hand is being forced in this matter."

"Not at all," Judge Bagby said, "we're simply trying to get at the bottom of a rather puzzling situation."

"I know, I know," Burger said impatiently.

Judge Bagby flushed.
"Now, since we've got to this point," Burger went on, "and since Mr. Mason is adopting the position of a sort of czar where things have to be done his way or he won't co-operate, I want to show that co-operation is a two-way street and that Mr. Mason is in no position to say what he'll do and what he won't do."

"I'm going to call a witness. I would like to have your honor hear what this witness has to say. I may say I am going to use this witness in preferring charges against Mr. Mason, not only for unprofessional conduct but also for concealing evidence."

Judge Bagby said, "If you have a witness you want to call, I will permit you to reopen your case."

"Very well," Hamilton Burger said. "I'm going to call Ira Kelton. He should be in the witness room by this time. Will the bailiff bring him, please?"

Burger glanced triumphantly at Mason. Mason's face was utterly without expression. The bailiff returned with Ira Kelton.

Hamilton Burger said, "Now,

Continuing . . . THE CASE OF THE MYTHICAL MONKEYS

from page 39

Ira Kelton is an operative. He was employed by the Drake Detective Agency, which in turn was employed by Perry Mason to—

"Haven't you better have this man sworn if he's going to make a statement?" Judge Bagby asked.

"I'm quite willing to have him sworn, your honor," Burger said. "Hold up your right hand and be sworn."

Kelton held up his right hand and was sworn.

"What's your occupation?" Hamilton Burger asked.

"I'm a detective."

"Have you been employed by Paul Drake?"

"Yes, sir."

"Were you in his employ on the ninth of this month?"

"I was, yes, sir."

"Did you go out to the cabin on Pine Canyon road, where the murder was committed?"

"Yes, sir. Several times."

"Can you tell us the circumstances under which you went out there?"

"I had been instrumental in getting a lead on the identity of the victim. I noticed that there was a pile of firewood in the back yard. I measured it. It measured almost exactly a cord, so I felt that it had been delivered recently."

"I made inquiries, found out who was selling the wood, found this man, a man whose name was Atkins, and learned from him that the wood had been paid for by a Joseph H. Manly. I traced down Joseph H. Manly and reported to Mr. Drake, who in turn reported to Mr. Mason."

"Then what?"

"Then I believe they called on Mrs. Manly. I'm not certain, but they got enough information to feel that they had some knowledge in advance of the police as to the identity of the murdered man."

"Then they drove up to Pine Glen picnic ground where I was stationed. We three went out there to the cabin and went in and looked around."

"Now then," Hamilton Burger said triumphantly, "did you find anything?"

"Mr. Mason did."

"What?"

"Down under the cabin, in a container. Mr. Mason found a scarf with a distinctive pattern, and wrapped in this scarf was a box of shells, the variety known as the twenty-two long rifle."

"Shells which fit the gun with which the murder was committed?" Burger asked.

"Yes, sir."

"And what did Mr. Mason do with this very interesting bit of evidence?"

"He put it in his pocket."

"Now you say that this scarf had a distinctive pattern. What was it?"

"It was a pattern of the classical three monkeys, one with his hands over his eyes, one with his hands over his ears, one with his hands over his mouth."

Hamilton Burger turned triumphantly to Judge Bagby. "Now then, your honor," he said, "that presents a new angle. Here we have counsel deliberately tampering with evidence, concealing evidence, and obstructing the administration of justice. I call your honor's attention to this photograph of Mauvis Meade. It is a publicity photograph for use on the dust-jacket of her book."

"Your honor will see she is wearing a scarf which is streaming out in the wind, presumably a stiff ocean breeze. Your honor can plainly see that it is a scarf showing the traditional three monkeys. I am go-

ing to call on Mr. Perry Mason to produce that scarf and that box of shells."

Judge Bagby turned to Mason. "You have heard the district attorney, Mr. Mason?"

Mason gravely bowed. "I have heard the district attorney. I have also heard the witness. I believe that it is proper to permit counsel for the defence to cross-examine a witness before his testimony is taken as final."

"Certainly," Judge Bagby said.

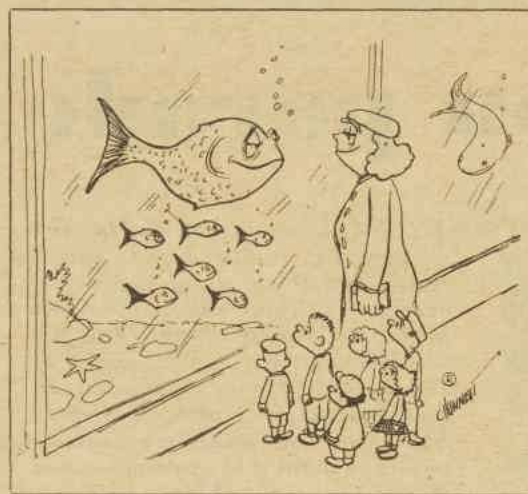
"You had been out at the cabin before we made that trip?" Mason asked Kelton.

"Yes, sir."

"You were working for Mr. Paul Drake at the time?"

"I was, Mr. Mason, and don't misunderstand me. I still feel loyal to him and to you, but I cannot condone the commission of a crime. I—"

"Never mind that," Mason



said coldly. "Just answer the questions. You had been out to the cabin before?"

"Yes, sir."

"You had noticed that there was no catch on that window and it could be raised from the outside?"

"Yes, sir."

"That window was found open when the police first arrived at the cabin?"

"I believe it was, yes, sir."

"When we got there, you opened the window and let us in?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now we went in and looked around. The police at that time had been in and had finished with the cabin. Right?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then we went out and I suggested I wanted to look under the cabin. There I found a coffee-can and in it was this silk scarf and a box of twenty-two-calibre shells?"

"Yes, sir."

"A full box?"

"No, sir, it was not. As it happened, we counted the shells and seven were missing. I believe there were six in the magazine of the automatic rifle with which the murder was committed, leaving the other shell as the one which was fired into the body of Manly."

"And was any comment made about this being evidence at the time?"

"Mr. Drake said that we would have to turn it in, and you simply put it in your pocket and said, 'I'll take charge of this and the responsibility will be mine.'"

"Thank you," Mason said.

"That's all."

"That's all?" Judge Bagby asked incredulously.

"I want to ask Lieutenant

Tragg one question in connection with this," Mason said.

Tragg turned towards Mason. "You went out to the cabin where the murder had been committed?" Mason asked.

"Yes."

"When?"

"Late in the morning of the ninth."

"You were looking for evidence?"

"Yes."

"Did you overlook any?"

"I hope not."

"Did you," Mason asked,

"look in an old coffee canister underneath the house?"

"Certainly."

"And found nothing?"

"Nothing."

Hamilton Burger was unable to restrain the exclamation of dismay which marked the complete collapse of what he had intended as a devastating coup.

"Why in heaven's name didn't you tell me you had searched this old coffee canister and found it empty?" Burger asked Lieutenant Tragg.

"Why in heaven's name didn't you tell me about this new evidence?" Tragg retorted.

"Because I didn't know about it until just now," Burger said.

Tragg said with dignity, "I am glad to see Mr. Perry Mason has more confidence in my ability than you have."

Mason turned to Judge Bagby. "There you are, your honor. I had confidence in Lieutenant Tragg. I knew that this scarf and the box of shells must have been a plant because I knew that if it had been there when the police searched the place, Lieutenant Tragg wouldn't have overlooked it."

Hamilton Burger tried to regroup his intellectual forces. "The fact remains, your honor," he said, "that it's still evidence of the murder."

"Quite evidently this material had never been placed there until after the murder had been committed," Judge Bagby said.

"However, the court is very much concerned about this. Apparently this scarf belonged to Mauvis Meade."

Hamilton Burger nodded.

"And," Mason pointed out, "the evidence that the district attorney is now presenting tends to implicate Miss Meade in the murder and therefore absolves the defendant, Gladys Doyle. I would like to ask Mr. Gilman another question."

Mason turned to Gilman and said, "You were investigating someone in connection with income-tax frauds?"

"Income-tax frauds and other illegal acts."

"Was that someone Gregory Alton Dunkirk?"

"Don't answer that!" Dartley Irwin interposed quickly.

"Why not?" Mason asked.

"Because we can't let that information get out at the present time. We have a complete file in this case. We're almost ready to spring our trap and close the case, but any premature disclosure would, at this time, wreck our plans."

Judge Bagby said, "I think I want to ask Mauvis Meade some questions, and I definitely want to know, Mr. Mason, whether that document you showed her was a map showing the road down the mountain."

"It was, your honor."

"And did that map show the forks of the road at fifteen and three-tenths miles from the post office back to Summit Inn?"

"It did."

"And did the map show a left-hand turn or a right-hand turn at the forks?"

"The arrow very distinctly showed a left-hand turn."

Judge Bagby said, "Then it was your duty to have impeached her testimony with that map, Mr. Mason. You owed that to your client."

"Why did I?" Mason asked.

"And how is it going to impeach her testimony? She testified that she gave Gladys Doyle directions as to a short-cut down the mountain. Gladys Doyle is the one who told the officers the story about Mauvis Meade getting a map out of a drawer and telling her what route to follow. The fact that the map showed a turn to the left doesn't mean that Mauvis Meade had to follow the directions on the map. She was simply using the map to refresh her recollection as to distances. I'm satisfied that Miss Meade told Gladys Doyle to turn right at those forks."

"I think I'd like to have Mauvis Meade interrogated again," Judge Bagby said.

Dartley Irwin's reaction was close to panic. "Your honor," he said, "if you do that we can't have Richard Gilman present. She simply mustn't see him."

"This is all getting too complicated," Judge Bagby said. He turned abruptly to Hamilton Burger. "Look here, Mr. District Attorney, why don't you dismiss the case against this defendant, Gladys Doyle, then co-operate with the Government and find out what this is all about?"

BURGER said with cold dignity, "Because it is against the policy of my office to dismiss a case once I have filed it unless I am satisfied the defendant is innocent."

"You can dismiss this case," Judge Bagby said. "It's not a bar to any subsequent prosecution. If later on, it appears that this defendant is guilty you can have her rearrested or have her indicted by the grand jury. You have the right to dismiss a case, and the defendant can't claim double jeopardy."

"It has a bad effect on public relations," Hamilton Burger said.

Judge Bagby said, "Well, I'm going back to court. I'm going to conduct this hearing from the bench, and I'm going to have proper respect from counsel on both sides. I will excuse Mr. Gilman momentarily from attendance in the court."

He turned to Gilman. "I want your assurance, however, that you will be in attendance. If counsel insists on calling you as a witness in response to his subpoena, you're going to have to take the stand."

"But, your honor," Irwin protested, "we have explained the situation and—"

"I know you have," Judge Bagby said. "If it's so important to the Government, why don't you get Mr. Burger to

dismiss the case against the defendant for one moment?"

"You have seen Mr. Burger's attitude," Irwin said.

Judge Bagby got to his feet. "Very well," he said, "we're going back into the courtroom. The court is going to take it on itself to recall Mauvis Meade for some questions. After that, counsel for both sides will have a right to examine her by interrogation which can be called cross-examination or anything else you want."

Judge Bagby took his place on the bench and said, "I have to apologise to the parties for the delay in resuming our hearing. A matter came up which required the attention of the court in chambers."

"Now, the court is aware of the fact that the prosecution has rested its case and has moved for an order binding the defendant over. The court, however, is not entirely satisfied with the evidence in the present shape, and the court is going to recall a witness."

"Miss Meade, will you come forward and take the stand, please? Now, you've already been sworn. Just step forward and take the stand."

Judge Bagby studied Mauvis Meade thoughtfully as she walked up and took her position on the stand. He regarded Dukes, who followed her as far as the rail and then took his position once more on the edge of one of the front seats.

"Miss Meade," Judge Bagby said, "the gentleman who accompanies you and is sitting there in the front seat is in the nature of a bodyguard?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Why do you need him?"

"I have been disturbed a lot—that is, people annoy me. I have interruptions from persons who want autographs, who want to talk with me—persons whom I don't want to see."

"I understand that, but is there any other reason that you deemed it necessary to have a bodyguard? Are you afraid of something?"

"No, your honor."

"Mr. Mason showed you a paper when he was cross-examining you?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Did you recognise that paper?"

She glanced helplessly about her, then said, "I thought I did."

"Now, was that a map showing the road from Summit Inn down to this cabin where the murder was committed? In other words, on that map was there an arrow leading to the road that went by the cabin?"

"I think that was the map," she said, "and I think that map showed an arrow turning left. But I'm quite certain that the directions I gave to the defendant were that she was to turn to the right."

"Do you know why the defendant tore those directions out of her notebook and put them in the wastebasket?"

"I don't think she did."

"You found them in the wastebasket?"

"Yes."

"Do you know who tore them out of the book?"

Mauvis Meade took a deep breath. "I did."

"Why?"

"Because it was her custom to type up the notes from her shorthand notebook. I thought she had typed up these directions, and I tore the page out of her notebook and threw it in the wastebasket because I didn't want to have those directions left in her shorthand notebook."

"You had been at that cabin before?"

"I—I refuse to answer that question."

"On what grounds?"

"On the grounds that the answer may tend to incriminate me."

"The court sees no reason for

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Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 445 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 44-D, C.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers send orders to Box 414, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders will be accepted.

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F5567. — Cool summer blouse can be worn with sports clothes or to work. Requires 1½ yds. 36in. material and 2 yds. bias binding. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Price 3/.

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 184. — SHORTIE PYJAMAS

Cute pyjamas are available out ready to sew in a plain iron-remover in white, pale pink, and pale blue. Lace trim is supplied. Sizes 32 to 34in. bust. 37/9. 35 to 38in. bust. 39/3. Postage 2/9 extra.

No. 185. — LITTLE GIRLS' HALF SLIP

Flounced half slip with lace trim is available out ready to sew in a good wearing headcloth in white, pale blue, pale pink and lemon. Lace trim is supplied. For 4-year-old, 19/3; 5-to-6-year-old, 19/3; 7-to-8-year-old, 21/6; 9-to-10-year-old, 22/3. Postage 1/9 extra.

No. 186. — GIRL'S SHORTS AND OVERBLOUSE

Smart shorts and overblouse are available out ready to sew. Overblouse is in cotton cambric in red, green, blue, aqua, and pink, all with a white stripe. Shorts are in Dundee in junior navy, white, aqua, and grey. Overblouse: 4-year-old, 17/3; 7-to-8-year-old, 18/6; 9-to-10-year-old, 19/9; 11-to-12-year-old, 21/3. Postage 1/6 extra. Shorts: 6-year-old, 21/3; 7-to-8-year-old, 22/9; 9-to-10-year-old, 24/9; 11-to-12-year-old, 26/3. Postage 1/3 extra. Complete set: 6-year-old, 27/3; 7-to-8-year-old, 30/9; 9-to-10-year-old, 32/3; 11-to-12-year-old, 34/9. Postage 2/9 extra.

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This pretty front-buttoned frock has a round neckline and unusual bodice. It is available out ready to sew in a spotted cambric in pink and white, blue and white, red and white, green and white, and aqua and white. Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 34/9; 36 to 38in. bust, 36/3. Postage 2/3 extra.

Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD
For week beginning December 28



ARIES The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in knowing people.



TAURUS The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday. Luck through holidays.



GEMINI The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 20

Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, brown. Lucky days, Thursday, Sat. Luck in a windfall.



CANCER The Crab

JUNE 21-JULY 20

Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy, white. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday. Luck in teamwork.



LEO The Lion

JULY 21-AUGUST 20

Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, rose. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in a new personality.



VIRGO The Virgin

AUGUST 21-SEPTEMBER 20

Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, blue. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in love.



LIBRA The Balance

SEPTEMBER 21-OCTOBER 20

Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, blue, silver. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in a new cycle.



SCORPIO The Scorpion

OCTOBER 21-NOVEMBER 20

Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in a conversation.



SAGITTARIUS The Archer

NOVEMBER 21-DECEMBER 20

Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday. Luck in practical affairs.



CAPRICORN The Goat

DECEMBER 21-JANUARY 19

Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, mauve. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in taking charge.



AQUARIUS The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in a quiet chapter.



PISCES The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, black. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck among friends.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

Continuing . . . THE CASE OF THE MYTHICAL MONKEYS

you to take advantage of any constitutional rights under the circumstances," Judge Bagby said. "The court is going to overrule your objection."

A voice from the spectators' benches in the courtroom said, "May I be heard on that, your honor?"

A tall, spare man with a horse face, large, expressionless blue eyes, and a determined mouth, came striding forward. "Let the record show," he said, "that I am Wendell Parnell Jarvis. I wish to represent Miss Meade. I think, if the court please, that the court misunderstood the scope of her objection. It was not referring to any matter in connection with the murder which was committed in the cabin, but had reference to other matters which I believe are under investigation by some branch of the United States Government. I am advising Miss Meade not to answer that question."

Judge Bagby sighed and said, "Very well. The court will state, however, that it feels this situation is very confused and should be clarified before the court is asked to make any ruling. Would the parties object to a continuance for as much as two weeks?"

"Would the defendant remain in custody?" Hamilton Burger asked.

"The defendant," Judge Bagby said, "would be released on her own recognisance."

"Then I certainly would object to it."

"May I ask a question of the witness?" Mason asked.

"Proceed," Judge Bagby said.

"Miss Meade," Mason said, "you are a badly frightened young woman, aren't you?"

There was no answer to the question.

Jarvis said, "If the court please, I think that question is completely foreign to the issues in this case."

"Your objection is overruled," Judge Bagby said. "You have no official status in this hearing. You can advise the witness as to her constitutional rights. Answer the question, Miss Meade."

Mauvis Meade hesitated, then slowly shook her head.

Mason said, "This bodyguard is not employed by you, is he, Miss Meade? He is employed by someone else, not so much for your protection as to see that you don't get out of line and make some statement which

would incriminate others, isn't that right?"

She remained silent.

"And isn't it a fact," Mason said, "that because you knew you were in danger you wrote a letter. That letter was to be turned over to the authorities in the event of your death or disappearance."

"You didn't dare to leave that letter where anyone who

Blushing is the ambiguous livery worn alike by modesty and shame.

—Mrs. Balfour

was searching your things would find it, so you put the letter in Gladys Doyle's belongings, so that if anything happened to you Gladys Doyle would read that letter.

"Isn't it a fact that someone tried to lure you out of your apartment by making a publicity date at Summit Inn in your behalf, and, having ensured your absence from the apartment, carried on a search? Isn't it a fact that when you returned to your apartment and found that the place had been searched, you dashed into the room of Gladys Doyle for the purpose of finding whether that letter had been disturbed, and you found it gone?"

Jarvis expostulated, "Now, if the court please, this is entirely outside of the issues."

"Well?" Mason asked.

Mauvis Meade hesitated.

Abruptly Judge Bagby leaned forward on the bench. "Look here, Miss Meade," he said, "this is a court of law. If you feel that you are in danger, if you feel that you are threatened by outside parties, will you take the advice of this court? Will you tell this court the whole story? Will you realise that if you continue to seek refuge from the law by living without the law, you are not finding safety but only further danger?"

Abruptly Mauvis Meade said, "Yes, your honor, I want to tell my story. I want protection. I claim the protection of the court."

"From whom?" Judge Bagby asked.

"From Gregory Alston Dunkirk," she said. "From this man, Dukes Lawton, who is sup-

posed to be my bodyguard, and from this attorney, Wendell P. Jarvis, who is actually representing Gregory Dunkirk."

"Now just a moment!" Jarvis shouted. "I wish to be heard on a matter of professional privilege. I rise to that point."

"Well, sit down again," Judge Bagby said. "I'm interested in this witness. You go right ahead, Miss Meade."

She said, "I became acquainted with Gregory Dunkirk. I had been acquainted with other men, but Greg was different. He was ruthless, he was powerful, and he started using me in connection with schemes that had to do with the underworld. He—"

"Miss Meade, do you know what you're saying?" Jarvis demanded.

"You sit down," Judge Bagby ordered. "You say you're representing this witness. This witness says she wants protection from you. Now she's going to get it. One more word out of you and you're going to go for contempt of court. . . . Go on, Miss Meade."

She took a deep breath. "Josh Manly was mixed up in the racket. I don't know all of the details. Manly did. We would meet at that cabin. Sometimes we would be there together; sometimes I would come and get large sums of money, which were left in that teakettle in the cupboard."

"What did you do with these large sums of money?"

"I turned them over to Greg—Mr. Dunkirk."

"And then what?"

"Then," she said, "I tried to get out of it, and I couldn't. I was in too deep, and—and I became frightened. I did write the letter that Mr. Mason asked me about. I left it with Gladys Doyle. I—I became suspicious of that date at the Summit Inn."

"I rang up the American States Producers Studios and asked them if Edgar Carlisle was in their publicity department. They said he was not, so I made arrangements to send Gladys Doyle up to keep the date in my place. I went into hiding because I felt afraid."

"Of whom?"

"I don't want to state," Judge Bagby frowned.

"May I ask a question, your honor?" Mason asked.

"Do you think you can clarify this matter?" Judge Bagby asked.

"I think I can," Mason said.

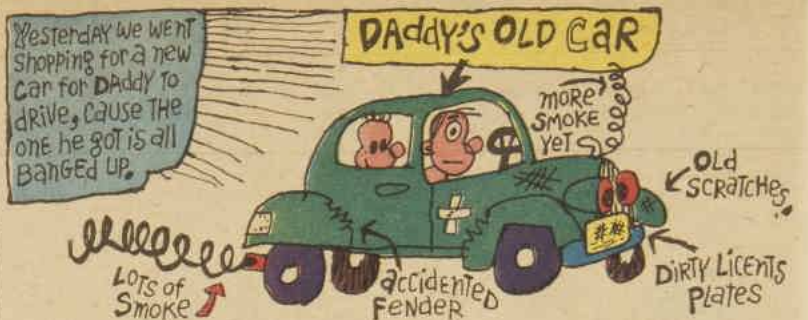
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JACKY'S DIARY by JACKY Mendelsohn Age 32½.



THE first store we went in they showed us a car they said was BRAND NEW. ONLY IT LOOKED REAL OLD TO ME, ON A COUNT OF IT WAS ALL GREY ON TOP JUST LIKE GRANDPA.



So after that Daddy ex-salmoned a nother car which was real FANCY & had lots of HORSE-POWDER. You could tell right away it was the BEST car on a count of it HAD the LOUDEST HORN.



That's how I GOT TO MEET the MAN WHO OWNS THE CARS. BOY WHAT A GROWTCH.



So then they showed us ANOTHER CAR. ONLY IT WAS BUSTED. THE MAN TOUCHED A BUTTON & THE WHOLE ROOF FELL DOWN.



BUT I GUESS ITS REALLY GOOD LIKE THAT, CAUSE THEY GOT AN OTHER BUTTON THAT IF YOU PUSH IT, THE SEATS LIFT UP & CRUNCH YOU ON THE CEILING.



Then we went to ANOTHER STORE that had some cars that MUST OF BEEN WASHED TOO MUCH, AS THEY HAD ALL SHRUNK.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



Mandrake the Magician

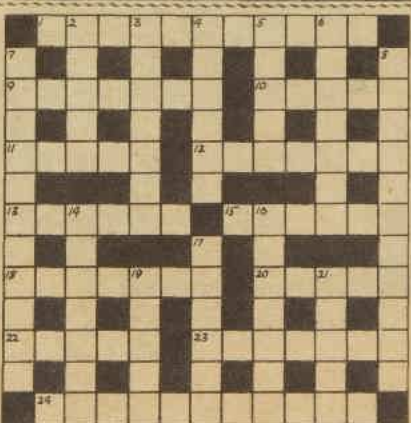
MANDRAKE, Master Magician, PRINCESS NARDA, and Dr. Tate are trapped inside the mountain with the robot caveman and dinosaur, who are forcing Mandrake and the others to return with them to their masters' planet. Mandrake

remembers that the robots are machines controlled by men. He commands the robots to set them free. The robots are confused. The spaceship begins to work its way through the mountain. The robots run to get aboard. NOW READ ON:



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

- ACROSS
- This imprecation does not seem to be fitting for a female (11).
 - Secures in boats (7).
 - Open inner court contains nothing with a tip (5).
 - Smooth and concise possibly because it is reset (5).
 - Conveyer who has a car (7).
 - Lesser white herons, whose rest is broken (6).
 - Harm it (Anagr., 6).
 - No stately movement for the Greek governor (7).
 - An antiphon which can be used as healing ointment (5).
 - Famous French scholar and writer (1823-1892) (5).
 - He can take neat pas, but he is not necessarily a good dancer (7).
 - Created sign (Anagr., 11).



Solution will be published next week.



Solution of last week's crossword.

- DOWN
- Change later (5).
 - Net dive; it's obvious (7).
 - Invertebrate animal to be found in a faction in a religious body (6).
 - A trip made by a relation of a rhinoceros (5).
 - Bird the smaller half of which is no saint and the bigger half of it is rich (7).
 - They come from the lower half of the map (11).
 - Contests of skill in our man's tent (11).
 - Love affair served on cream (7).
 - Stint an urgent moment (7).
 - Machine for moulding the heap of which is broken (6).
 - Wash a serin (5).
 - The best way to acquire knowledge (5).

Continuing . . . THE CASE OF THE MYTHICAL MONKEYS

from page 46

He turned to the witness. "Miss Meade, you have cultivated a manner, a seductive type of approach. Let me ask you, did you have this same approach when you were dealing with Josh Manly?"

"I tried to be myself." "But after a while Josh Manly began making passes at you?"

"Yes." "And do you feel it was because of those passes that he was killed?" Mason asked. "I—I don't know."

Mason addressed Judge Bagby. "I think that the reason an attempt was made to decoy Miss Meade to the Summit Inn was so her apartment could be ransacked by someone who wanted to get that letter."

"I think Miss Meade had told Manly she had written such a letter. I think she did this to show him that simply removing her wouldn't bring safety to Manly and the others. Manly reported that conversation."

"If Miss Meade had gone to the Summit Inn in person, it is quite possible she would have met with a fatal accident. Her car would perhaps have been crowded over the grade. I think this publicity interview at Summit Inn was a trap. The minute she left the apartment it was to be searched for that letter. The minute that letter was found Miss Meade's life was in danger."

"The apartment was searched, the letter was found, but Miss Meade wasn't at the Summit Inn. She had become alarmed and had gone into hiding. But she had to go back to her apartment. She waited until she was certain Gladys Doyle would have returned, and then Miss Meade went back to her apartment."

"Not only did she find it a wreck, but as soon as certain people learned of her return a bodyguard was brought into the picture ostensibly to protect her, but, in reality, to see that she had no opportunity to get in touch with the authorities. And I think this is the first opportunity this woman is having to tell the truth."

"Then who do you think killed Manly?" Judge Bagby asked.

"I am not making any accusations," Mason said. "But there is one fingerprint on that tea-kettle which has not been identified as yet by the police. Someone raided Mauvis Meade's apartment. Someone found the letter, and that letter was virtually Mauvis Meade's death warrant. It only remained to set the stage for an 'accidental' death."

"Later on, however, another person went to that apartment. That person found the door had been forced, the apartment searched. That person made a second search. That person found two things, a map showing the cabin and the scarf showing the three mythical monkeys. That person took both of these things."

"That search was made after Manly had been killed, but before Miss Doyle had returned to the apartment Monday morning."

"Simply because police found the lock on the apartment door had been forced and the apartment searched, it was assumed one person had made a single search. I feel there were two searches made by two separate people and at two separate times."

"The scarf that was taken from the apartment must have been taken before the police knew of the murder. It was taken for one purpose — to implicate Mauvis Meade in the

murder. Therefore, the logical assumption is that it was taken by the person who killed Joseph Manly."

"Who?" Judge Bagby demanded. "I can't be certain of my deductions, but I would suggest to the court that if Lieutenant Tragg would take the fingerprints of Mrs. Joseph Manly he might find that the mysterious fingerprint on the tea-kettle had been identified."

Judge Bagby's eyes narrowed. "It is," he admitted, "a thought. Lieutenant Tragg, have you had occasion to compare that unidentified fingerprint with that of Mrs. Manly?"

Lieutenant Tragg slowly shook his head. "Mrs. Manly jumped to her feet. 'You can't frame me! Suppose I did go to that cabin? It doesn't prove a thing!'"

"It proves you were lying," Mason said. She hesitated for a moment, then suddenly made a dash out through the door of the courtroom. Lieutenant Tragg half arose, then settled back in his chair.

Commonsense is in spite of, not the result of, education.

—Victor Hugo

"Aren't you going to follow that woman and bring her back?" Judge Bagby demanded indignantly.

"Not right away," Tragg said, with a slow drawl. "And may I ask why not?"

"Well, it's like she said," Lieutenant Tragg observed, "the fingerprint in the cabin proves she was lying, but that's all. But her flight is evidence that the district attorney can use in the case against her when he's trying her for murder. So if she's foolish enough to resort to flight, I'll give her a good start before I catch her."

Slowly the look of annoyance on Judge Bagby's face was replaced by a smile. "It is always a pleasure to watch a really efficient officer at work," he said.

Perry Mason, Della Street, and Paul Drake were gathered around the big desk in Mason's office.

Della Street plugged in the big coffee percolator. "Now," Drake said, "suppose you open up with a little information. How did you know?"

"I didn't know," Mason said, "but I had a growing suspicion."

"How come?" "Someone," Mason said, "was trying altogether too hard to frame Mauvis Meade. Someone wanted to drag her into it. That person was altogether too persistent."

"What happens when you're shooting at big game? If you feel your bullet might miss, you shoot again, and again." "I received a letter. It had been written on a typewriter. The letter enclosed a map which must have been taken from Mauvis Meade's apartment, therefore the person who wrote the letter had taken the map."

"When we went to the Manly house, you'll remember that Mrs. Manly told us she had been cleaning the house. She was wearing rubber gloves. She took off the gloves and her fingertips were black. Now how does one get black fingertips from house-cleaning if one is wearing rubber gloves?"

"You mean the typewriter ribbon?" Della Street asked.

"Exactly," Mason said. "The smudged fingertips weren't so much of a clue as was her guilty attitude. The minute she glimpsed those smudged fingertips she put her gloves back on. I noticed it at the time. The significance of it didn't occur to me until later."

"Now then, the person who typed that letter to me was trying to bring Mauvis Meade into the picture. The map which she enclosed must have been stolen from Mauvis Meade's apartment."

"The box of twenty-two shells wrapped in the scarf was left for the purpose of dragging Mauvis Meade into the murder. The scarf must also have been stolen from her apartment."

"Mauvis Meade made the mistake of trying to lure everybody on. The association with Manly was originally a business association."

"Mrs. Manly was a plain, vigorous, executive-type woman who had probably been a highly efficient secretary before she was married. She couldn't compete with the seductive curves and carefully cultivated sex appeal of Mauvis Niles Meade."

"Something happened to arouse her suspicions. She followed her husband. She traced him to the Gandarra Apartments, where he had a jeep. Then she traced him to the cabin. Then she saw Mauvis Meade show up."

"Mrs. Manly went home and waited. The next time her husband went to the cabin must have been well after midnight on the weekend. She took a twenty-two rifle and waited in the cover, perhaps twenty or thirty yards from the cabin."

"Her husband went into the bedroom. The window was open. She shot him, then wiped the gun clean of fingerprints, tossed it in through the open window, and then went back, determined to implicate Mauvis Meade in the crime by planting evidence indicating Mauvis committed the murder."

"It always sounds simple when he explains it," Della Street said.

"What's going to happen to Mauvis Meade and to Gladys Doyle now?" Drake asked.

Mason laughed. "You don't need to worry about Mauvis. The way Bartley Irwin and two deputy marshals came forward to escort her from the courtroom leads me to believe that Miss Meade is, at the moment, appearing before a Federal grand jury, and that Gregory Alton Dunkirk is going to be plenty busy trying to save his own skin without having anything else to worry about."

"And you don't need to worry about Gladys Doyle. My best guess is that at the moment she's renewing her association with Richard Gilman."

"The moral of all this is," Della Street said, "that a young woman who intends to write a sizzling novel should be more careful in doing her fieldwork."

"No," Mason said. "Mauvis Meade is going to come out all right. I think the fall guy is Gregory Dunkirk, and the moral probably is that when you work out a foolproof method of beating the law you want to remember that the law isn't always a fool."

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